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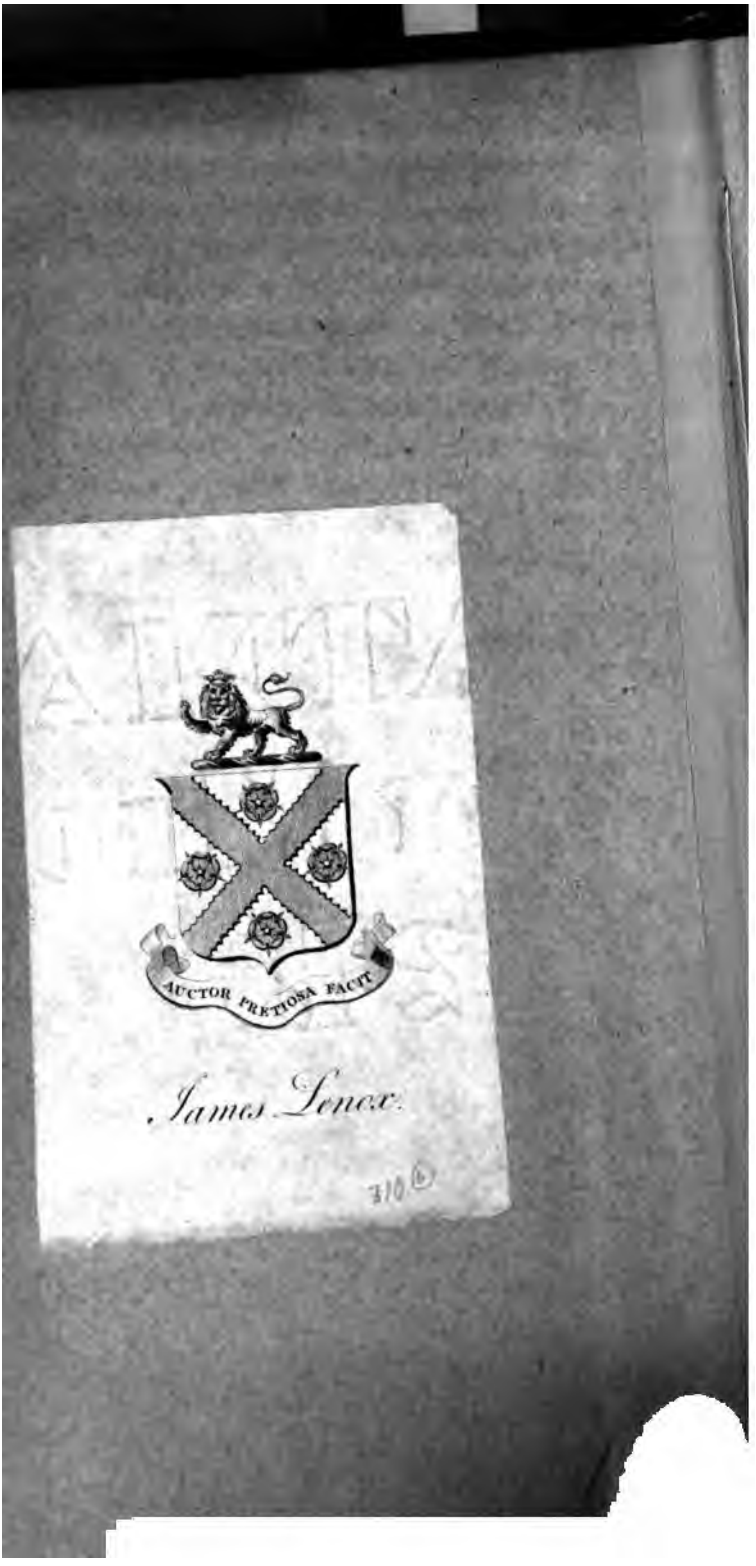
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James Lenox.
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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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AN

ESSAY ON SATIRE;

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF MR. POPE;

INSCRIBED TO MR. WARBURTON:

By J. BROWN, A.M.

JOHN BROWN, A. M., afterwards D. D. and author of the following Essay on Satire, is also advantageously known to the literary public by several other works, and particularly by his Essays on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury, of which there have been many editions. Another work of his, which obtained still greater popularity, was his "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," where he endeavoured, by the severity of his invective against the indolence and selfishness of his countrymen, to rouse them to useful and honourable exertion, in which noble and patriotic attempt he is supposed to have had considerable success. His Tragedy of Barbarossa was brought forwards with great advantage by Garrick, and for some time kept possession of the stage. He also wrote a poem, intitled "Honour," addressed to Lord Lonsdale, and an ode intitled "The Cure of Saul," which was set to music and performed as an oratorio. The former of these may be found in the third volume of Dodsley's Collection of Poems, and the latter in the second volume of the supplemental collection of Pearch. Many other pieces of his are enumerated in the Biographia Britannica, where a further account of the circumstances of his life, and of its unhappy termination, may be found.

To the character of Dr. Brown, both moral and intellectual, the following piece does great credit; and in the situation where it is now placed, it may serve as no unsuitable introduction to the Satires of Pope, as it contains sound principles and correct critical opinions, and is upon the whole one of the best imitations of the style and manner of Pope that have hitherto appeared.

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PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S heart:
You mourn; but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious BRITAIN!) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness eyed the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night;
Roused at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign;
With inextinguishable rage they burn,
And snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his urn;
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.
But you, O WARBURTON! whose eye refined
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a *pure* delight;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasured there;
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:

Intent from this great archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleased if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence HIS and SATIRE's generous end.
  In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame:
The passion ONE, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praise the coy, the modest, woo,
And only fly that glory may pursue:
She, power resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends even reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade.
  Thus Heaven in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies;
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the *imaged* substance quits the *true;*
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory, plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.
  Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part,
And still her dictates work in every heart.

Each power that sovereign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.
And sure, the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils is *perverted shame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state;
Tired in the treacherous chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The demon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The world will call you fool."
Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driven,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heaven.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *coward,* and a *brave* to God.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 80. *To man a coward, &c.*]
Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrépide,
Qui prêche contre un Dieu que dans son ame il croit?
Il iroit embrasser la vérité qu'il voit;

Mais

Faith, Justice, Heaven itself now quit their hold
When to false fame the captived heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* died;
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia*'s innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence SATIRE's power: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise;
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes towering Pride, and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagined power,
Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding fops resign the *clouded cane:*

> Mais de ses faux amis il craint la raillerie,
> Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par poltronnerie.
>
> *Boileau*, Ep. iii.

Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
From poisonous vice she draws a healing dew.
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles;
And Force, strong sinew'd, rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for power too strong.
Even fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a *ruling passion* on the rest;
Undaunted storms the battery of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that earth and heaven defied.
When fell Corruption by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground,
Swift to redress an injured people's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 110. *From poisonous vice, &c.*] Alluding to these lines of Mr. Pope:

> In the nice bee what art so subtly true
> From poisonous herbs extracts a healing dew?

But with the friends of vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof, ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill;
Her magic quill, that like ITHURIEL's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear;
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
Till all the demon starts up from the toad.
O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue makes her scorn of vice:
Where justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend:
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confined,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own,
Even ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chastise, as that to bless, was given;
Alike the faithful ministers of Heaven.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent:
Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit Satire most;
Folly the *Laureat*'s, vice was *Chartres*' boast:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame?

Oft SATIRE acts the faithful surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
Though folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind even in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs:
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: but conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just:
Nor court applause in these degenerate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.
  But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to shew their teeth are white.
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accursed, thou murderer of fame!
Fell ravisher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return?
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poison in thy heart.
  With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:

Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confess'd,
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest;
Before whose altar virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destined victim shall be led.
Lo, *Shaftesbury* rears her high on reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own.
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And now the *ideot guide* for once is *true;*
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who *therefore* smiled, *because* they saw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimple cheek,
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the land.
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
YOU, mighty WARBURTON, shall rage in vain;
In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man.
No more shall reason boast her power divine,
Her base eternal shook by folly's mine;

Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win,
And coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.
But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explored by ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad adventurer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-eyed reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then mirth may urge, when reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.
Though distant times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis hers to draw the *present age;*
With wisdom's lustre, folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past;
Bid *Britain*'s heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice;
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were,
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When *low-born* sharpers only dared a lie,
Or falsified the card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere lewdness the stain'd garb of honour wore,
Or chastity was carted for the whore;

Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dress'd;
Or public spirit was the public jest.
Be ever, in a just expression, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temperate, temperate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship ——, her Grace a ——:
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapp'd in *Irony*'s transparent veil:
Her beauties half conceal'd, the more surprize,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums graced:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaste.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er discharged artillery on a fly?
Deride not Vice: absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay, more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown,
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.

In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer.
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of camps and senates disciplined by *Hoyle;*
Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive king—of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line;
Bid courtly fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muse's aid;
When *crimes,* which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day,
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-robed Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head;
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell Corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state;
When giant-vice and irreligion rise,
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly:

Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on virtue's friends a smile serene:
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when virtue, learning, arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine;
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True genius gilds the close of Britain's day.
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart;
Sees YORKE to fame, ere yet to manhood, known,
And just to every virtue but his own;
Hears unstain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name;
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend;
To HAGLEY's honour'd shade directs her view,
And culls each flower, to form a wreath for YOU.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round.
Truth be your guide; disdain ambition's call;
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine;*
The poet can but *set it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *sordid pebble* meanly graced with *gold?*
Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise;

And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But make us grieve you want an honest heart.
Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's law confined:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man.
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey*, or a *Cromwell* rise;
Now with a touch more sacred and refined,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here sweet or strong may every colour flow;
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow;
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

THROUGH ages thus has SATIRE keenly shined,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the sons of *Greece* she proved her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart.*
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming falchion rough LUCILIUS† drew;
With dauntless warmth in virtue's cause engaged,
And conscious villains trembled as he raged.
Then sportive HORACE‡ caught the generous fire;
For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.

NOTES.

* Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo. Hor.

† Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ. Juv. S. i.

‡ Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso. Pers. S. i.

His art, conceal'd in studied negligence,
Politely sly, cajoled the foes of sense:
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart.
  In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.
  More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL'S exalted page;
His mighty numbers awed corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious Greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately braved the sky.
  But lo! the fatal victor of mankind!
Swoln *Luxury!*—pale *Ruin* stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring, and ravage every flower,
So barbarous millions spread contagious death;
The sickening laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.
  At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!

'Tis done!—See, great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace,)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urged by wit.
'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.
Yet scarce had SATIRE well relumed her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her country's shame,)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous wit began her war with sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain;
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say, *the oddest thing.*
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr virtue, or blaspheme his God.
Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmoved can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice;

A Muse whom wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of power, the prostitute to gain;
Wreaths that should deck fair virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrivall'd parts, the scorn of honest fame,
And Genius rise, a monument of shame!

More happy *France:* immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE bless'd
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast;
Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.

But see at length the *British* Genius smile,
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centers every poet's power in *one;*
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page,
Gay smiles, corrected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true;
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind?
Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?

Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attuned thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came;
The Bard enraptured caught the heavenly flame;
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty Greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale.
Sublimer views *thy* daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires;
Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But Genius, fired by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day;
Like this, its beam prolific and refined,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintry passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be given;
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from Heaven.

Hail, bard unequall'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wandering Muse?
That friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse!
That sacred friendship which inspired thy song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this even truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON! inspired by YOU,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By You inspired, on trembling pinion soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her country's glory* fire her page;
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end;
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground.
Thus awed to fear, instructed bards may see,
That guilt is doomed to sink in infamy.

SATIRES.

In the preceding works of Pope, whether descriptive, moral, critical, or didactic, his subjects are extraneous, and are drawn either from mankind in general, or from the persons with whom he was acquainted, and the scenes and circumstances by which he was surrounded; but in the present volume, and particularly in the Prologue and Epilogue to the Satires, he has engaged in a more hazardous undertaking, and has spoken of *himself;* a task of peculiar difficulty; and which has seldom been attempted without incurring the imputation either of vanity on the one hand, or of false modesty and affectation on the other. It must however be acknowledged, that when a person can divest himself of that morbid sensibility which trembles at the touch of praise or censure, and has the courage and the honesty to represent his own character with impartiality and truth, there are no productions in which we are more deeply interested, or by which we are more agreeably instructed. On these occasions an author opens to us his whole mind, and renders us the confidants of his thoughts, his feelings, and his opinions. It is in this way only, that we can be said to have become really acquainted with him, and to perceive ourselves bound by the best and finest associations of our nature, to those whom we have never seen, or who have passed away long before we came into existence.

But, if we are to judge of the difficulty or merit of any undertaking from the infrequency with which it has been accomplished, there are few efforts of human ability greater than that which enables an individual to speak of himself with freedom, impartiality, and ease. Amongst the ancients, those who are the most remarkable for this talent, are perhaps Cicero and Horace; amongst the moderns, Ariosto and Montaigne. Whether the character of the great Orator has, upon the whole, been exalted or lowered by the manner in which he has laid it open to us, may perhaps admit of a doubt. In attempting to give us too lofty an idea of his own achievements, importance, and dignity, he sometimes betrays a weakness which counteracts his purpose; whilst his more successful Countryman, by a free and unguarded acknowledgment of his faults and his foibles, raises himself in our opinion, and becomes the object of our attachment and regard. It must, however, be acknowledged, that the liberty in which the Roman poet indulges, has at times been carried to licentiousness, and

that there are but too many passages which disgrace the writer, and disgust the reader. Between these extremes, Pope has in the following Epistles steered with considerable skill; and, whilst he openly prides himself on those parts of his character which are entitled to admiration, takes care not to debase himself by any thing that is vulgar, indecorous, or contemptible.

In one of his letters to Lady M. W. Montagu, after observing that what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at some time or other, in spite of all our art to keep it down, Pope expresses a wish to extend the project of Momus, of having windows in our breasts, by making those windows casements. Of this description was the bosom of Montaigne, through the casement of which we may read without reserve all that passed therein. It is this honesty, truth, and simplicity of manner, that interests us more than either the correctness of his reasonings, or the importance of his discourse. Our attention is turned from the subject to the author; and whilst he is instructing us in philosophy, we are studying himself. Of all the books that ever were written, that of Montaigne best enables us to compare the mind of another person with our own, to trace the same opinions, to acknowledge the same faults and follies, to discover in what we differ, as well as in what we agree, and to know more even of ourselves than we could ever have discovered by our own experience. How greatly Pope was delighted with this author, appears from many passages in his works; and particularly from his imitation of the first Satire of the second book of Horace, when referring to him and to Shippen, he says,

> " In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
> The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within.
> In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
> Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
> In this impartial glass my muse intends
> Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends,
> Publish the present age; but where my text
> Is vice too high, reserve it for the next." Ver. 53.

In the characters of Ariosto and Pope, it is impossible not to observe a striking similarity. Both poets; both devoted to their art; both avoiding a marriage life; and equally remarkable for affectionate attachment to an aged mother. Both possessed of an elegant sufficiency, and providing themselves with habitations

suitable for their convenience and proportionate to their rank. But near as they approached each other in external circumstances, they seem to have approached still nearer in mind. In the present day the Italian poet is chiefly known by his never-tired and never-tiring poetical romance of Orlando; but this may be considered as his public and assumed character. If we wish to know him as he was in real life, we must resort to his Epistles to his friends, to which he has thought proper to give the name of Satires. From these we find, that his constitution and state of health was little better than that of our Poet, and that without the strictest regimen, he could not have guarded against danger:

" Ogni alterazione ancor che lieve
Ch' avessi al mal ch' io sento, o ne morrei,
O il Valentino, o il Postumo errar deve.
Oltra che 'l dican essi, io meglio i miei
Casi d' ogn' altro intendo, e quai compensi
Mi sian utili so, so quai son rei."

Sat. 2.

" A small excess with my complaint at strife,
Would in one moment ease me of my life;
At least my doctors tell me so; but I
Know better still than they, both what to try,
And what my prudent càre must to myself deny."

The necessity of Temperance was also no less incumbent upon him than on Pope:

" E le vivande condiriami il Coco
Com' io volessi, ed inacquarmi il vino
Potre' a mia posta, e nulla berne o poco."

Ib.

" Allow'd to sit and cater at my ease,
And mix my wine with water as I please."

He frequently delights to dwell on the independence of his character, and the pleasures of his literary pursuits:

" Piùttosto che arrichir, voglio quiete;
Piùttosto che occuparmi in altra cura
Sicchi inondar lasci 'l mi' studio a Lete;
Il qual se al corpo non può dar pastura
Lo dà alla mente con sì nobil esca
Che merta di non star senza cultura;

Fa che la povertà meno m'increscа,
E fa che la richezza sì non ami,
Che di mia libertà per su' amor esca."
Sat. 2.

"I wish not riches; peace is all I ask;
I find no pleasure in the toilsome task
That steals me from my studious hours away;
If for my profit nothing these repay,
They pour it on my mind, and bring forth fruits
That ask my care to labour well the roots.
They teach me how to bear my poverty,
And warn me not to wealth so far to be
Devoted, as to risk my much-loved liberty."

The same reluctance to sacrifice the powers of the mind to external circumstances, is beautifully expressed by Pope in his imitation of Horace:

"Slow as to him who works for debt the day," &c.

It is from these touches of character that we form our attachment to individuals, and feel ourselves attracted by a charm which neither distance of time, nor difference of country and manners can wholly destroy.

Unwilling as the world is to concede to the pretensions of any individual those merits which he has himself presumed openly to claim, yet few will be found to deny that Pope has made good his title to the characteristics he assumes, even by the manner in which he has asserted them; and that the courage, the frankness, the irony, the wit, the alternate earnestness and indifference, elevation and ridicule, with which he treats the various subjects that occur in his Satires, entitle him at once to our admiration, our confidence, and our esteem.

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT:

OR

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

" Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum ; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant, sed loquentur tamen." CICERO.

At the time of publishing this Epistle, the poet's patience was exhausted by the endless impertinence of poetasters of all ranks and conditions; as well those who courted his favour, as those who envied his reputation. So that now he had resolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a Dunciad. This design he communicated to his excellent friend Dr. Arbuthnot; who, although as a man of wit and learning he might not have been displeased to see their common injuries revenged on this pernicious tribe; yet, as our author's friend and physician, he was solicitous of his ease and health; and therefore unwilling he should provoke so large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occasion to the following *Dialogue;* where, in a natural and familiar detail of all his provocations, both from flatterers and slanderers, our author has artfully interwoven an apology for his *moral* and *poetic* character.

For after having told his case, and humorously applied to his physician in the manner one would ask for a receipt to kill vermin, he straight goes on, in the common character of askers of advice, to tell his doctor that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But using a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of poets), with a simile, in which the names of *Kings, Queens, and Ministers of State* happen to be mentioned, his friend takes the alarm, and begs him to forbear; advises him to stick to his subject, and to be easy under so common a calamity.

To make so light of his disaster provokes the poet: he breaks the thread of his discourse, which was to lead his friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells him the application of his simile at once:

"Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass," &c.

But recollecting the humanity and tenderness of his friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little shocked at the apparent severity of such a proceeding, he assures him that his good-nature is alarmed without cause; for that nothing has less feeling than this sort of offenders; which he illustrates in the examples of a *damned Poet*, a *detected Slanderer*, a *Table-Parasite*, a *Church-Buffoon*, and a *Party-Writer* (from ver. 1 to 101).

But, in this enumeration, coming again to *Names*, his friend once more stops him, and bids him consider what hostilities this

general attack would set on foot. So much the better, replies the poet; for, considering *the strong antipathy of bad to good*, enemies they will always be, either open or secret; and it admits of no question, but a slanderer is less hurtful than a flatterer. For, says he, (in a pleasant simile addressed to his friend's profession),

> " Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
> It is the slaver kills, and not the bite."

And how abject and excessive the flattery of these creatures was, he shews, by observing that they praised him even for his infirmities, his bad health, and his inconvenient shape (ver. 100 to 125).

But still it might be said, that if he could bear this evil annexed to authorship no better, he should not have written at all. To this he answers, by lamenting the natural bent of his disposition; which, from his very birth, had drawn him towards *Poetry* so strongly, as if it were in execution of some secret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an author, he offended in nothing else. For his early verses were perfectly innocent and harmless:

> " Like gentle Fanny's was my flowing theme,
> A painted mistress, or a purling stream."

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry critics fell upon him without any provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of distinction. But it was his peculiar ill-fortune to create a jealousy in one, whom, not only many good offices done by our author to him and his friends, but a similitude of genius and studies, might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and support. On the contrary, that otherwise amiable person, being, by nature, timorous and suspicious; by education, a party-man; and, by circumstances of fortune, beset with flatterers and pick-thanks, regarded our author as his rival, set up by a contrary faction, with views destructive of public liberty and that person's reputation. And all this, with as little provocation from Mr. Pope's conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies, in the description he gives of it) yet he never, even when most in fashion, set up for a patron, or a dictator amongst the wits; but still kept retired in his usual privacy; leaving *the whole Castalian state*, as he calls it, to a Mock-Mæcenas, whom he next describes (ver. 124 to 261).

And, struck with the sense of that *dignity and ease* which support the character of a true poet, he breaks out into a passionate vow for a continuance of the full liberty inseparable from it. And to shew how well he deserves it, and how safely he might be trusted with it, he concludes his wish with a description of his temper and disposition (ver. 260 to 271).

This naturally leads him to complain of his friends, when they consider him in no other view than that of an *author*; as if he had neither the same right to the enjoyments of life, the same concern for his highest interests, or the same dispositions of benevolence, with other people.

Besides, he now admonishes them, in his turn, that they do not consider to what they expose him, when they urge him to write on; namely, to the *suspicions* and the *displeasure* of a court, who are made to believe he is always writing; or at least to the foolish *criticisms* of court-sycophants, who pretend to find him, by his style, in the immoral libels of every idle scribbler: though he, in the mean time, be so far from countenancing such worthless trash in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own best vein of poetry, if made at the expense of truth and innocence:

> " Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
> That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
> Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
> Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear."

Sentiments, which no effort of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expressed in strains so exquisitely sublime. That the sole object of his resentment was *vice* and *baseness*; in the detection of which, he artfully takes occasion to speak of *that* by which he himself had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of one who had wantonly outraged him, and in the most sensible manner (ver. 270 to 334).

And here, moved again with fresh indignation at his slanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*, and draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he shews that not *fame*, but VIRTUE, was the constant object of his ambition: that for this he opposed himself to all the violence of cabals, and the treacheries of courts: the various iniquities of which having distinctly specified, he sums them up in that most atrocious and sensible of all (ver. 333 to 360):

"The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past;
For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome even the last."

But here again his friend interrupts the strains of his divine enthusiasm, and desires him to clear up one objection made to his conduct at court: "that it was inhumane to insult the poor, and ill breeding to affront the great." To which he replies, that indeed in his pursuit of *Vice*, he rarely considered how knavery was circumstanced; but followed it, with his vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the pillory or the drawing-room (ver. 329 to 368).

But lest this should give his reader the idea of a savage intractable virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himself the shame of owning that he was of so easy a nature, as to be duped by the slenderest appearances; *a pretence to virtue in a witty woman:* so forgiving, that he had sought out the object of his beneficence in a *personal enemy:* so humble, that he had submitted to the conversation of *bad poets:* and so forbearing, that he had curbed in his resentment under the most shocking of all provocations, *abuses on his Father and Mother* (ver. 367 to 388).

This naturally leads him to give a short account of their births, fortunes, and dispositions, which ends with the tenderest wishes for the happiness of his friend; intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist:

"Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!"

And now this incomparable poem, which holds so much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the disorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and slander could occasion, concludes with the utmost calmness and serenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY (ver. 387 to the end).

Warburton.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my *person*, *morals*, and *family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *truth* and the *sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I

have for the most part spared their *names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

Pope.

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT;

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant, whom he has remembered, under that character, in his will: of whose fidelity, Dodsley, from his own observation, used to mention many pleasing instances. His wife was living at Eccleshall, 1783, ninety years old, and knew many anecdotes of Pope. *Warton.*

Ver. 1. *Shut, shut the door,*] This abrupt exordium is animated and dramatic. Our poet, wearied with the impertinence and slander of a multitude of mean scribblers that attacked him, suddenly breaks out with this spirited complaint of the ill-usage he had sustained. This piece was published in the year 1734, in the form of an Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. It is now given as a Dialogue, in which a very small share, indeed, is allotted to his friend. Arbuthnot was a man of consummate probity, integrity, and sweetness of temper: he had infinitely more learning than Pope or Swift, and as much wit and humour as either of them. He was an excellent mathematician and physician, of which his letter on the Usefulness

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

NOTES.

Usefulness of Mathematical Learning, and his Treatise on Air and Aliment, are sufficient proofs. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and measures, are the work of a man intimately acquainted with ancient history and literature, and are enlivened with many curious and interesting particulars of the manners and ways of living of the ancients. The History of John Bull, the best parts of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, the Art of Political Lying, the Freeholder's Catechism, It cannot rain but it pours, &c. abound in strokes of the most exquisite humour. It is known that he gave numberless hints to Swift, and Pope, and Gay, of some of the most striking parts of their works. He was so neglectful of his writings that his children tore his manuscripts and made paper-kites of them. Few letters in the English language are so interesting, and contain such marks of Christian resignation and calmness of mind, as one that he wrote to Swift a little before his death, and is inserted in the third volume of Letters, p. 157. He frequently, and ably, and warmly, in many conversations, defended the cause of revelation against the attacks of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield.

Warton.

Ver. 13. *Mint*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford to one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

Warburton.

Ver. 15. *Is there a parson*] Some lines in this Epistle to Arbuthnot had been used in a letter to Thomson when he was in Italy

A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life, (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.

NOTES.

Italy, and transferred from him to Arbuthnot, which naturally displeased the former, though they lived always on terms of civility and friendship; and Pope earnestly exerted himself, and used all his interest to promote the success of Thomson's Agamemnon, and attended the first night of its being performed. *Warton.*

Ver. 20. *desperate charcoal*] The idea is from Boileau's Art of Poetry—"Charbonner les murailles." *Bowles.*

Ver. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Esq. *Warburton.*

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his sempstress' praise—

Ver. 29. in the first Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie;
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

NOTES.

Ver. 33. *Seized and tied down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where Oldfox gags and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-penned stanzas*. *Warburton.*

Rather from Horace; vide his Druso. *Warton.*

Ver. 40. "*Keep your piece nine years.*"] Boileau employed eleven years in his short satire of L'Equivoque. Patru was four years altering and correcting the first paragraph of his translation of the Oration for Archias. *Warton.*

Ver. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. *Pope.*

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends;
The players and I are luckily no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it,
And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with Lintot."

NOTES.

Ver. 54. *He'll write a* Journal,] Meaning the London Journal; a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's ministry. Bishop Hoadley wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland. *Warton.*

Ver. 55. *A packet.*] Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his Sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called the Assembly. 1726. *Warton.*

Ver. 60. *The players and I, &c.*] On this passage, Cibber, in his curious letter, printed in 1742, addressed to Pope, has the following observation:

"I am glad to find in your smaller edition, that your conscience has since given this line some correction; for there you have taken off a little of its edge: it there runs only thus:

The *players* and I are luckily no friends.

This is so uncommon an instance of your checking your temper, and taking a little shame to yourself, that I cannot in justice omit my notice of it." *Bowles.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

Ver. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king,)
His very minister who spied them first,
(Some say his queen,) was forced to speak or burst.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *'Tis sung when Midas', &c.*] The poet means, sung by Persius; and the words alluded to are

Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!
Auriculas asini Midas rex habet.

The transition is fine, but obscure; for he has here imitated the *manner* of that mysterious writer, as well as taken up his *image*. Our author had been hitherto complaining of the folly and importunity of *indigent* scribblers; he now insinuates that he suffered as much of both, from poetasters of *quality*. *Warburton.*

Ver. 69. *'Tis sung, when Midas'*] The abruptness with which this story from Persius is introduced, occasions an obscurity in the passage; for there is no connexion with the foregoing paragraph. Boileau says, Sat. ix. v. 221, I have nothing to do with Chapelain's honour, or candour, or civility, or complaisance; but if you hold him up as a model of good writing, and as the king of authors,

Ma bile alors s'échauffe, et je brûle d'écrire;
Et s'il ne m'est permis de le dire au papier,
J'irai creuser la terre, et comme ce barbier,
Faire dire aux roseaux par un nouvel organe,
Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'âne.

There is much humour in making the prying and watchful eyes of the minister, instead of the barber, first discover the ass's ears; and the word *perks* has particular force and emphasis. Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline were here pointed at. *Warton.*

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings.
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing, if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

NOTES.

Ver. 72. *queen,*] The story is told, by some, of his barber, but by Chaucer, of his queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables. *Pope.*

Ver. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible. *Warburton.*

Ver. 86. *the mighty crack:*] A parody on Addison's translation of Horace, Ode iii. b. 3.

Should the whole frame of Nature round them break
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
She unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

On which lines he observes, in the Bathos: "Sometimes a single word (as *crack*) will vulgarize a poetical idea." *Warton.*

Ver. 88.] Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor. *Pope.*

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry; in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines.
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?

NOTES.

Ver. 90. *He spins the slight,*] The metaphor in our author is most happily carried on through a variety of corresponding particulars, that exactly hit the nature of the two insects in question. It is not pursued too far, nor jaded out, so as to become quaint and affected; as is the case in many of Congreve's too witty comedies, particularly in the Way of the World, and in Young's Satires. For instance:

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs, wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die!

The epithets *envious* and *proud*, have nothing to do with *squibs*. The last line is brilliant and ingenious, but perhaps too much so.
Warton.

Ver. 98. *free-masons Moore?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions. *Warburton.*

Ver. 98. *His butchers Henley,*] This alludes to Henley, commonly called Orator Henley, who declaimed on Sundays on religious subjects, and on Wednesdays on the sciences;—one shilling was the price of admittance. His oratory was among the *butchers* in Newport Market and Butcher Row. *Bowles.*

Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend.
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

NOTES.

Ver. 100. *Still to one bishop*] Bishop Boulter, who was Ambrose Philips's great friend and patron. Boulter wrote, in conjunction with Philips, a paper called the Freethinker. He was then only minister of a parish in Southwark; but being considered of consequence to Government, he was first made Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Primate of Ireland; where, adds Johnson, his piety and charity will be long remembered. *Bowles.*

Ver. 103. *I too could write, &c.*] Mr. Pope used to say, that of all the men he ever met with, Dr. Arbuthnot had the most prolific wit; and that here, Swift only held the second place. Nothing occurred of any consequence, but the Doctor wrote a pleasant essay upon it. A large folio paper-book, which used to lie in his parlour, was employed for this purpose; of which, however, he was so negligent, that while he was writing at one end, he would suffer his children to tear out what he had written at the other, for their paper-kites. The thing in which he was most serious, was the cause of religion. In a letter to Dr. Swift, in 1732, he has these words—"But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and *religion:* for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some of the ignominy that belonged to the first professors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken, of giving these ignorant fellows battle upon all occasions." *Warburton.*

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose; and "Sir! you have an eye."—

NOTES.

Ver. 115. *There are, who to my person*] What Addison says in jest, and with his usual humour, is true in fact: "I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor." What passages in Horace are more agreeable than when he tells us he was fat and sleek, "præcanum, solibus aptum," prone to anger, but soon appeased. And again, how pleasing the detail he gives of his way of life, the descriptions of his mule, his dinner, his supper, his furniture, his amusements, his walks, his time of bathing and sleeping, from the 105th line to the end of the sixth satire of the first book. And Boileau, in his tenth epistle, has done the same in giving many amusing particulars of his father, family, and fortunes. *Warton.*

Ver. 118. "*Sir! you have an eye.*"] It is remarkable that, amongst the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none. *Warburton.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111 in the MS.

For song, for silence, some expect a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other, fool or knave.

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink? my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserved, to bear.

NOTES.

Ver. 128. *I lisp'd in numbers,*] From Ovid:

"Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat." *Warton.*

Ver. 130. *no father disobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his father, though no poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes.* *Warburton.*

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 124 in the MS.

But, friend, this shape, which you and Curll admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire;
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother, not the muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

A. But why then publish? P. Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140

NOTES.

Ver. 135. *But why then publish?*] To the three first names that encouraged his earliest writings, he has added other friends, whose acquaintance with him did not commence till he was a poet of established reputation. From the many commendations which Walsh, and Garth, and Granville bestowed on his Pastorals, it may fairly be concluded how much the public taste has been improved, and with how many good compositions our language has been enriched since that time. When Gray published his exquisite Ode on Eton College, his first publication, little notice was taken of it: but I suppose no critic can be found that will not place it far above Pope's Pastorals. *Warton.*

That Gray's Ode on Eton College was received with indifference is certainly no proof of the improvement of the public taste; nor does there seem much propriety in commending it here, in order to depreciate Pope's Pastorals, to which it bears no resemblance.

Ver. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled, *Dryden's Satire to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following:

"While pure description held the place of sense," &c. *Pope.*

Every word and epithet here used is exactly characteristical, and peculiarly appropriated, with much art, to the temper and manner of each of the persons here mentioned; the elegance of Lansdown,

And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved?
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence,
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

NOTES.

Lansdown, the open free benevolence and candour of Garth, the warmth of Congreve, the difficulty of pleasing Swift, the very gesture (as I am informed) that Atterbury used when he was pleased, and the animated air and spirit of Bolingbroke. *Warton.*

Ver. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of secret and scandalous history. *Pope.*

Ver. 146. *Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.*] By no means authors of the same class; though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse. *Warburton.*

Ver. 148. *While pure description held the place of sense?*] He uses *pure* equivocally, to signify either *chaste* or *empty;* and has given in this line what he esteemed the true character of *descriptive poetry*, as it is called; a composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of sauces. The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in *description*, is like children's delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which, when frugally managed and artfully disposed, might be made to unfold and illustrate the noblest objects in nature. *Warburton.*

Ver. 150.] *A painted meadow, or a purling stream,* is a verse of Mr. Addison. *Pope.*

Ver. 150.] *A painted mistress, or a purling stream.*] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windsor Forest.* *Warburton.*

Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.

NOTES.

Ver. 151. *Yet then did* Gildon] It is with difficulty we can forgive our author for upbraiding these wretched scribblers for their poverty and distresses, if we do not keep in our minds the grossly abusive pamphlets they published; and, even allowing this circumstance, we ought to separate rancour from reproof:

" Cur tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas?" *Warton.*

Gildon was born at the village of Gillingham, near Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. Pope's " wishing him a dinner," is not exactly understood. The expressions are thought unfeeling, as meant to upbraid him with his poverty; but the truth is, Gildon in his essays says, his sole motive for writing was " necessity." It cannot be said, that it is cruel to " wish a man a dinner," who professes he writes to get one.

A few more words concerning this obscure writer may not be unacceptable. He was sent to Douay, to the English college of secular priests there, to be made a priest; but his inclinations led him another way. He came to London, spent his property, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by writing abusive pamphlets.
Bowles.

Ver. 153. *Yet then did Dennis*] I cannot help thinking that poor Dennis was hardly used. He was a scholar, had a liberal education, and had been in his early youth, a companion of those who were distinguished for rank and literature. Being at first countenanced, and having a considerable share of learning and ingenuity, he was no doubt mortified and galled, to find the stream of popular applause turned almost exclusively towards one poet. On this account, his strictures, though often just, are marked with asperity and coarseness, as he was evidently chagrined at the success which he could not gain himself. Hence his coarse and contemptuous treatment of Addison's Cato, and Pope's Essay on Man; but we must admit that many of his observations were well founded, and that they evince considerable classical knowledge, as well as shrewdness. *Bowles.*

If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*:

NOTES.

Ver. 163. *Yet ne'er one sprig*] Swift imbibed from Sir W. Temple, and Pope from Swift, an inveterate and unreasonable aversion and contempt for Bentley, whose admirable Boyle's Lectures, Remarks on Collins's Emendations of Menander and Callimachus, and Tully's Tuscul. Disp.; whose edition of Horace, and, above all, Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, (in which he gained the most complete victory over a whole army of wits,) all of them exhibit the most striking marks of accurate and extensive erudition, and a vigorous and acute understanding. He degraded himself much by his strange and absurd hypothesis of the faults which Milton's amanuensis introduced into that poem. But I have been informed that there was still an additional cause for Pope's resentment: that Atterbury, being in company with Bentley and Pope, insisted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the English Homer; and that, being earnestly pressed to declare his sentiments freely, he said, "The verses are good verses, but the work is not Homer; it is Spondanus." It may, however, be observed, in favour of Pope, that Dr. Clarke, whose critical exactness is well known, has not been able to point out above three or four mistakes in the sense throughout the whole Iliad. The real faults of that translation are of another kind: they are such as remind us of Nero's gilding a brazen statue of Alexander the Great, cast by Lysippus. Pope, in a letter which Dr. Rutherforth shewed me at Cambridge in the year 1771, written to a Mr. Bridges at Fulham, mentions his consulting Chapman and Hobbes, and talks of "their authority,

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,

NOTES.

rity, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, over-ruled me." These are the very words which I transcribed at the time. *Warton.*

Ver. 163. *these ribalds,*] How deservedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be seen by a short account of the manners of the modern *Scholiasts.*

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the west, and its tail, *verbal criticism,* was, of course, to rise with it, the madness of critics soon became so offensive, that the grave stupidity of the monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus,* a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the sacking of Constantinople by the Turks, used to maintain that *Cicero* understood neither philosophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, *J. Lascaris* by name, threatened to demonstrate that *Virgil* was no poet. Countenanced by such great examples, a French critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Aristotle* did not understand Greek, nor *Titus Livius,* Latin. It has been since discovered that *Josephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and Erasmus so pitiful a linguist, that, Burman assures us, were he now alive, he would not deserve to be put at the head of a country school: and even since, it has been found out that Pope had *no invention,* and is only a poet by courtesy. For though time has stripped the present race of pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners, than to imitate their science. However, those earlier RIBALDS raised an appetite for the Greek language in the west; insomuch, that Hermolaus Barbarus, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ΕΝΤΕΛΕΧΕΙΑ. Another, whom Balzac speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to say, that the meaning of such or such a verse in *Persius,* no one knew but GOD and himself. While the celebrated Pomponius Lætus, in excess of veneration for antiquity, became a real Pagan; raised altars

Even such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in *Milton*'s or in *Shakespear*'s name.

NOTES.

altars to Romulus, and sacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman Baxter, in every thing but in the costliness of his sacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down Cicero, the Italian critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style: Cardinal Bembo used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epistolaccias, great overgrown Epistles.* But ERASMUS cured their frenzy by that master-piece of good sense, his *Ciceronianus.* For which (in the way that lunatics treat their physicians) the elder Scaliger insulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profession.

His sons Joseph and Salmasius had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have raised modern learning to a rivalship with the ancient. Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another! The choicest of Joseph's flowers of speech were *Stercus Diaboli,* and *Lutum stercore maceratum.* It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to Thuanus, speaking of two of them, Clavius and Lipsius, he calls the first *a monster of ignorance;* and the other, *a slave to the Jesuits, and an idiot.* But so great was his love of sacred *amity* at the same time, that he says, *I still keep up my correspondence with him, notwithstanding his idiotry, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships—Je ne reste de luy escrire, nonobstant son idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié.* The character he gives of his own *chronology,* in the same letter, is no less extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez assurer que nôtre Eusebe sera un trésor des marveilles de la doctrine chronologique.* But this modest account of his own work, is nothing in comparison of the idea the father gives his bookseller of his own person. This bookseller was preparing something of Julius Scaliger's for the press; and desired the author would give him directions concerning his picture, which was to be set before the book. Julius's answer (as it stands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170

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could collect together the several graces of Masinissa, Xenophon, and Plato, he might then be enabled to give the public some faint and imperfect resemblance of his person. Nor was Salmasius's judgment of his own parts less favourable to himself; as Mr. Colomies tells the story. This critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, Messrs. Gaulman and Maussac, in the royal library at Paris, Gaulman, in a virtuous consciousness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed they three could make head against all the learned in Europe. To which the great Salmasius fiercely replied: "Do you and M. Maussac join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Vossius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had snarled at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and *one* whom I should have thought this critic the likeliest to reverence, the redoubtable PRISCIAN, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against *Christ* himself. But *Codrus Urcæus* went further, and actually used those arms which the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing some trifling piece of criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire; on which he is reported to have broke out: "Quodnam *ego* tantum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem ego tuorum unquam læsi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, says my author, he quitted the converse of men, threw himself into the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair. *Warburton.*

This attack by Warburton upon the early promoters of literature is much too indiscriminate, and is by no means called for by the passage in Pope, in which he meant only to refer to his contemporary *critics* and *word-catchers*. That the GENIUS, or rather the *professors* of PHILOLOGY are *deservedly* characterized by the name

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

NOTES.

name of *ribalds*, is a strange assertion for a commentator who has devoted so considerable a portion of his time to that employment, and has not been sparing of his sarcasms on those who have not always agreed with him in opinion. Of the names mentioned with such contempt by Warburton, many are far beyond his power to depreciate, and the manner in which he speaks of *Argyropylus*, *Lascar*, *Hermolaus Barbarus*, *Pomponius Lætus*, &c. shews that he was but little acquainted with their characters. To cast a ridicule on learning, by repeating a series of absurd imputations on its professors, many of which have not the slightest foundation in truth, is certainly not the business either of a *scholar* or a *divine*. That in their dissensions the early critics often transgressed the bounds of civility, and even of decency, is well known; but to revive these exploded calumnies, in order to discredit the study of *philology* itself, can scarcely be allowed; particularly when we consider that the person who brings them forward, has both attacked others and been attacked himself, with a degree of asperity and virulence not exceeded by any of the critics of former times, of which a sufficient instance appears in the ensuing notes on ver. 169.

Ver. 164. *slashing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deserved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him nôt amiss: "Habuit à naturâ genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et solers; sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum." *Warburton.*

Ver. 164. *slashing Bentley*] The following epigram by Pope, on Bentley's edition of Milton, to which the epithet "slashing" alludes, I have found in his hand-writing:

"Did Milton's prose, O Charles! thy death defend?
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.
On Milton's verse did *Bentley* comment?—Know,
A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
While he but sought his author's fame to further,
The murderous critic has avenged thy murder." *Bowles.*

This

Were others angry: I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.

NOTES.

This epigram is rendered quite unintelligible in Mr. Bowles's edition, by a misprint in the third line, where we read,

"On *Milton*'s verse did *Milton* comment," &c.

Ver. 169. *Pretty! in amber to observe the forms, &c.*] Our poet had the full pleasure of this amusement soon after the publication of his *Shakespear*. Nor has his friend been less entertained since the appearance of his edition of the same poet; the liquid *amber* of whose wit has lately licked up and enrolled such a quantity of these *insects*, and of tribes so grotesque and various, as would have puzzled Reaumur to give names to. Two or three of them it may not be amiss to preserve and keep alive: Such as the Rev. Dr. Zachary Grey, Thomas Edwards, Esq. and, to make up the triumvirate, their learned coadjutor, that very respectable personage, Mr. Theophilus Cibber. As to the poetic imagery of this passage, it has been much and justly admired; for the most detestable things in nature, as a *toad* or a *beetle*, become pleasing, when well represented in a work of art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought; for though a scribbler *exists* by being thus incorporated, yet he exists *entombed*. The last of them, one Capell, has been something less happy. He sticks in the surface, has stuck there these twenty years, and will stick for ever. *Sedet, æternumque sedebit, infelix Theseus;* so that instead of being *embalmed*, he is *gibbetted;* a lasting example of the wrath of the Muses! *Warburton.*

For this lively sally Warburton was attacked by Thomas Edwards, a barrister of Lincoln's-inn, and a gentleman of independent fortune, who, if he did not pour forth as many sonnets against Warburton as Father Lazzarelli did against Bonaventura Arrighini, under the name of Don Ciccio, honoured him at least with some, not exceeded in severity by any in that celebrated collection.

The *Canons of Criticism* of Edwards have given him a permanent rank amongst our first critics. Of this work a sixth edition, with additions, was printed in 1758, 8vo.

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.

NOTES.

Ver. 180. *a Persian tale*] Amb. Philips translated a book called the *Persian Tales*. *Pope.*

Philips, certainly not a very animated or first-rate writer, yet appears not to deserve quite so much contempt, if we look at his first and fifth Pastoral, his Epistle from Copenhagen, his Ode on the Death of Earl Cowper, his translations of the two first Olympic Odes of Pindar, the two Odes of Sappho, and, above all, his pleasing tragedy of the Distressed Mother. The secret grounds of Philips's malignity to Pope, are said to be the ridicule and laughter he met with from all the Hanover Club, of which he was secretary, for mistaking the incomparable ironical paper in the Guardian, No. 40, which was written by Pope, for a serious criticism on pastoral poetry. *Warton.*

Ver. 189. *All these, my modest satire bade translate,*] See their works, in the Translations of classical books by *several hands.* *Pope.*

Ver. 190. *And own'd that nine such poets*] Before this piece was

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe;
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe!
Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;

NOTES.

was published, Dr. Young had addressed two Epistles to our author, in the year 1730, concerning the authors of the age; in which are many passages that bear a great resemblance to many of Pope's; though Pope has heightened, improved, and condensed the hints, images, and sentiments of Young. *Warton.*

Ver. 192. *And swear, not* ADDISON *himself was safe!*] This is an artful preparative for the following transition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the severity of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation. *Warburton.*

Ver. 192. ADDISON *himself was safe!*] This character of Addison has been considered as Pope's master-piece, "in hoc dicendi genere." It is certainly most successfully laboured; but how far it was a likeness, is with me very doubtful. *Bowles.*

Ver. 193. *But were there one whose fires, &c.*] Our poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and a constant intercourse of good offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation; warned his friend against a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own, (see note on ver. 215. 1 Ep. b. ii. of Hor.) and, when Dennis so brutally attacked the tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called *A Narrative of his Madness.*

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius* in poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy:

* This statement of Warburton's is neither candid nor true: it is very easy to say, "Pope's growing reputation gave umbrage to

Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:

NOTES.

licacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (see his Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners;* and, under an affected care for the government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock epic poem. In order to this it was to have its machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the Rosicrucian system. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly; and even to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal.* Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver; and after a diligent inquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. And Sir R. Steele, in the ninth edition of the *Drummer*

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to Addison; that Addison encouraged Philips, &c. in their clamours; that his *jealousy* at last broke out." But all this is directly contrary to the general tenor of Addison's life and character, and if I should make it appear, as I trust I shall, that part is untrue, we ought surely to give little credit to the rest.

Bowles.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

NOTES.

mer (which Tickell had omitted to insert amongst Addison's Works) in a long epistle to Congreve, affirms very intelligibly, that Addison, and not Tickell, was the translator of the *first book* of the Iliad, to which the latter had set his name. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new version in a severe critique upon it. I have now by me the copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own works so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged Gildon to write a thing about Wycherley, in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour, which, however, he should not imitate; but that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face, and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world: and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed; which was the CHARACTER, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death, which happened about three years after.

It appears, from a collection of Swift's letters lately published, that Mr. Addison, when party was at its height, used Swift* much

* It is said that "*Addison used Swift much better than he used Pope.*" Addison's conduct to Swift was generous and noble: they were

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;

NOTES.

much better than he had used Pope, on that account, though he had been more roughly treated by Swift than Pope's nature would suffer him to treat any one. But the reason is plain. Swift was Addison's rival only in politics: Pope was his rival in poetry; an opposition less tolerable, as more personal. However, Addison's social talents, in the entertainment and enjoyment of his intimate friends, charmed both Pope and Swift alike; as a quality far superior to any thing that was to be found in any other man. *Warburton.*

Ver. 193. *But were there one whose fires, &c.*] The strokes in this Character are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope, he says: "Since you now know where your strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought satiric poetry to its perfection. *Warburton.*

Ver. 198. *Bear, like the Turk,*] This is from Bacon de Aug. Scient. lib. iii. p. 180. And the thought was also used by Lord Orrery, and by Denham. *Warton.*

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were of different parties: Addison was required to give up his acquaintance, but he constantly refused; he treated him with respect and kindness, though, by so doing, he disobliged Lord Sunderland.

He declared that he would not give up Swift, to be made chief governor of the kingdom; and indeed so high was his character, that Swift himself says of him: "Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed, and I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused." Why should he be jealous and splenetic only when Pope was concerned? *Bowles.*

Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like *Cato*, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—

NOTES.

Ver. 209. *Like* Cato, *give*] In the second volume of the Biographia Britannica is a vindication of Addison, by a writer who, to a consummate knowledge of the laws and history of his country, added a most exquisite taste in literature; I mean Sir William Blackstone, who thus concludes this vindication: "Nothing surely could justify so deep a resentment, unless the story be true of the commerce between Addison and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed of a gentleman who was so amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own case) had two years before expressly disapproved of a personal abuse of Mr. Dennis. The person, indeed, from whom Mr. Pope seems to have received this anecdote, about the time of his writing the character, (viz. about July, 1715,) was no other than the Earl of Warwick, son-in-law to Mr. Addison himself: and the something about Wycherley (in which the story supposes that Addison hired Gildon to abuse Pope and his family) is explained by a note on the Dunciad, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's Life. Now it happens, that in July, 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in August, 1721) was only a boy of seventeen, and not likely to be intrusted with such a secret, by a statesman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any way connected or acquainted; for Mr. Addison was not married to his mother, the Countess of Warwick, till the following year, 1716: nor would Gildon have been

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

NOTES.

been employed in July, 1715, to write Mr. Wycherley's Life, who lived till the December following. As therefore so many inconsistencies are evident in the story itself, which never found its way into print till near sixty years after it is said to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to suppose that the whole of it was founded on some misapprehension in either Mr. Pope or the Earl; and unless better proof can be given, we shall readily acquit Mr. Addison of this most odious part of the charge."

I beg leave to add, that as to the other accusation, Dr. Young, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, each of them assured me that Addison himself certainly translated the first Book of Homer.

An able vindication of Addison was written by Mr. Jeremiah Markland, then a young man, and afterwards the celebrated critic. Both were printed together, by Curll, so early as 1717. And perhaps this circumstance may furnish a clue to what has been so ably discussed by Judge Blackstone, in the Biographia Britannica, under the article *Addison*. The Epistle to Arbuthnot was not published till January, 1735; that to Augustus, with some others, appeared in 1738.—"I have seen Mr. Pope's best performances, and find that he pleases the town most when he is most out of humour with the court. He has made very free with his gracious majesty, in the Epistle to Augustus. But he had lost his favourite bill; even my Lord Harvey had carried a point against him; and while he is angry, he will never be idle. In this last Epistle he seems to have recanted all he had before said of Addison," viz.

——"(Excuse some courtly stains)
"No whiter page than Addison remains," &c.

From a manuscript letter of Mr. Clarke, who wrote on ancient coins, to his learned printer and friend, Mr. Bowyer, July 6, 1738.
Warton.

Ver. 214. *Who would not weep, if* ATTICUS *were he?*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem, then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation; our old

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?

NOTES.

impressions will get the better of our new; or, at least, suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern. *Warburton.*

Ver. 214. *if* ATTICUS *were he?*] I have suffered Warburton's note to remain entire, that it may not be said any thing has been suppressed that could be stated in Pope's favour. A few observations I have made on it, as I went along. What I have further to offer, I trust will not be imputed to any desire of lessening Pope's character; but merely to do that justice to Mr. Addison which truth seems to require.

Mr. Addison is accused of "mean jealousy towards Pope; that he encouraged Pope's abusers; that he objected to the finest part of the Rape of the Lock, from envy and jealousy; that he produced, in opposition, a translation of the first Book of Homer, which was given to the world ostensibly as Tickell's, but which was in reality the work of Addison, who was actuated in the attempt by the desire of "*injuring Pope's reputation;*" that finally, Lord Warwick, Addison's son-in-law, had himself confessed that it was in vain for Pope to endeavour to be well with Addison, and that he had *hired* Gildon to abuse him."

These are severe charges, and they ought to be supported by certain proof, or the strongest probabilities.

With respect to the first charge, it is not impossible but that Pope, and this I have no doubt was the case, really thought, when he became, in the eye of the public and in his own of course, *so great a man*, that every one who had a high literary character must certainly be *jealous* of *him*. Once possessed with this idea, which was the natural consequence of his own self-importance, he saw the *cloven foot* of envy and jealousy in every thing connected with the name of Addison. If Philips, the rival Arcadian, hung up *a rod at Button's Coffee-house* to chastise Pope, the rival *Pastoral-swain*, Addison was the instigator. If Gildon, soured by poverty, attacked the more successful bard with scurrility and anger, Addison *bribed* him! If a translation of Homer comes out at the same time with Pope's, certainly there can be but one cause—Addison's jealousy: Addison suggested it, Addison mended it, Addison wrote it!

Pope

Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

NOTES.

Pope has said himself, that "all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye." Was his eye quite clear in his view of things respecting Addison? We have his own ideas and assertions. Are these to be trusted, unsupported by other evidence? We have the "*ipse dixit*" of one party against the other. The world is appealed to; it naturally asks, is such a charge admitted by Pope's cotemporaries? I exclude his own particular friends. Does Craggs, the friend of both, seem to believe it? Pope wrote to him on *the subject*,—he received no answer. What are Addison's and Pope's respective characters? has the first ever been charged with duplicity, even by his enemies? Has the other *escaped* the *charge?* Have there been no unequivocal proofs against him in that respect? Look at Addison's warm, manly, disinterested, and honest conduct to Swift. Remember his liberal and humane mode of disavowing Pope's personal attack on Dennis, on account of his criticisms on Cato. Recollect the uniform testimony, not only of his friends, but of *all* with whom he associated; consider the proofs of his candor and kindness, in almost every situation; and reflect, that nothing was urged with the least appearance of weight against him, even from those who were hostile to him in politics, till *after his death.* And from whom do they come? From *one man*, that *man angry* and *interested*, and that *man*, whose character, compared to Addison's, was, as perhaps Johnson might say, like tortuosity opposed to rectitude.

These things are so;—Pope possibly may have been right in his *judgment*, but Addison ought not to be condemned by candid and *impartial* judges, unless there was collateral and much stronger evidence, than the *ex parte* evidence of Pope. Neither candour, nor equity, nor justice allow it.

Let us now go a step further, and consider the more specific and severe charges brought with apparently direct proof. Lord Warwick's testimony is adduced against Addison, solemnly and decisively. This has been clearly proved to be impossible, at least so utterly improbable, that no one can believe it (see Warton's note on ver. 209). The strongest proof falls at once to the ground; it was invented, and is *proved* to be false. What then

I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220

NOTES.

are we to think of the deliberate inventor, and what credit is due to his bare *suspicions*, without any attempt at proof at all, and which are contradicted by Addison's general character, and by his acknowledged honour and worth?

I will also ask, whether any assertion be entitled to credit, which is brought forward so long after the death of the accused, as was the case in this instance?

One word respecting the supposed translation. It has been said that Pope, when he taxed Addison with being the author, was chiefly hurt by Addison's lofty manner and affected indifference. Is this to be attributed to innocence, or consciousness? An innocent man *would*, and must have behaved so—a guilty man *might;* but this has been weakly brought against Addison, as if such a mode of behaviour *must* have been *affected*. This, however, is hardly worth taking notice of. It has also been said, that Tickell was incapable of such a translation, without Addison's assistance, to which I have no hesitation in saying, that Tickell wrote *verses better* than Addison. Compare Tickell's "Prospect of the Peace," his verses on Addison's death: they are so nervous and correct, that Addison's own verses appear (hazardous as may be my opinion) very inferior to them. Addison might have given his opinion respecting the merit of either translation, as he gave his opinion of the Sylphs in the Rape of the Lock; but it does not follow that it was directed by spleen and envy. But Dr. Warton would put the matter out of doubt; for he says, that Dr. Young, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, assured him of the fact! Very well! and who *assured* Lord Bathurst, Young, &c.? I very much fear, Pope himself. These were all Pope's friends; they no doubt believed what Pope told them. But as there is no other evidence, I do not think it entitled to any other credit than what is due to Pope's own assertions; if it can be traced to Pope alone, with me it weighs nothing. In the last edition of Johnson's Lives there is a note, which, though not so designed, contributes to elucidate this point.

It relates to another story, Addison's arresting Steele: the words are by the Editor of Johnson's works, viz. "*The late Dr. Stin-*

ton

Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.

NOTES.

ton confirmed this story to me, by saying *he had it from Mr. Hooke, author of the Roman History; and he* FROM POPE."

On the same foundation probably rests a circumstance which Warton has admitted in a note: who says. "He was informed by *Mr. Spence*, that Addison in his last illness sent to speak with Gay, and told him he *had injured him*, probably with respect to his getting preferment at Court; but, if he lived, he would make him amends!" Where did Spence get this anecdote! how came it never mentioned openly before! As it happens, the cause which prevented Gay's preferment has been clearly ascertained by that accurate and sensible historian, Mr. Coxe. I shall speak of this under the article of Gay. In the mean time, perhaps, I ought to beg pardon of the reader for this long note; but I had no object but truth, and of such a character as Addison I could not bear

Opprobria tanta,
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse revelli. *Bowles.*

As Mr. Bowles has given the note of Warburton in defence of Pope, so I have given the foregoing note by Mr. Bowles complete in the present edition; observing only, that whoever wishes to enter fully into the subject, will find it more particularly discussed than the limits of a note will allow, in the Life of Pope, prefixed to the present edition, chap. iii. Some of the foregoing remarks of Mr. Bowles have also been pointedly animadverted on by Mr. Gilchrist, in his first letter to Mr. Bowles, p. 19.

Ver. 214. ATTICUS] It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this character was written after the gentleman's death; which see refuted in the testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the edition of his works *Pope.*

Ver. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm. *Pope.*

I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

NOTES.

Ver. 232. *Bufo*] If Pope did not write the severe character of Addison after he was dead, this, which is intended for Lord Halifax, was written after the death of that nobleman, from whom Pope once expected preferment. *Bowles.*

Ver. 232. *Sate full-blown Bufo, &c.*] To whomsoever the character of Bufo may be supposed to refer, it cannot be to Lord Halifax, who died in 1715, when Pope was a very young man, and before he had published his Homer; whereas the person alluded to must have been living in Pope's more advanced years, when he had been *berhymed so long*, and was "*grown sick of fops and poetry and prate.*" To this it may be added, that it is not likely, if Pope had intended to stigmatize Lord Halifax under the name of Bufo, twenty years after his death, he would in a still later Poem (the Epilogue to his Satires) have mentioned him not only with respect, but affection, and perpetuated his name with those of his most distinguished friends—*v. Epilogue to the Satires, Dial.* ii. *ver.* 71. To degrade under a feigned name the character of a person from whose favour and friendship he openly aspires to derive honour, would be an absurdity of which Pope certainly was never guilty.—*v. Life of Pope, in the present edit. chap.* iii.

Ver. 232. *Puff'd by ev'ry quill;*] By Addison, in his Account of Poets; by Steele, in a dedication to the Spectator; by Tickell, to his Homer. The ridicule on the Hind and Panther was the best of Halifax's compositions. *Warton.*

His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:

NOTES.

Ver. 236. *a true Pindar stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *trunks* and *terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Ursin., &c.* *Pope.*

Ver. 245. *Dryden alone*] Our poet, with true gratitude, has seized every opportunity of shewing his reverence for his great master, Dryden; whom Swift as constantly depreciated and maligned. "I do affirm," says he severely, but with exquisite irony indeed, in the dedication of the Tale of a Tub to Prince Posterity, "upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen." And he attacks him again in the Battle of Books. I remember to have heard my father say, that Mr. Elijah Fenton, who was his intimate friend, and had been his master, informed him, that Dryden, upon seeing some of Swift's earliest verses, said to him, "Young man, you will never be a poet:" and that this was the cause of Swift's rooted

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 234 in the MS.

To bards reciting he vouchsafed a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

But still the Great have kindness in reserve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!

NOTES.

rooted aversion to Dryden, mentioned above. Baucis and Philemon was so much and so often altered, at the instigation of Addison, who mentioned this circumstance to my father at Magdalen College, that not above eight lines remain as they originally stood. *Warton.*

Ver. 248. *help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality. *Pope.*

Ver. 248. *help'd to starve.*] Alluding to the subscription that was made for his funeral. Garth spoke an oration over him. His necessities obliged him to produce (besides many other poetical pieces) twenty-seven plays in twenty-five years. He got 25*l.* for the copy, and 70*l.* for his benefits generally. Dramatic poetry was certainly not his talent. His plays, a very few passages excepted, are insufferably unnatural. It is remarkable that he did not scruple to confess, that he could not relish the pathos and simplicity of Euripides. When he published his Fables, Tonson agreed to give him two hundred and sixty-eight pounds for ten thousand verses. And, to complete the full number of lines stipulated for, he gave the bookseller the epistle to his cousin, and the celebrated Music Ode. "Old Jacob Tonson used to say, that Dryden was a little jealous of rivals. He would compliment Crown when a play of his failed, but was very cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to say that Crown had some genius: but then he added always, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted." Mr. Pope to Mr. Spence. *Warton.*

Bless'd be the Great, for those they take away, 255
And those they left me; for they left me GAY;

NOTES.

Ver. 255. *left me* GAY;] The sweetness and simplicity of Gay's temper and manners much endeared him to all his acquaintance, and made them always speak of him with particular fondness and attachment. Trivia appears to be the best of his poems, in which are many strokes of genuine humour, and pictures of London-life, which are now become curious, because our manners, as well as our dresses, have been so much altered and changed within a few years. His Fables, the most popular of all his works, have the fault of many modern fable-writers the ascribing to the different animals and objects introduced, speeches and actions inconsistent with their several natures. Let every man of letters, who wishes for patronage, read D'Alembert's Essay on living with the Great, before he enters the house of a patron: and let him always remember the fate of Racine, who having drawn up, at Madame Maintenon's secret request, a memorial that strongly painted the distresses of the French nation, the weight of their taxes, and the expenses of the court, she could not resist the importunity of Lewis XIV., but shewed him her friend's paper, against whom the king immediately conceived a violent indignation, because a poet should dare to busy himself with politics. Racine had the weakness to take this anger so much to heart, that it brought on a low fever, which hastened his death. The Duchess of Queensberry would not so have betrayed her poetical friend Gay.

Warton.

Ver. 256. GAY;] Warton says, Spence informed him that Addison accused himself on his death-bed to Gay, of having injured him. This, no doubt, came from Pope; but the real cause of Gay's being neglected at Court, appears in Coxe's Walpole. He expected preferment through the interest of Mrs. Howard, mistress to George II., afterwards countess of Suffolk. As this point is so curious, and so clearly ascertained, I beg to quote the words of that interesting and able historian:

"Swift was convinced that the minister had prevented the bounty of Queen Caroline from being shewn to the author of the Hare and many Friends; and he observes, alluding to it in a copy of verses addressed to Gay:

"Fain

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and QUEENSBERRY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too,
(To live and die is all I have to do:)

NOTES.

"Fain would I think *our female friend* sincere,
Till *Bob, the poet's foe,* possess'd her ear," &c.

In another place, Swift asserts that it was principally owing to the dedication prefixed to the Pastorals, in honour of Bolingbroke, and to some expressions in his fables, which displeased the Court. He repeats this accusation in his letters and works, and had even the rudeness to hint it to Sir Robert Walpole himself, when he dined with him at Chelsea. Gay was of the same opinion; and in the second part of his fables, which were not printed till after his death, is full of sarcastic and splenetic allusions to the minister. But as Walpole was neither of a jealous nor vindictive disposition, there is no reason to give credit to the aspersions of his enemies, and to suppose that he used his influence over queen Caroline for the purpose of injuring Gay, particularly when another, and a more natural motive of her conduct may be suggested.

In fact, Gay was the innocent cause of his own disgrace; for he thought that Mrs. Howard was all-powerful at Court, and that he, whom Swift humorously calls one of her *led captains*, should rise by her recommendation. Pope also, in a letter to Swift, alluding to Mrs. Howard, says: *Gay puts his whole trust in that Lady whom I described to you*, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. And Gay thus expresses himself to Swift: "Mrs. Howard has declared herself very strongly, both to the king and queen, as my protector." But in these words, they unconsciously declare the cause of his disfavour. The queen's jealousy of the interference and credit of the mistress obstructed his promotion; and his own indiscretion afterwards, destroyed every hope. Soon after this disappointment, he produced the Beggars' Opera; and both his conversation and writings were so full of invectives against the Court, that all expectations of further notice from the queen were obviously relinquished." Coxe's Memoirs. *Bowles.*

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift"—"Indeed? no doubt,"
(Cries prating Balbus) "something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"

NOTES.

Ver. 261. *Oh let me live*] In the first edition:

Give me on Thames's banks, in honest ease,
To see what friends, or read what books I please.

Ver. 271. *Why am I ask'd, &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of those impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the town as often as it wanted amusement. A French writer says well on this occasion: Dès qu'on est auteur, il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté. *Warburton.*

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 270 in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will;
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery lived no fool.

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes. 280
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

NOTES.

Ver. 280. *Sir Will*] Sir William Young. *Bowles.*

Ver. 280. *or Bubo makes.*] By Bubo, it is universally considered, Pope meant Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. By the kindness of Mr. Wyndham, member for Wiltshire, I have been able to examine all Lord Melcombe's correspondence with many of the first characters in point of rank and literature: and it is singular, though there are letters from so many literary men, and upon literary subjects, particularly from Voltaire, Young, Thomson, &c. Pope's name is never once mentioned. Dodington, although it appears his governing principle was to side with that party by which he could get most, had in other respects many good qualities. He was a liberal patron, and kind friend. His magnificent house at Easbury was the resort of men of genius. Thomson was enabled, by his liberal bounty, to travel into France and Italy; and his letters to Dodington from thence are very interesting, and expressive of the utmost respect and gratitude.

He was handsome, and of a striking figure, and was certainly possessed of wit and talents, if not of great parts. Some of his verses are written with great elegance and beauty, and are particularly animated. Lady M. W. Montagu in her letter calls him "*the all accomplished Mr. Dodington.*"

The mansion which he built at Easbury, near Blandford, did not long survive him. It came into the possession of the Marquis of Buckingham, and was taken down a few years since. Part of the offices were left standing, and have been turned into a very convenient and handsome house, now in the possession of J. Wedgewood, Esq. who purchased the estate of the Marquis of Buckingham. *Bowles.*

Ver. 282. *When every coxcomb knows me by my style?*] The discovery of a concealed author by his style, not only requires a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great skill in the nature of composition. But, in the practice of these critics, knowing an author

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

NOTES.

author by his style, is like judging of a man's whole person from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertisement* to the first edition of the *New Dunciad*, intimating, that "it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect and unfinished," I objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taste; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion, who took the lead, and who sometimes have intruded on the town the dullest performances for works of wit, while, at the same time, some true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath passed by the public eye unobserved or neglected; that he once before made the trial I now objected to, with success, in the *Essay on Man:* which was at first given (as he told me) to Dr. Young, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in short, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this same public, when let into the secret, would, for some time after, suffer no poem with a moral title, to pass for any man's but his. So the *Essay on Human Life*, the *Essay on Reason*, and many others of a worse tendency, were very liberally bestowed upon him. *Warburton.*

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus; great and good?
A. You did so lately; was it understood?
P. Be nice no more, but with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FREDERIC roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.
A. No——the high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to court-sermons and to birth-day odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnall shine.
P. Why write at all?——A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slanders helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;

NOTES.

Ver. 295, 296. *Who has the vanity to call you friend,*
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;]

When a great genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think, that a sense of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sense of that honour resulting to our country from such a writer, should raise amongst those who *call* themselves his *friends* a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack; others a foolish pleasure in a literary conflict; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference. Horace warned his friend against this excessive selfishness, not to say, baseness of mind:

Ut penitùs notum, si tentent crimina, serves,
Tuterisque tuo fidentem præsidio: qui
Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid
Ad te post paulo ventura pericula sentis?

A late imitator of Horace, in the manner of Mr. Pope, has turned this with great elegance and spirit; which, because it so well suits the occasion, I shall here transcribe:

But should the man in whom (rare union!) shine
Wit's glowing graces, reason's spark divine,

Whose

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Canons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

NOTES.

Whose modest manners virtue's self approves,
Whom wisdom leads through learning's inmost groves,
Stand the fierce rage of envy's motley train,
The proud, the bigotted, the dull, the vain,
Arise! and nobly feeling for your friend,
His morals vindicate, his fame defend,
Till bursting through the cloud, with brightening ray
Truth bids his worth blaze forth in open day.

18 E. 1 l. imitated by Mr. Neville.
Warburton.

Ver. 299. *Who to the* Dean, *and* silver bell, *&c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. Pope meant him in those circumstance ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. *Pope.*

Ver. 305. *Let Sporus tremble*—] Language cannot afford more glowing or more forcible terms to express the utmost bitterness of contempt. We think we are here reading Milton against Salmasius. The raillery is carried to the very verge of *railing*, some will say *ribaldry*. He has armed his muse with a scalping knife. The portrait is certainly over-charged for Lord H., for whom it was designed, whatever his morals might be, had yet considerable abilities, though marred by affectation. Some of his speeches in parliament were much beyond florid impotence. They were, it is true, in favour of Sir R. Walpole; and this was sufficiently offensive to Pope. The fact that particularly excited his indignation

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

NOTES.

tion, was Lord H.'s Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin) from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, 1733; as well as his having been concerned with Lady M. W. M. in Verses to the Imitator of Horace, 1732. This lady's beauty, wit, genius, and travels, of which she gave an account in a series of elegant and entertaining letters, very characteristical of the manners of the Turks, and of which many are addressed to Pope, are well known, and justly celebrated. With both noble personages had Pope lived in a state of intimacy. And justice obligeth us to confess that he was the aggressor in the quarrel with them; as he first assaulted and affronted Lord H. by these two lines in his Imitation of the first Satire of Horace's second Book:

> The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

And Lady M. W. M., by the eighty-third line of the same piece, too gross to be here repeated.

But can this be the nobleman (we are apt to ask) whom Middleton, in his Dedication to the History of the Life of Tully, has so seriously and so earnestly praised, for his strong good sense, his consummate politeness, his real patriotism, his rigid temperance, his thorough knowledge and defence of the laws of his country, his accurate skill in history, his unexampled and unremitted diligence in literary pursuits who added credit to this very history, as Scipio and Lælius did to that of Polybius, by revising and correcting it; and brightening it, as he expresses it, by the strokes of his pencil? The man that had written this splendid encomium on Lord H. could not, we may imagine, be very well affected to the bard who had painted Lord Fanny in so ridiculous a light. We find him writing thus to Dr. Warburton, January 7, 1740: "You have evinced the orthodoxy of Mr. Pope's principles; but, like the old commentator on his Homer, will be thought perhaps, in some places, to have found a meaning for him, that he himself never dreamt of. However, if you did not *find* him a *philosopher*, you will *make* him one; for he will be wise enough to take the benefit

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way;
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

NOTES.

benefit of your reading, and make his future Essays more clear and consistent." *Warton.*

Ver. 306. *white curd*] Lord Hervey, to prevent the attacks of an epilepsy, persisted in a strict regimen of daily food, which was a small quantity of ass's milk and a flour biscuit, with an apple once a week; and he used a little paint to soften his ghastly appearance. *Warton.*

I must refer the reader to Mr. Coxe's humane and manly sentiments upon this occasion. Coxe's Walpole, oct. edit. vol. ii. p. 164. *Bowles.*

Ver. 307. *can Sporus feel?*] In the first edition, Pope had the name "Paris," instead of Sporus; it seems a more suitable name. There is, I believe, no account why it was altered. *Bowles.*

Ver. 319.] See Milton, book iv. *Pope.*

Ver. 322. *or blasphemies.*] In former editions these two lines followed immediately:

Did ever smock-face act so vile a part?
A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.

His wit all seesaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song;

NOTES.

Ver. 340. *That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic imagination could give to a great genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris: "I intend to send you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the best poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as superior to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of

That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

NOTES.

of the world, as in this little performance." *MS. Lett. Oct.* 15, 1726. *Warburton.*

Ver. 341. *But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song;*] This may be said no less in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character; and his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not escape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorsus: unum, ne tentes quod efficì non possit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, Dryden, who, by his Mac-Flecno, his Absalom and Achitophel, but chiefly by his Prologues and Epilogues, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry, but, unluckily, he seemed neither to understand nor attend to it. *Warburton.*

Ver. 341. *But stoop'd to truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untamed birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles, before it regards, or *stoops to*, its prey. *Warburton.*

Ver. 350. *the lie so oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle.* *Pope.*

The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sov'REIGN's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue, all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave to me, in every state;

NOTES.

Ver. 351. *Th' imputed trash,*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curll and others. *Warburton.*

Ver. 353. *the pictured shape;*] Hay, in his Essay on Deformity, has remarked, that Pope was so hurt by the caricatura of his figure, as to rank it among the most atrocious injuries he received from his enemies. *Warton.*

Ver. 354. *Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. *Pope.*

Ver. 356. *The whisper, that to greatness still too near,*] By the *whisper* is meant calumniating honest characters. Shakespear has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of *greatness* in the following line:

" Rain *sacrificial whisperings* in his ear."

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his patron. *Warburton.*

Ver. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome, &c.*] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady virtue, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it; which was the being thought hardly of by HIS SOVEREIGN. *Warburton.*

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.

NOTES.

Ver. 368. *Sporus at court,*] In former editions, Glencus at court. *Warton.*

In the folio edition of 1735, it is Sporus.

Ver. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels, before the author of the Dunciad published that poem; till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. *Pope.*

Ver. 375. *Welsted's lie.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And like that dangerous thing, a female wit:
Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame.

To please his mistress, one aspersed his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife;
Let Budgel charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and Court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

NOTES.

in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds;* the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *any great man* whatsoever. *Pope.*

Ver. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet, called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grub-street Journal;* a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author. *Pope.*

Ver. 379. *except his will;*] Alluding to Tindal's will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him. *Pope.*

Respecting the circumstance hinted at, of Eustace Budgel having forged Dr. Tindal's will, the reader might perhaps wish to have some further account. Dr. Tindal, of All Souls College, Oxford, of notorious character, the author of *Christianity as old as the Creation*, left the following will:

"I Matthew Tindal, &c. (after a legacy to his maid servant) give and bequeath to Eustace Budgel, the sum of two thousand one hundred pounds, that his *great talents may serve his country*, &c. my strong box, my diamond ring, MS. books, &c.

(Signed) MAT. TINDAL."

The reverend Nicholas Tindal, his nephew, author of the Continuation of Rapin, declared his suspicion that this will was forged. This was generally credited, and Budgel, in 1737, threw himself out of a boat and was drowned. He wrote several of the Spectators; the History of the Boyles, Earls of Shannon, &c. and a weekly pamphlet called the Bee. The cause of his death was supposed to have been in relation to this will. *Bowles.*

Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385
Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in virtue, or in song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)

NOTES.

Ver. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropped an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity;* and the following line,

"Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,"

had fallen from a like *courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York: she had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family. Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex:

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHÆ. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMÆ. QUÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI. *Pope.*

Each parent sprung—A. What fortune pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.

NOTES.

Ver. 388. *Of gentle blood*] When Mr. Pope published the notes on the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, giving an account of his family, Mr. Pottinger, a relation of his, observed, that his cousin Pope had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard any thing himself of their being descended from the Earls of Downe; and, what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumstance; on which she certainly would not have been silent, had she known any thing of it. Mr. Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the church of England in Hampshire. He placed his son, Mr. Pope's father, with a merchant at Lisbon, where he became a convert to Popery. (Thus far Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carlisle, a friend of Pope; from Mr. Pottinger.) The burying-place and monuments of the family of the Popes, Earls of Downe, is at Wroxton, Oxfordshire. The Earl of Guildford says, that he has seen and examined the pedigrees and descents of that family, and is sure that there were then none of the name of Pope left, who could be descended from that family.—(From John Loveday, of Caversham, Esquire.) *Warton.*

This account is also confirmed to me by my friend Mr. Dallaway, of the Heralds' College. *Bowles.*

Ver. 397. *Nor dared an oath,*] He was a non-juror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope. *Bowles.*

By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine;
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,

NOTES.

Ver. 408. *Me, let the tender office*] These exquisite lines give us a very interesting picture of the exemplary filial piety of our author. There is a pensive and pathetic sweetness in the very flow of them. The eye that has been wearied and oppressed by the harsh and austere colouring of some of the preceding passages, turns away with pleasure from these asperities, and reposes with complacency on the soft tints of domestic tenderness. We are naturally gratified to see men descending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common life; and the sensation is the more pleasing to us, because admiration is turned into affection. In the very entertaining Memoirs of the Life of Racine (published by his son) we find no passage more amusing and interesting, than where that great poet sends an excuse to Monsieur, the Duke, who had earnestly invited him to dine at the Hôtel de Condé, because he had promised to partake of a great fish that his children had got for him, and he could not think of disappointing them. *Warton.*

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 405 in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day;
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an author; critic, yet polite,
And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a QUEEN.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

NOTES.

Ver. 409. *To rock the cradle*] This tender image is from the Essays of Montaigne. Mr. Gray was equally remarkable for affectionate attention to his aged mother; so was Ariosto. Pope's mother was a sister of Cooper's wife, the very celebrated miniature painter. Lord Carleton had a portrait of Cooper, in crayons, which Mrs. Pope said was not very like; and which, descending to Lord Burlington, was given by his Lordship to Kent. "I have a drawing," says Mr. Walpole, "of Pope's father, as he lay dead in his bed, by his brother-in-law, Cooper." It was Mr. Pope's. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. p. 115. *Warton.*

Ver. 417. *And just as rich as when he served a* QUEEN.] An honest compliment to his friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite physician of Queen Anne. *Warburton.*

Ver. 418. *Whether that blessing, &c.*] He makes his friend close the dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the character both of his temper and his piety. *Warburton.*

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIXED TO THE SATIRES IN THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE WORKS OF POPE, IN FOLIO. 1735.

THE occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious Courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *hypocrite:*

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

Pope.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious when Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of imitation, which is of the nature of *Parody*, throws reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

Warburton.

THE following Satire was first published in 1733, in folio, under the title of *Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham, in Com. Midd. on the one part, and the learned counsel on the other.* The learned counsel was Mr. Fortescue, successively a Baron of the Exchequer, and Master of the Rolls, with whom the poet lived on terms of the most friendly intimacy.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

[a]SUNT quibus in Satirâ videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus. [b]Sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat; similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. [c]Trebatî,
Quid faciam? præscribe.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *There are,*] "When I had a fever one winter in town," said Pope to Mr. Spence, "that confined me to my room for five or six days, Lord Bolingbroke came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and in turning it over, dipped on the first satire of the second book. He observed how well that would suit my case, if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to press in a week or a fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the Satires and Epistles." "To how casual a beginning," adds Spence, "we are obliged for the most delightful things in our language! When I was saying to him that he had already imitated near a third part of Horace's satires and epistles, and how much it was to be wished that he would go on with them, he could not believe that he had gone so far; but, upon computing it, it appeared to be above a third. He seemed on this not disinclined to carry it farther; but his last illness was then growing upon him, and robbed us of him, and of all hopes of that kind, in a few months."

Transcribed from Spence's Anecdotes, 1754.

No parts of our author's works have been more admired than those Imitations. The aptness of the allusions, and the happiness of many of the parallels, give a pleasure that is always no small

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told),
'There are, to whom my satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
'The lines are weak, another's pleased to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
'I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

NOTES.

small one to the mind of a reader—the pleasure of comparison. He that has the least acquaintance with these pieces of Horace, which resemble the Old Comedy, immediately perceives, indeed, that our author has assumed a higher tone, and frequently has deserted the free colloquial air, the insinuating Socratic manner of his original: and that he clearly resembles in his style, as he did in his natural temper, the severe and serious Juvenal, more than the smiling and sportive Horace. Let us select some passages in which he may be thought to have equalled, excelled, or fallen short of the original; the latter of which cannot be deemed a disgrace to our poet, or to any other writer, if we consider the extreme difficulty of transfusing into another language the subtle beauties of Horace's dignified familiarity, and the uncommon union of so much facility and force. *Warton.*

Ver. 10. *Advice; and (as you use)*] Horace, with much seeming seriousness, applies for advice to the celebrated Roman lawyer, C. Trebatius Testa, an intimate friend of Julius Cæsar and of Tully,

T. [d]Quiescas.
H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino versus?
T. Aio.
H. Peream malè, si non
Optimum erat: [e]verùm nequeo dormire.
T. [f]Ter uncti
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.

NOTES.

Tully, as appears from many of his epistles to Atticus; the gravity and self-importance of whose character is admirably supported throughout this little drama. His answers are short, authoritative, and decisive. "Quiescas; aio." And, as he was known to be a great drinker and swimmer, his two absurd pieces of advice have infinite pleasantry. All these circumstances of humour are dropped in the copy. The lettuce and cowslip-wine are insipid and unmeaning prescriptions, and have nothing to do with Mr. Fortescue's character. The third, fourth, and ninth lines of this Imitation are flat and languid. We must also observe, from the old commentators, that the verbs *transnanto* and *habento* are in the very style of the Roman law: "Vide ut directis jurisconsultorum verbis utitur ad Trebatium jurisconsultum."

There are many excellent remarks in Acro and Porphyrio: from whom, as well as from Cruquius, Dacier has borrowed much, without owning it. Dacier's translation of Horace is not equal to his Aristotle's Poetics. In the former he is perpetually striving to discover new meanings in his author, which Boileau called, *the Revelations of Dacier*.

Cicero, as appears from many of his letters, had a great regard for this Trebatius, to whom he says, speaking of his accompanying Cæsar in his expedition to Britain, "I hear there is neither silver nor gold in that island." On which Middleton finely observes, "From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms: how Rome, once the mistress of

F. [d]I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
[e]And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
[f]Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; *Probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus; Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

NOTES.

of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty; enslaved to the most cruel, as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture: while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it; from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and with the loss of liberty losing every thing else that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism." *Warton.*

Ver. 11. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer:

Peream malè, si non
Optimum erat:

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of

verùm nequeo dormire.

For conciseness, when it is clear, (as in this place,) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression. But what follows is as much above the original, as this falls short of it. *Warburton.*

[g]Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
Cæsaris invicti res dicere, [h]multa laborum
Præmia laturus.
H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i]neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.
T. [k]Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem;
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.
H. Haud mihi deero,

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great mathematician and philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton*, (says he, in a letter to Mr. Locke,) *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies: *I find, with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Just so, a Roman lawyer, and a Greek historian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for poetasters to the world's end. *Warburton.*

Pope has turned the compliment to Augustus into a severe sarcasm. All the wits seem to have leagued against Sir Richard Blackmore. In a letter now lying before me from Elijah Fenton to my father, dated Jan. 24, 1707, he says: "I am glad to hear Mr. Phillips will publish his Pomona. Who prints it? I shall be mightily obliged to you if you could get me a copy of his verses against Blackmore." As the letter contains one or two literary particulars, I will transcribe the rest. As "to what you write about making a collection, I can only advise you to buy what poems you can, that Tonson has printed, except the Ode to the Sun; unless you will take it in, because I writ it; which I am freer to own, that Mat. Prior may not suffer in his reputation by having it ascribed to him. My humble service to Mr. Sacheverell, and

[g]Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's praise,
[h]You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.
P. What? like Sir [i]Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?
F. [k]Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

NOTES.

and tell him, I will never imitate Milton more, till the author of Blenheim is forgotten." In vain was Blackmore extolled by Molyneux and Locke: but Locke, to his other superior talents, did not add good taste. He affected to despise poetry, and he depreciated the ancients: which circumstance, as I was informed by the late Mr. James Harris, his relation, was the source of perpetual discontent and dispute betwixt him and his pupil Lord Shaftesbury; who, in many parts of his Characteristics, and Letters to a Clergyman, has ridiculed Locke's selfish philosophy, and has represented him as a disciple of Hobbes; from which writer it must in truth be confessed that Locke borrowed frequently and largely. Locke had not the fine taste of a greater philosopher, I mean Galileo, who wrote a comment on Ariosto, full of just criticism, and whose letter to Fr. Rinuccini on this subject may be seen in Martinelli's Letters, p. 255. London, 1758. *Warton.*

Ver. 28. *falling horse?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard: when the Pretender, and the princes of the blood of France, fled before him. *Warburton.*

Cum res ipsa feret: [l]nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem:
Cui malè si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. [m]Quantò rectius hoc, quàm tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumque nepotem!
[n]Cùm sibi quisque timet, quanquam est *intactus*, et odit.

H. [o]Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.
[p]Castor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

NOTES.

Ver. 39. *Abuse the city's* best good men *in* metre,] The *best good man*, a city phrase for the *richest*. *Metre*—not used here purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence. *Warburton.*

Ver. 42. *What should ail 'em?*] Horace hints at *one* reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next;* his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his enemies, who suspect they may be included under that cover. *Warburton.*

Ver. 45. *Each mortal*] These words, indeed, open the sense of Horace; but the *quid faciam* is better, as it leaves it to the reader to discover, what is one of Horace's greatest beauties, his secret and delicate transitions and connexions, to which those who do not carefully attend, lose half the pleasure of reading him. *Warton.*

Ver. 46. *Darty his ham-pie;*] This lover of ham-pie owned the fidelity of the Poet's pencil, and said he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of *ham-pie*, he had given him *sweet-pie*, he never could have pardoned him. *Warburton.*

Lyttelton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, has introduced Darteneuf, in a pleasant discourse betwixt him and Apicius, bitterly lamenting his ill fortune in having lived before turtle feasts were known in England. The story of the ham-pie was confirmed by Mr.

P. [l]Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureat twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. [m]Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
[n]Even those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. [o]Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
[p]F—— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else as one egg to another.

NOTES.

Mr. Dodsley, who knew Darteneuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner. *Warton.*

Ver. 50. *Like in all else,*] This parallel is not happy and exact. To shew the variety of human passions and pursuits, Castor and Pollux were unlike, even though they came from one and the same egg. This is far more extraordinary and marvellous than that two common brothers should have different inclinations. And afterwards, ver. 51,

"I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old MONTAIGNE."

"My chief pleasure is to write satires like Lucilius," says Horace. "My chief pleasure," says Pope, "is—what? to speak my mind freely and openly." There should have been an instance of some employment, and not a virtuous habit. *Warburton.*

A poet

Millia: [q]me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilî ritu, nostrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si malè gesserat, usquam
Decurrens aliò, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis. Sequor hunc, [r]Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:

NOTES.

A poet, like Lucilius, ought to have been named, not a politician. In the original, Horace calls Lucilius, *senis;* not because he was an old man, but because he was of an ancient equestrian family, and was great uncle of Pompey the Great. Lucilius, among other inaccuracies of style, sometimes strangely disjoined words, as in *cere comminuit brum*, for *cerebrum*. *Bowles.*

Ver. 52. *As downright* SHIPPEN,] The noblest testimony to the character of Shippen, was given by Sir Robert Walpole, when he declared, which he repeatedly did, "that he would not say *who was corrupted*, but he would say who WAS NOT CORRUPTIBLE; that man was Shippen." Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole.

"He was born 1672, and was educated at Stockport school. He was first elected Member of Parliament in 1707 for Bramber in Sussex; and in 1714 he was elected for Newton in Lancashire, which place he represented till his death. His paternal estate was not more than 400*l. per annum;* but he obtained a large fortune, 70,000 pounds, by his wife, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Richard Stote, Knight, of Northumberland, by whom he left no children: his mode of living was simple and frugal. He kept up a constant correspondence with Atterbury, during his exile; and William Morrice mentions him in one of his letters, as a person who continued fixed to his principles, or, as he expresses himself, *as honest as ever*. He seems to have had no country residence, except a hired house on Richmond Hill, but made excursions in summer to his wife's relations in Northumberland. His usual place of abode was London, in the latter period of his life, in Norfolk-street, and his house was the rendezvous for persons of rank, learning, and abilities; his manner was pleasing and dignified, and his conversation was replete with vivacity and wit.

"Shippen

'I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
'Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will;

NOTES.

"Shippen and Sir Robert Walpole had always a personal regard for each other. He was frequently heard to say, Robin and I are two honest men. He is for King George, and I for King James; but those men with long cravats (meaning Sandys, Sir John Rushout, Gibbon, and others) only desire places, either under King George or King James.

"By the accounts of those who had heard him in the House of Commons, his manner was highly energetic and spirited, as to sentiment and expression; but he generally spoke in a low tone of voice, with too great rapidity, and held his glove before his mouth. His speeches usually contained some pointed period, which peculiarly applied to the subject in debate, and which he uttered with great animation." Coxe's Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, vol. iii. p. 206. *Bowles.*

Ver. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,*] Inferior to the original:

"Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris," &c.

Persius alluded to this idea, when he said,

"Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!" &c. *Warburton.*

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
Missus ad hoc, pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
Quò ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
Sive quòd Appula gens, seu quòd Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta.] 'Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
Vaginâ tectus, quem cur destringere coner,
'Tutus ab infestis latronibus? "O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

NOTES.

Ver. 64. *Verse-man or prose-man,*] The original, Ver. 35. Nam Venusinus arat, down to Ver. 39, and to the words, incuteret violenta, which are improperly printed in a parenthesis, have been thought an awkward and a monkish interpolation, but were undoubtedly intended by Horace to represent the loose, incoherent, and verbose manner of Lucilius, who composed hastily and carelessly, ducentos ante cibum versus; and who loaded his Satires with many useless and impertinent thoughts, very offensive to the chaste and correct taste of Horace. *Warton.*

Ver. 66. *Like good Erasmus*] The violence and haughtiness of Luther disgusted the mild and moderate Erasmus, and alienated him from pursuing the plan of reformation which at first he seemed to encourage and engage in. Luther represented him as an Arian and a time-server. "I thought," said Erasmus, "Luther's marriage would have softened him a little. It is hard for a man of my moderation and of my years to be obliged to write against a savage beast and a furious wild boar." But great revolutions and great reformations are not effected by calm and sober reason, nor without such violence and enthusiasm as Luther possessed. When Voltaire was lamenting that Locke and Newton had few disciples in comparison of the numerous followers of Luther and Calvin, it was replied to him, "that, without a Luther and Calvin, we should never have had a Locke or Newton." *Warton.*

Ver. 70. *To run a muck,*] The expression is from Dryden:

"Frontless and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
And *runs* an Indian *muck* at all he meets."

And it alludes to a practice among the Malayans, who are great gamesters;

Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet:
'I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
'Save but our army! and let Jove encrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

NOTES.

gamesters; which is, that when a man has lost all his property, he intoxicates himself with opium, works himself up to a fit of phrenzy, rushes into the streets, and attacks and murders all he meets. *Warton.*

Ver. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, &c.*] Superior to

" tutus ab infestis latronibus,"

which only carries on the metaphor in

" ——ensis
Vaginâ tectus;"

whereas the Imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire. *Warburton.*

Ver. 73. *Save but our army! &c.*] " Une maladie nouvelle," says the admirable author *de L'Esprit des Loix*, " s'est répandue en Europe; elle a saisi nos princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre desordonné de troupes. Elle a ses redoublemens, et elle devient *necessairement contagieuse*. Car si tôt qu'un état augmente ce qu'il appelle ses troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par là que la ruine commune. Chaque monarque tient sur pied toutes les armées qu'il pourroit avoir, si ses peuples étoient en danger d'être exterminés; et ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT D'EFFORT DE TOUS CONTRE TOUS. Aussi l'Europe est elle si ruinée, qui les particuliers, que seroient dans la situation où sont les trois puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les richesses et le commerce de tout l'univers; et bientôt, à

force

Nec quisquam noceat [v]cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit (melius non tangere! clamo,)
[x]Flebit, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.
[y]Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes;
[z]Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum? [a]Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris, pia dextera (mirum,
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos?)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[b]Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus

NOTES.

force d'avoir des soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares." *Warburton.*

Ver. 78. *Slides into verse,*] Closely copied from Boileau:

Et malheur a tout nom qui propre à la censure,
Peut entrer dans un vers sans rompre la mesure.

Warton.

Ver. 81. *Delia's rage,*] A Miss Mackenzie died about this time, and was supposed to have been poisoned from jealousy. A hint of this kind was sufficient for Pope. The person alluded to was Lady D——ne. *Bowles.*

Ver. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original: but it is hard to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

"Canidia Albutî, quibus est inimica, venenum;"

yet there might be something, for aught we know, in the character or history of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation. *Warburton.*

[r]Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
[s]Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
[t]Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page;
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[u]Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
[x]So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
[b]Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,

NOTES.

Ver. 83. *From furious Sappho*] There is no doubt, notwithstanding all his evasions, who is here meant by Sappho; but what Warburton calls "*spirited*," is unmanly and disgraceful. *Bowles.*

Ver. 85—90. *Its proper power to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the original. *Warburton.*

Ver. 91. *Then, learned Sir!*] The brevity and force of the original is evaporated in this long and feeble paraphrase of the next ten lines. The third and three succeeding verses are very languid and verbose, and perhaps some of the worst he has written. *Warton.*

Ver. 93—96. *Whether old age—shade;*] The original is more finished,

Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis,
Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,
[c]Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.
T. [d]O puer, ut sis
Vitalis, metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
H. [e]Quid? cùm est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

NOTES.

finished, and even more sublime. Besides, the last verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our author. *Warburton.*

Ver. 98. *Or whiten'd wall*] From Boileau. *Bowles.*

Ver. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in in our equal government, might talk at his ease, and with all this levity of style, of the disasters incident to wit. But it was a serious matter with Horace; and is so still with our witty neighbours; one of whom has well expressed their condition in the following lines:

" Eh! Que sait-on? Un simple badinage,
Mal entendu d'un prude, ou d'un sot,
Peut vous jetter sur un autre rivage:
Pour perdre un sage, il ne faut qu'un bigot."

Warburton.

Ver. 100. *Like Lee or Budgell,*] One is sorry to see Lee, a true genius, coupled with Budgell, and his insanity ridiculed. *Warton.*

Ver. 101. *your days can ne'er be long;*] The original says, " Lest any one of your powerful friends should strike you with a cold and contemptuous look."—" Racine meurt," says Voltaire, " par une foiblesse grande; parcequ'un autre homme en passant dans une galerie ne l'a pas regardé. J'en suis faché; mais le rôle de Phædre n'en est pas moins admirable." *Warton.*

Ver. 104. *Will club their testers, &c.*] The image is exceeding humorous; and, at the same time, betrays the injustice of their resentment, in the very circumstance of their indulging it, as it shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice than was true.

His

Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[c]Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. [d]Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!
P. [e]What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots even in Louis' reign?

NOTES.

His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety. *Warburton.*

Ver. 105. *What? arm'd for virtue*] From this line to Ver. 140 is a passage of as much force and energy as any that can be produced in the English language, in rhyme. *Warton.*

Ver. 110. *Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?*] Because just *satire* is an useful supplement to the sanctions of *laws* and *religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration either of church or state. *Warburton.*

Ver. 111. *Could Boileau—could Dryden*] I believe neither of them

'*Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* quâ quisque per ora
Cederet, *introrsum turpis*; num Lælius, et qui
Duxit ab oppressâ meritum Carthagine nomen,

NOTES.

them would have been suffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the several Courts to which they belonged.
Warburton.

Ver. 111. *Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius: it was Mr. Pope's design to satirize the present; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

"Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,"

loses something of its spirit in the Imitation; for the *amici* referred to, were Scipio and Lælius. *Warburton.*

Ver. 111. *Could pension'd Boileau*] Boileau acted with much caution and circumspection when he first published his Lutrin here alluded to, and endeavoured to cover and conceal his subject by a preface intended to mislead his reader from the real scene of action; but it ought to be observed, that he afterwards, in the year 1683, threw aside this disguise, openly avowing the occasion that gave rise to the poem, the scene of which was not Bourges or Pourges, as before he had said, but Paris itself; the quarrel he celebrated being betwixt the treasurer and the chanter of the Holy Chapel in that city. The canons were so far from being offended, that they shewed their good sense and good temper by joining in the laugh. Upon which Boileau compliments them, and adds, that many of that society were persons of so much wit and learning, that he would as soon consult them upon his works as the members of the French Academy. The name of the chanter was Barrin; that of the treasurer, Claude Avri, bishop of Constance in Normandy. The quarrel began in July, 1667. See Letters of Brossette to Boileau: à Lyon, 1770, p. 242, v. 1; et Œuvres de M. Boileau Despreaux, par M. de Saint Marc, tom. ii. 177, Paris, 1747. He justly says, "e'en in Louis' reign;" for his bigotry was equally contemptible and cruel; and, if we may credit St. Simon, he actually died a Jesuit. *Warton.*

Could laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not 'strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?

NOTES.

Ver. 116. *Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design; for so great a genius (he said) ought not to be confined to translation. He always used Mr. Pope civilly; and would often express his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the same time, he never spoke one word of a *pension*. For this offer, he was solely indebted to the Whig Ministers. In the beginning of George I., Lord Halifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a letter to repeat his thanks; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the *pension* with much indifference. So the thing dropped, till Mr. Craggs came into the ministry. The affair of the *pension* was then resumed. And this minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a-year were then at his service: he had the management of the secret service money, and could pay him such a pension without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200*l*. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head, and urged to him the conveniency of a chariot; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: but the precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an equipage; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support. From Spence.

Warburton.

Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet [f]UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
[h]Quin ubi se a *vulgo* et *scenâ* in *secreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis *sapientia Lælî*,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.
Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum ingeniumque, tamen me
[i]Cum *magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque
Invidia, et fragili quærens illidere dentem,

NOTES.

Ver. 125. *There, my retreat*] I know not whether these lines, spirited and splendid as they are, give us more pleasure than the natural picture of the great Scipio and Lælius, unbending themselves from their high occupations, and descending to common and even trifling sports: for the old commentator says, that they lived in such intimacy with Lucilius, "ut quodam tempore Lælio circum lectos triclinii fugienti Lucilius superveniens, eum obtortâ mappâ quasi percussurus sequeretur." For this is the fact to which Horace seems to allude, rather than to what Tully mentions in the second book De Oratore, of their amusing themselves in picking up shells and pebbles on the sea-shore.

Warton.

Ver. 129. *And* HE, *whose lightning, &c.*] Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valentia. *Pope.*

Ver. 133. *Envy must own,*] Pope has omitted an elegant allusion. Horace seems to have been particularly fond of those exquisite morsels of wit and genius, the old Æsopic fables. He frequently alludes to them, but always with a brevity very different from our modern writers of fable. Even the natural La Fontaine has added a quaint and witty thought to this very fable. The File says to the Viper, Fab. 98:

"Tu

I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
[f]To VIRTUE ONLY, and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
[h]There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place;
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
And HE, whose lightning pierced th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
[i]Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;

NOTES.

" Tu le romprois toutes les dents,
Je ne crains que *celles* du *temps*." *Warton.*

Ver. 135. *With eyes that pry not,*] Pope triumphs and felicitates himself upon having lived with the great, without descending into one of those characters which he thinks it unavoidable to escape in such a situation. From the generosity and openness of Horace's character, I think he might be pronounced equally free (at least from the last) of these imputations. There must have been something uncommonly captivating in the temper and manners of Horace, that could have made Augustus so fond of him, though he had been so avowed an enemy, and served under Brutus. I have

Offendet solido:

[k]nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*
Dissentis.

T. [l]Equidem nihil hîc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen, ut monitus caveas, ne fortè negotî
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
[m]*" Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est Judiciumque."*

H. Esto, si quis [n]*mala:* sed *bona* si quis
Judice condiderit laudatus CÆSARE? si quis

NOTES.

seen some manuscript letters of Shaftesbury, in which he has ranged, in three different classes, the ethical writings of Horace, according to the different periods of his life in which he supposes them to have been written. The first, during the time he professed the stoic philosophy, and was a friend of Brutus. The second, after he became dissolute and debauched at the court of Augustus. The third, when he repented of this abandoned Epicurean life, wished to retire from the city and court, and become a private man and a philosopher. I have read a poem, which may one day see the light, in which Horace is represented as meeting Brutus in Elysium, who will not deign to hold any conversation with our Court-poet, but turns away from him with the sullen silence and haughty disdain with which Ajax treats Ulysses in the Odyssey. *Warton.*

Ver. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.*] *Si mala condiderit*—A great French lawyer explains this matter very truly. "L'aristocratie est le gouvernement qui proscrit le plus les ouvrages satiriques. Les magistrats y sont de petits souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mépriser les injures. Si dans la monarchie quelque trait va contre le monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu' à lui; un seigneur aristocratique en est percé de part en

To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are *mob* to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
[t]What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?
F. [t]Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
[u]Consult the statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim.* et *quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. [u]*Libels* and *Satires!* lawless things indeed!
But grave *Epistles,* bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,

NOTES.

en part. Aussi les *Decemvirs,* qui formoient une aristocratie, punirent ils de mort les écrits satiriques." De L'Esprit des Loix, l. xii. c. 13. *Warburton.*

Ver. 146. *A man was hang'd*] This may put the reader in mind of the ridiculous circumstance in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar; where poor Cinna the poet, when attacked by the mob, exclaims:

" I am not Cinna the conspirator, I am Cinna the poet."
" No matter; tear him for his *bad verses!*" *Bowles.*

Ver. 150, 151. Libels *and* Satires! *lawless things indeed;*
But grave Epistles, *&c.*]

The *legal* objection is here more justly and decently taken off than in the original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble:

" Esto, siquis *mala,* sed *bona* si quis——"

But the imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a serious reproof, and therefore justifiable; which the *integer ipse* of the original does not. *Warburton.*

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?
T. °Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

Ver. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

" Solventur risu tabulæ."

Some critics tell us, it is want of taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his friend's character. The lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as soon as Sir ROBERT, the patron both of law and gospel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plowden, owns, *the case is altered.* Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given him a hint that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a court advocate, who had been long a client to him and his uncle, to confess *the case was altered?* *Warburton.*

To laugh at the solemnity of Trebatius, which throughout the dialogue is exactly kept up, Horace puts him off with a mere play upon words. But our important lawyer takes no notice of the jest, and finishes with a gravity suited to his character:

" Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis." *Warton.*

Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—
F. Indeed?
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
°In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

This Imitation will be valuable to a certain class of readers, because it is written without effort or ostentation; and, in a familiar, yet lively manner, brings us acquainted with the author's domestic establishment and way of life. After a philosophic lesson, which the Poet puts into the mouth of his friend Mr. Bethel, as Horace did into that of Ofellus, Pope assumes the discourse at v. 129, and continues it through the remainder of the piece. He here introduces us in the most easy and unaffected manner to his own simple yet hospitable style of living, the result of those philosophic maxims which teach him not to refuse the blessings which Providence has left him, because he cannot accumulate riches; for the want of which he consoles himself by reflecting on the rapidity with which they frequently pass from one to another, or become the prize of the most worthless or the most ignorant of mankind.

To say, as his critics Warton and Bowles have done, that "this imitation is not equal to others, and the least successful of any he has attempted, &c." is to compare it with pieces, the merits of which are of a different kind, but not on that account necessarily greater. There is no kind of composition more pleasing than that which introduces us to the personal acquaintance of the Poet, and enables us to participate not only in his domestic concerns, but in his very thoughts, so as almost to place him in the list of our friends. The difficulty of attaining this, does not consist in style and manner only. Before a person can accomplish it, he must have formed for himself a temper and disposition which will bear to be represented, and this seems to be the true reason why, amongst the innumerable attempts that have been made in this style, so few of them have been attended with success.

SATIRA II.

[a]Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
[b](Nec meus hic sermo; sed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
Rusticus, [c]*abnormis* Sapiens, *crassâque Minervâ,*)
Discite, [d]non inter lances *mensasque nitentes;*
Cùm stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus,* et cùm
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
[e]Verum hîc *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero. Malè verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. [f]Leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito, vel, si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum Græcari, seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *To live on little*] This discourse in praise of temperance loses much of its grace and propriety by being put into the mouth of a person of a much higher rank in life than the honest countryman Ofellus; whose patrimony had been seized by Augustus, and given to one of his soldiers named Umbrenus, and whom, perhaps, Horace recommended to the Emperor, by making him the chief speaker in this very Satire. We may imagine that a discourse on temperance from Horace raised a laugh among the courtiers of Augustus; and we see he could not venture to deliver it in his own person.

This Imitation of Pope is not equal to most of his others.

Warton.

Ver. 9. Bethel] The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed. *Warburton.*

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

[a]WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart,
[b](A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine;)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c]before we dine.
[d]Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's sermon, one not versed in schools,
[e]But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
[f]Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began,)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

NOTES.

Ver. 11. *Go work, hunt,*] These six following lines are much inferior to the original, in which the mention of many particular exercises gives it a pleasing variety. The sixth and seventh lines in Horace are nervous and strong. The third in Pope is languid and wordy, which renders *foris est promus*. *Defendens*, and *latrantem*, and *caro*, and *pinguem*, and *album*, are all of them very expressive epithets: and the allusion to Socrates's constant exercise, *tu pulmentaria*, &c. ought not to have been omitted. Pope's two last lines in this passage are very exceptionable. We are informed by Mr. Stuart, in his Athens, that the honey of Hymettus, even to this time, continues to be in vogue; and that the seraglio of the Grand Seignor is served with a stated quantity of it yearly.

Warton.

Cùm labor extulerit fastidia, siccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [g]Foris est promus, et atrum
[h]Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. Unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, [i]sed in *teipso* est. Tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando: pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[k]Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone,* velis quin
Hoc potiùs quàm *gallinâ* tergere palatum,
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et pictâ pandat spectacula caudâ:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris istâ,
Quam laudas, plumâ? coctove num adest honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hâc, magis illâ;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet: esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? [l]laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
Ducit te species, video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos?* Quia scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

[g]Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
[h]Or fish denied, (the river yet unthaw'd,)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, [i]and not the meat.
[k]Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[l]Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat,)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.

NOTES.

Ver. 18. *before a hen;*] He might have inserted the original word *peacocks,* as many of our English epicures are fond of them. Q. Hortensius had the honour of being the first Roman that introduced this bird to the table as a great dainty, in a magnificent feast which he made on his being created Augur. The price of a peacock, says Arbuthnot, page 129, was fifty denarii, that is, 1*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* A flock of a hundred was sold at a much dearer rate, for 322*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* of our money. M. Aufidius Lurco, according to Varro, used to make every year of his peacocks 484*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Warton.

Ver. 21. *Of carps and mullets*] Very inferior to the original; and principally so, because that pleasant stroke is omitted of the eaters knowing in what part of the river the lupus was taken, and whether or no betwixt the two bridges, which was deemed an essential circumstance. The reader will be well entertained on this subject if he will look into the seventeenth chapter of the third book of Macrobius, particularly into a curious speech of C. Tertius there recited. But Horace seems to have had in his eye a passage of Lucilius, quoted by Macrobius: "Sed et Lucilius acer et violentus poeta, ostendit scire se hunc piscem egregii saporis, qui inter duos pontes captus esset." *Warton.*

[m] *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[n] Præsentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia: quamquam
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum solicitat stomachum; cùm *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas.* [o] Necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. Quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?
[p] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *prætorius.* Ergo,
[q] Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *assos,*
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus.*

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *Oldfield*] This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating. *Warburton.*

Ver. 26. *Hog barbacued, &c.*] A West Indian term of gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. *Pope.*

He has happily introduced this large unwieldy instance of gluttony, supposed to be peculiar to the West Indies. But Athenæus speaks of a cook that could dress a whole hog with various puddings in his belly. *Gulla* is here used personally, as it is also by Juvenal, Sat. xiv. ver. 10. *Warton.*

Ver. 28. *rabbit's tail.*] A very filthy and offensive image for the more happy and decent word *coquite:* so fond, it must be owned, was our author, as well as Swift, of such disgusting ideas. *Warton.*

"Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries: "Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
Oh blast it, "south winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.
"Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
"The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till becaficos sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
"Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Let me extol*] To dine upon a cat fattened with oysters, and to crack live crawfish, is infinitely more pleasant and ridiculous than to eat *mergos assos*. But then the words, *extol* and *recommend*, fall far below *edixerit*, give out a decree. So Virgil, Geor. iii. line 295, does not *advise*, but *raises* his subject, by saying:

"Incipiens statutis edico"——

In the lines above, 37 and 38, he has dexterously substituted for the stork two birds that among us are vulgarly held to be sacred. Semp. Rufus first taught the Romans to eat storks, for which he lost the prætorship. *Warton.*

Ver. 42. *Bedford-head;*] A famous eating-house. *Pope.*

[r]Sordidus à tenui victu distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustrà vitium vitaveris illud,
Si te aliò pravum detorseris. [s]Avidienus
[t]Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas est et sylvestria corna;
[u]Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosve dierum
[w]*Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, [x]*veteris non parcus aceti*.
Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hâc urget lupus, hâc canis,
aiunt.
[y]Mundus erit, qui non offendat sordidus, atque
In neutram partem cultûs miser. [z]Hic neque *servis*
Albutî senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec sit ut simplex [b]Nævius, *unctam*
Convivis præbebit *aquam*: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[c]Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat. [d]In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *For him you'll call a dog,*] Warburton observes, "that Pope had the art of giving *wit* and *dignity* to Billingsgate!" *Bowles.*

Ver. 55. *But on some lucky*] Much heightened and improved on the original, by two such supposed occasions of the unnatural festivity and joy of a true miser. The 68th line is useless and redundant. *Warton.*

[r]'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
[s]Avidien, or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t]dog, and her a bitch,)
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[u]One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some [w]lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, [x]old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[y]He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor [a]stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [b]Nævius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
[c]Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:)
[d]First, health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)

Quæ simplex [e]*olim* tibi sederit. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [f]Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœnâ desurgat dubiâ? quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinæ particulam auræ.*
[g]Alter ubi dicto citius curata sopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
[h]Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus:* ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius ætas*
Imbecilla volet. [i]Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,

NOTES.

Ver. 76. *Rise from*] A strange instance of false grammar and false English, in using *rise* for *rises*. Such a mistake in an inferior writer would not have been worth notice. I cannot forbear adding a note of much humour with which the History of English Poetry is enlivened; vol. iii. p. 204. "In an old *dieterie* for the clergy, by Cranmer, an archbishop is allowed to have two swans, or two capons in a dish; a bishop, two; an archbishop, six blackbirds at once; a bishop, five; a dean, four; an archdeacon, two. If a dean has four dishes in the first course, he is not afterwards to have custards or fritters. An archbishop may have six snipes; an archdeacon, only two. A canon residentiary is to have a swan only on Sunday. A rector of sixteen marks, only three blackbirds in a week." *Warton.*

Ver. 79, 80. *The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines*
To seem but mortal even in sound divines.]

Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, describes

Remembers oft [e]the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
[f]How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.
[g]On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
How easy every labour it pursues?
How coming to the poet every Muse?
[h]Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
[i]For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?

NOTES.

scribes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato:

—— "affligit humo divinæ particulam auræ."

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon those preachers of it, whose feasts and compotations in taverns did not edify him: and so has added surprizing humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the original.

Warburton.

Ver. 80. *To seem but mortal, &c.*] Affigit humo is heightened by the ——"even in sound divines." *Warton.*

Ver. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the original. *Warburton.*

Quam puer et validus præsumis, mollitiem; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?
[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia nasus
Illis nullus erat; sed, *credo*, hâc mente, quòd hospes
Tardiùs adveniens vitiatum commodiùs, quàm
Integrum edax dominus, consumeret. [l] hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.
[m] Das aliquid *famæ*, quæ *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt unà [n] cum *damno dedecus*, adde
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustrà mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.
[q] Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [r] Ergo,
Quod *superat*, non est *meliùs quò* insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare
[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, carae
Non aliquid *patriæ* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi rectè semper erunt res?

NOTES.

Ver. 118. *How darest thou*] Very spirited, and superior to the original; for *darest* is far beyond the mere *eget*. Two lines on this subject in Armstrong are exquisitely tender, especially the second:

"E'en modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home."

Warton.

[k]Our father's praised rank venison. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
[l]Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
[m]That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song,)
Who has not learn'd, [n]fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Cursed by thy [o]neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And [p]buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
[q]"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let [r]bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [s]new-built churches round thee fall?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:

'O magnus posthac inimicis risus! Uterne
"Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certiùs? hic, qui
Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum?
An qui, contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptârit idonea bello?
"Quò magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus
Ofellum
Integris opibus novi non latiùs usum,
Quâm nunc "*accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *As M***o's was, &c.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said:

" cur, improbe! caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?"

He remembered, and hints with just indignation at, those luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus!

——" quare
" Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm?"

which oblique panegyric the imitator has very properly turned into a direct stroke of satire. *Warburton.*

Ver. 122. *not at five per cent.*] He could not forbear this stroke against a nobleman, whom he had been for many years accustomed to hear abused by his most intimate friends. A certain parasite, who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of M., was stopped short by that Lord, who said: "He was so very great a man, that I forgot he had that vice." *Warton.*

Ver. 122. *five per cent.*] Among the papers of the Orford collection, is a curious note to Sir Robert Walpole, when Secretary at

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M * * *o's was, but not at five per cent.
'Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And 'who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
'Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now 'excised;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.

NOTES.

at War, from the Duke of Marlborough, in which he says, he has a hundred thousand pounds he does not know how to dispose of, and desires Walpole to put it out for him. From Mr. Coxe.

Bowles.

Ver. 129. *Thus* BETHEL *spoke,*] This speech of Ofellus continues in the original to the end of this Satire. Pope has taken all that follows out of the mouth of Bethel, and speaks entirely in his own person. It is impossible not to be pleased with the picture of his way of life, and the account he gives of his own table, in lines that express common and familiar objects with dignity and elegance. *Warton.*

Ver. 133. *In South-Sea days not happier, &c.*] Mr. Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.

Warburton.

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temerè edi luce profestâ
Quidquam, præter [x]*olus* fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi seu [y]*longum post tempus* venerat hospes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non [z]*piscibus* urbe petitis,
Sed *pullo* atque *hœdo:* tum *pensilis uva* secundas
[a]Et *nux* ornabat mensas, cum *duplice ficu.*
Post hoc ludus erat [b]culpâ potare magistrâ:
Ac *venerata Ceres,* ita culmo surgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.
Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parciùs,
aut *vos,*
O pueri, nituistis, ut huc [c]*novus incola* venit?

NOTES.

Ver. 134. *than if now* excised;] Pope naturally joined the violent cry against the *Excise,* with the party in opposition to Sir R. Walpole. Pulteney exclaimed upon another occasion:

"There is another thing impending! a *monstrous* project! such a project as has *struck terror* into the minds of most gentlemen of this House, and into the minds of all men without doors, who have any regard to the happiness, or to the constitution, of their country. I mean THAT MONSTER, THE EXCISE! that PLAN OF ARBITRARY POWER, which is expected to be laid before the House in the present Parliament." Coxe's Memoirs, chap. 41. *Bowles.*

Ver. 136. *Than in five acres*] He had a lease of his house and gardens at Twickenham for his life. The lease was purchased of a Mrs. Vernon; hence the expressions:

———can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope, or *Vernon?* *Bowles.*

Ver. 152. *double tax'd,*] An additional tax was laid on the estates of Papists and nonjurors.

Ver. 154. *standing armies came.*] A constant topic of declamation against the Court, at this time. *Warton.*

Content with little, I can piddle here
On [z]brocoli and mutton round the year;
But [y]ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [z]turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own;
[a]From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;
And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine;
Then [b]cheerful healths, (your mistress shall have place,)
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Though double tax'd, how little have I lost?
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after [c]standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

NOTES.

Ver. 160. *Welcome the coming,*] From Homer, Od. b. 15, v. 74.

χρη ξεινον παριοντα φιλειν, εθελοντα δε πεμπειν.

Theocritus has finely touched this subject in the sixteenth Idyllium. *Warton.*

Nam [d]*propriæ telluris* herum natura, neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. Nos expulit ille;
Illum aut [e]nequities aut [f]*vafri inscitia juris*,
Postremò expellet certè [g]*vivacior hæres*.
[h]Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [i]Quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

Ver. 165. *Well, if the use be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says: "My Landlady, Mrs. *Vernon*, being dead, this garden and house are offered me in sale; and, I believe, (together with the cottages on each side my grass plot next the Thames,) will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death, (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well, during life,) I would purchase it; and more particularly could I hope two things; that the friend who should like it, was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his, some years longer than I can of its continuing mine.. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short of the grave."—So that we see (what some who call themselves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in prose and verse were the same.

Warburton.

Ver. 171-2. *Or in pure equity, (the case not clear,)*
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:]
A Protestant miser's money in *Chancery*, and a Catholic miser's person in *Purgatory*, are never to be got out, till the law and the church have been well paid for their redemption. *Warburton.*

Ver. 175. *Shades, that to* Bacon *could retreat afford,*] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, a fine and venerable old mansion. *Warton.*

" Pray Heaven it last! (cries SWIFT) as you go on;
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [d]*property?* dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to [e]Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or, in pure [f]equity, (the case not clear,)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year;
At best, it falls to some [g]ungracious son,
Who cries: "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
[h]Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.
[i]Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

In this imitation Pope evidently dwells, *con amore*, *as usual*, on his own *virtues*, *opulence*, &c. *Bowles.*

This supercilious observation can only be intended to apply to the lines towards the close, in which, however, the poet is so far from priding himself on his own virtues or opulence, that his only wish is to obtain consistency of character and independence of mind; so that he may be blessed *without* fortune, and rich *even when plundered;* nor does he presume to say that he has attained this enviable pre-eminence, or that he is in fact

" That man divine that wisdom calls her own."

He only supposes that it was in the power of his friend to whom the poem is addressed, or no one, to make him so; an expression which, instead of exalting his own virtues, evidently admits that he had not attained such perfection of character, and implies a doubt whether it was in the power of *any one* to enable him to attain it.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, [a]summâ dicende camœnâ,
[b]Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. [c]Veianius, armis
[d]Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e]extremâ toties exoret arenâ.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *whose love*] Equal to the affection which Horace in the original professes for Mæcenas. It has been suspected that his affection to his friend was so strong, as to make him resolve not to outlive him; and that he actually put into execution his promise of "ibimus, ibimus." Od. xvii. lib. 3. Both died in the end of the year 746; Horace only three weeks after Mæcenas, November 27. Nothing can be so different as the plain and manly style of the former, in comparison of what Quintilian calls the *calamistros* of the latter, for which Sanctorius and Macrobius, cap. 86, say Augustus frequently ridiculed him, though Augustus himself was guilty of the same fault: as when he said, *vapidè se habere* for *malè*. *Warton.*

Ver. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the author. *Warburton.*

Ver. 8. *Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,*] An occasional stroke of satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epistle on Taste:*

"Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn *arcs of triumph to a garden gate.*" *Warburton.*

He is said to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's lawn at Bevismount, near Southampton.

There is more pleasantry and humour in Horace's comparing himself to an old gladiator, worn out in the service of the public fro-

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, [a]and shall bound my last!
Why [b]will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
See, modest [c]Cibber now has left the stage:
Our Generals now, [d]retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor [e]fond of bleeding, even in BRUNSWICK'S cause.

NOTES.

from which he had often begged his life, and has now at last been dismissed with the usual ceremonies, than for Pope to compare himself to an old actor or retired general. Pope was in his forty-ninth year, and Horace probably in his forty-seventh, when he wrote this Epistle. Bentley has arranged the writings of Horace in the following order. He composed the first book of his Satires between the twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth year of his age; the second book, from the year thirty-one to thirty-three; next, the Epodes, in his thirty-fourth and fifth year; next, the first book of his Odes, in three years, from his thirty-sixth to his thirty-eighth year; the second book in the two next years; then the first book of the Epistles, in his forty-sixth and seventh year; next to that, the fourth book of his Odes, in his forty-ninth year: lastly, the Art of Poetry, and second book of the Epistles, to which an exact date cannot be assigned. *Warton.*

Ver. 10. *even in* BRUNSWICK'S *cause.*] In the former editions it was *Britain's cause.* But the terms are synonymous. *Warburton.*

[f]Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui personet aurem;
Solve [g]senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et [h]versus, et *cætera ludicra* pono:
Quid [i]verum atque *decens* curo et rogo, et *omnis*
in hoc sum:
[k]Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
Ac ne fortè roges, [l]quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
[m]Quò me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et mersor [n]*civilibus undis*,
Virtutis veræ custos, [o]*rigidusque satelles*:

NOTES.

Ver. 15. *Lest stiff*] He has excelled Boileau's imitation of these verses, Ep. 10. v. 44. And indeed Boileau himself is excelled by an old French poet, whom he has frequently imitated, that is, Le Fresnaie Vauquelin, whose Poems were published 1612. Vauquelin says, that he profited much by reading the Satires of Ariosto; he also wrote an Art of Poetry; one of his best pieces is an imitation of Horace's Trebatius, being a dialogue between himself and the Chancellor of France. *Warton.*

Ver. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately, and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus. *Pope.*

Ver. 26. *And house with* Montaigne *now, or now with* Locke:] *i. e.* Chuse either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances. For he regarded these writers as the best schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himself; *Montaigne* excelling in his observations on social and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind. *Warburton.*

[f]A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
" Friend Pope! be prudent; let your [g]Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse."
Farewell then [h]verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What [i]right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this [k]harvest up, and hoard with haste
What every day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what [l]doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I;
As drives the [m]storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a [n]patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, [o]and as warm as true:

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *Free as young Lyttelton,*] A just, and not overcharged encomium, on an excellent man, who had always served his friends with warmth, (witness his kindness to Thomson,) and his country with activity and zeal. His Poems and Dialogues of the Dead are written with elegance and ease; his observations on the Conversion of St. Paul, with clearness and closeness of reasoning; and his History of Henry II. with accuracy and knowledge of those early times and of the English Constitution; and which was compiled from a laborious search into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died,

Nunc in * Aristippi [P]*furtim* præcepta *relabor*,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

NOTES.

died, he told me, that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then to be published, his first juvenile performance, the Persian Letters, written 1735, in imitation of those of his friend Montesquieu, whom he had known and admired in England, in which he said there were principles and remarks that he wished to retract and alter. I told him, that notwithstanding his caution, the booksellers, as in fact they have done, would preserve and insert these letters. Another little piece, written also in his early youth, does him much honour; the Observations on the Life of Tully; in which, perhaps, a more dispassionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited than in the panegyrical volumes of Middleton. *Warton.*

Warton has paid a just tribute of applause to Lyttelton. Lyttelton consulted Pope about his Pastorals.† As it elucidates Pope's concern in his young friend's Poems, the reader, perhaps, will excuse my inserting an original letter from Lyttelton to Dodington, on this subject.

" Dear Sir, *Hagley, November* 24, 1731.

" The approbation you express of my verses, and the praise you bestow, cannot but be extremely pleasing to me, as they are the effects of a friendship upon which I set so high a value. When I sent my Pastorals to Mr. Pope, I desired him to *make any corrections* he should judge proper, and accordingly he has favoured me with *some alterations*, which I beg you will give yourself the trouble of inserting in your copy. At the end of the first page, after this line:

' *When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd;*'

be pleased to add the two following:

' Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes tinged the distant hills.'

In

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. *Pope.*

† Four Pastorals by Lord Lyttelton, published in Dodsley's collection.

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

NOTES.

In the second, read the following lines thus:

'Auspicious Pan, the monarch of the plain,
Shall come a suitor for his favourite swain,
For him, their loved musician, every fawn,
For him each blooming sister of the lawn.'

"In the third, instead of 'And fills with frantic pains, &c.'

'And blackens each fair image in our breast.'

"Again, instead of 'Pleased by not studying, &c.'

'He pleased, because he studied not to please.'

"Perhaps, too, the verses would run better, if, instead of 'A town with spiring towers is crown'd;' you were to put, 'with spiring turrets crown'd;' but then the verb 'is' must be understood.

"I do not know whether you will not have reason to think I am too solicitous about those trifles, by my giving you the trouble to alter them; but I would have them appear in as good a dress as possible, for fear of their being a disgrace to the persons I have addressed them to. My father and mother desire their compliments. I am, with great respect and truth, your most obliged humble servant, "G. LYTTELTON."

I have admitted this as a circumstance connected with literature and with Pope. *Bowles.*

Ver. 31. *Aristippus, or St. Paul,*] There is an impropriety and indecorum, in joining the name of the most profligate parasite of the court of Dionysius, with that of an Apostle. In a few lines before, the name of Montaigne is not sufficiently contrasted by the name of Locke; the place required that two philosophers, holding very different tenets, should have been introduced. Hobbes might have been opposed to Hutcheson. I know not why he omitted a strong sentiment that follows immediately:

"Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor;"

which line Corneille took for his motto. *Warton.*

[s]Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus;* ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r]fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter [s]id, quod
Æquè *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* æquè,
Æquè neglectum *pueris, senibusque* nocebit.
[t]*Restat,* ut his ego me ipse regam [u]solerque *elementis:*
[v]Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Est quadam prodire [x]tenus, si non datur ultrà.
[y]Fervet Avaritiâ, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces,* quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et [z]magnam morbi deponere partem.

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *I'll do what Mead*] Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man; whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great physician and others of the faculty, in a letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says: "There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are in general the most *amiable* companions, and the best friends, as well as the most *learned* men I know." *Warburton.*

Ver. 51. *Cheselden*] Of the friendship which Pope entertained for Cheselden, many instances appear in his correspondence. "Pray," says Swift in a letter to Pope, "put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that report of your illness, and let me know who this *Cheselden* is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour."

[s]Long as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow the [t]unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That [u]task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
[w]Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some [x]comfort, not to be a fool.
[y]Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to [z]go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy [a]blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are words and spells, which can control
[b]Between the fits, this fever of the soul;

NOTES.

favour." Pope replies: "I wondered a little at your quære, who *Cheselden* was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery, &c."

Laudis amore tumes? Sunt [a] certa *piacula*, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, [c] *amator*;
Nemo [d] adeò *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modò culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[e] Virtus est vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitiâ caruisse. Vides, quæ [f] maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g] mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quæ *stultè* miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax,
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?
" [i] Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
O cives, cives! [k] quærenda pecunia primùm est;
Virtus post nummos:" hæc [l] *Janus summus* ab *imo*
Perdocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *to abhor;—more.*] Dr. King informed me that these were two of the rhymes to which Swift, who was scrupulously exact in this respect, used to object, as he frequently did to some others in Pope; and particularly to two in the Essay on Criticism, Verse 237, where *delight* is made to rhyme to *wit;* and to many in his Homer. *Warton.*

Ver. 70. *Scared at the spectre*] Pope has given life to the image, and added terror to the simple expression, *Pauperiem.* Bolingbroke translated this passage in Horace, in about twenty-six lines, and sent them to Swift in a letter, dated March 16, 1719. But a poor performance. Pope has omitted the Olympian games. *Warton.*

Know, there are rhymes, which [a]fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrantest puppy of his pride.
Be [b]furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
[c]Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch [d]bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.
[e]"Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no [f]bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
[g]Scared at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And [h]ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here, Wisdom calls: [i]"Seek virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice: [k]"Get money, money still!
And then let virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l]low St. James's up to high St. Paul;

NOTES.

Ver. 77. *Here, Wisdom calls: &c.*] All from hence to Ver. 110, is a pretty close translation; but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the original, though one of the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it. *Warburton.*

Ver. 78. *As gold to silver, virtue is to gold.*] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The original is,

"Vilius

[m] Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Est [n] animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint;
[o] *Plebs* eris. [p] At pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
Si rectè facies. Hic [q] *murus aheneus esto,*
Nil *conscire* sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.
[r] Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est

NOTES.

" Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum;"
which only says, *That as silver is of less value than gold, so gold is of less value than virtue:* in which, *simple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the author's purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose, that virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object, *conciseness*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now first appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do justice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly great genius can afford to indulge; I mean his extreme readiness, and unfeigned pleasure, in acknowledging his mistakes: this, with an impatience to reform them, he possessed in a greater degree, and with less affectation, than any man I ever knew. *Warburton.*

Ver. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer tallies. *Warburton.*

Ver. 85. *Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great man (who does so much honour to his country) had a fine genius, improved and put in use by a true understanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him. *Warburton.*

Ver. 85. *Barnard*] Sir John Barnard, Knight, was born at Reading, and brought up at a school at Wandsworth, in Surrey; his parents were Quakers. In 1703, he quitted the Society of Quakers,

From him whose [m]quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in [n]spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o]cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D**l, their *Honours*, and so forth.
Yet every [p]child another song will sing:
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy [q]wall of brass;
Compared to this, a minister's an ass.
[r]And say, to which shall our applause belong?
This new court jargon, or the good old song?

NOTES.

Quakers, was received into the church by Compton, bishop of London, and continued a member of it. *Bowles.*

Ver. 88. *Bug, and Dorimant*] It cannot now be discovered to whom these names belong. So soon does satire become unintelligible. The same may be said of ver. 112. *Warton.*

Ver. 95. *Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;*]
"Hic murus aheneus esto."

Dacier laughs at an able critic, who was scandalized, that the ancient scholiasts had not explained what Horace meant by *a wall of brass;* for, says Dacier: "Chacun se fait des difficultés à sa mode, et demande des rémarques proportionnées à son goût." He then sets himself in good earnest about this important inquiry; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily discovers, that it signified an *old veteran*, armed cap-a-pie in *brass*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily served himself of this impertinence to convey a very fine stroke of satire. *Warburton.*

Nænia, quæ regnum rectè facientibus offert,
Et *maribus* [a]*Curiis* et decantata *Camillis?*
[1]Isne tibi meliùs suadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
Si possis, rectè; si non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut [s]propius spectes lacrymosa poëmata Pupî!
An [w]qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum et erectum, [z]*præsens* hortatur et aptat?
[y]Quòd si me Populus Romanus fortè roget, cur
Non, ut [x]porticibus, sic judiciis fruar îsdem;
Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit:
Olim quod [v]vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
[b]*Bellua multorum* est *capitum.* Nam quid sequar,
aut quem?
Pars hominum gestit[c] conducere *publica:* sunt qui

NOTES.

Ver. 116. *Because I see,*] Both poets have told this fable, which Plato also was fond of, with an elegant brevity, a quality for which Babrius was eminent, and in which our modern fabulists miserably fail. Why did Pope omit *ægroto*? And why would he connect the passage that immediately follows in a forced and quaint manner, which Horace never thought of? As if the word *bellua* had any relation to the *lion* before mentioned? *Warton.*

Ver. 128. *some farm the poor-box,*] Alluding most probably to a Society, calling itself the "Charitable Corporation;" by which thousands were cheated and ruined. *Bowles.*

The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at [s]Cressy and Poitiers? 100
Who counsels best? who whispers: "Be but great;
'With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace:
If not, by any means get wealth and place."
For what? to have a [u]box where eunuchs sing, 105
And foremost in the circle eye a king.
Or [w]he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through;
And, [x]while he bids thee, sets the example too?
If [y]such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
Should chance to make the well-drest rabble stare;
If honest S**z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the [z]palace than the park:
Faith I shall give the answer [a]Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave: 115
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave.
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
The [b]people are a many-headed beast.
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
Their [c]country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;

[d]Crustis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[e]*Multis* occulto crescit res fœnore. [f]Verùm
Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?
[g]Nullus in orbe sinus *Baiis* prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit *dives*, [h]lacus et mare *sentit* amorem
Festinantis heri: cui si [i]vitiosa *libido*
Fecerit auspicium, cras ferramenta *Teanum*

NOTES.

Ver. 130. *doturds fawn;*] The legacy-hunters, the hæredipetæ, were a more common character among the ancients than with us. The ridicule, therefore, is now not so striking. Lucian has five pleasant dialogues on the subject, from page 343 to 363, in the quarto edition of Hemsterhusius. Horace himself appears to have failed more in exposing this folly, than in any other of his Satires; and principally so, by mixing ancient with modern manners, and making Tiresias instruct Ulysses in petty frauds, and artifices too subtle for the old prophet and hero to dictate and to practise. Sat. v. lib. ii.

Ben Jonson's Fox is not much relished from our not being acquainted with such characters, which are finely ridiculed by Plautus, in the Soldier, 3d Act.

Illi apud me edunt, me curant, visunt quid agam ecquid velim;
Priusquam lucet, assunt; rogitant, ut nocte somnum ceperim;
Eos pro liberis habeo qui mihi mittunt munera;
Sacrificant? dant inde partem mihi majorem, quam sibi;
Abducunt ad exta; me ad se ad prandium, ad cœnam vocant.

Warton.

Ver. 138. *Sir Job*] Superior to the original; a pleasing little landscape is added to the Satire. But Greenwich-hill is not an exact parallel for Baiæ; where the Romans of the best taste and fashion built their villas. Pope's is the villa of a citizen. The absurd and awkward magnificence of some opulent citizens has, of late, been frequently exposed; but nowhere with more humour than in the Connoisseur, and in the characters of Sterling and Mrs.

Heidelberg

Some [d]with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, [e]hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each [f]pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But shew me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job [g]sail'd forth, the evening bright and still;
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich-hill!"
[h]Up starts a palace: lo, the obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsey, or that [i]Devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight, or give his Lady, spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in town."

NOTES.

Heidelberg in the Clandestine Marriage. This ridicule of citizens was borrowed from the French. We have some citizens whose good taste is equal to their riches. *Warton.*

Ver. 143. *Now let some whimsey, &c.*] This is very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the original:

"Cui si vitiosa libido
Fecerit auspicium;"

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach. *Warburton.*

Ver. 147. *live in town."*] Horace says, he will carry his buildings from so proper and pleasant a situation as Baiæ to Teanum; a situation unhealthy, disagreeable, and inland. Pope says, he

Tolletis, fabri. [k]Lectus genialis in aulâ est?
Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vitâ:
[l]Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.
[m]Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [n]*pauper?* ride: mutat [o]*cœnacula, lectos,*
Balnea, tonsores; [p]conducto navigio æquè
Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
[q]Si curtatus *inæquali* tonsore capillos
Occurri, rides. Si fortè subucula pexæ
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga *dissidet impar,*
Rides. Quid, [r]mea cùm pugnat *sententia* secum?
Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit?
[s]Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto?
[t]Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u]Insanire putas solennia me; neque rides,
Nec *medici* credis, nec [w]*curatoris* egere

NOTES.

will not build at all, he will again retire to town. He has, I think, destroyed the connexion by this alteration. Mutability of temper is indeed equally exhibited in both instances, but Horace keeps closer to his subject. *Warton.*

Ver. 163. *You laugh, if coat*] I am inclined to think that Horace laughs at himself, not at Virgil, as hath been supposed, for the ungraceful appearance he sometimes made among the courtiers of Augustus, on account of the incongruity of his dress. *Warton.*

Ver. 177. *philosopher, and friend?*] Bentley was for reading, in the original, with Heinsius, *suspicientis*, instead of *respicientis*; which reading Gesner opposes. Horace, in these concluding lines, laughs at the high-flown and unnatural doctrines of the stoics. Pope has turned this piece of irony into a great compliment to Bolingbroke, whom he so much idolized; little imagining what this friend would say of him soon after his decease. *Warton.*

At amorous Flavio is the [k]stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l]The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m]Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the [n]poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their [o]weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They [p]hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q]You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r]no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lined,
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One [s]ebb and flow of follies all my life)
[t]I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
[u]You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor [w]once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.

A *prætore* dati; rerum [x]tutela mearum
Cùm sis, et pravè sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis,* te *respicientis* amici.
Ad summam, *sapiens* uno [c]minor est *Jove,* [y]dives,
[b]Liber, [z]honoratus, [a]pulcher, [d]rex denique regum;
Præcipuè sanus, [e]nisi cùm pituita molesta est.

is my [x]guide, philosopher, and friend?
he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
) ought to make me (what he can, or none)
t man divine whom wisdom calls her own; 180
it without title, without fortune bless'd;
[y]even when plunder'd, [z]honour'd while oppress'd;
ed [a]without youth, and follow'd without power;
ome, though exiled; [b]free, though in the Tower;
ort, that reasoning, high, immortal thing, 185
[c]less than Jove, and [d]much above a king;
, half in heaven—[e]except (what's mighty odd)
; of vapours clouds this demi-god.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

THIS piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had any share, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble acquaintance,) so he supported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true friendship. *Warburton.*

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL [a]*admirari*, propè res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
[b]Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui [c]formidine nullâ
Imbuti spectent. [d]Quid censes munera terræ?
Quid maris extremos Arabas [e]ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra quid, [f]plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, [g]quo *sensu* credis et *ore?*
[h]Qui *timet* his adversa, ferè miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor est *utrobique* molestus:
Improvisa simul species exterret *utrumque:*

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *Creech.*] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. *Pope.*

Ver. 4. *words of Creech.*] Who, in truth, is a much better translator than he is usually supposed and allowed to be. He is a nervous and vigorous writer; and many parts, not only of his Lucretius, but of his Theocritus and Horace, (though now decried,) have not been excelled by other translators. One of his pieces may be pronounced excellent: his translation of the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal; equal to any Dryden has given us of that author. *Warton.*

Ver. 8. *trust the Ruler*] This last line is quaint and even obscure; the two first vigorously expressed. Horace thought of a striking and exalted passage in Lucretius, Book v. l. 1185. *Warton.*

It is perhaps too light and familiar, but certainly neither *quaint* nor *obscure.*

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.*

" Not to [a]admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.
[b]This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center'd sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [c]this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what [d]earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of [e]fools and slaves for gold?
Or [f]popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what [g]eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the [h]pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;

NOTES.

* Afterwards the celebrated Lord Mansfield. This was written in 1737. *Bowles.*

[i]Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusve suâ spe,
Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?
[k]Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultrà quam satis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.
[l]I nunc, argentum et marmor [m]*vetus*, æraque et artes
Suspice: cum gemmis [n]Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quòd spectant oculi te [o]mille loquentem:
Gnavus [p]manè forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;
[q]Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus, et (indignum, quod sit pejoribus ortus)
[r]Hic tibi sit potiùs, quàm tu mirabilis illi.
[s]Quicquid sub terrâ est, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [t]Cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appî,

NOTES.

Ver. 44. *Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;*
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:]
One of the noblest houses in Europe.—The original is:

"Quicquid sub terrâ est, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet, condetque nitentia."

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vastly inferior to the Imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first. *Warburton.*

Ver. 45. *It brighten'd* CRAGGS's,] His father had been in a low situation; but, by industry and ability, got to be Postmaster-General and Agent to the Duke of Marlborough. *Warton.*

Whether we [i]joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprized at better, or surprized at worse.
Thus good or bad to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away;
For [k]virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
[l]Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the surprize,
And gaze on [m]Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright [n]brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at [o]council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From [p]morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For [q]fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall [r]one whom nature, learning, birth, conspired
To form, not to admire, but be admired,
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet [s]time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Graced as thou art, [t]with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far,) where kings and poets lie;

Ire tamen restat, Numa [u]quò devenit et Ancus.
[v]Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. [x]Vis rectè vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc *una* potest dare, fortis omissis
Hoc age *deliciis*.

NOTES.

Ver. 52. *Where* MURRAY, *&c.*] The concurring testimony of friends and enemies confirms the high panegyric here expressed on Lord Mansfield, yet the intended parallel fails in its most material part. The Roman Consul has left unequivocal proofs of the fertile and comprehensive genius attributed to him by his contemporaries; the British Chancellor will be known to posterity in the character of a wise and virtuous historian. This cannot be said of the late Lord Chief Justice, eminent, learned, and possessed of the highest endowments, as he certainly was. *Bowles.*

Ver. 53. TULLY—HYDE!] Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the rest of the character, superior to both. TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnished by *vanity* and *fear;* and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and defeated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of government, and the unlimited obedience of the people. *Warburton.*

Ver. 53. *than* HYDE!] Much beyond the original; particularly on account of the very happy and artful use Pope has made of the neighbourhood of the House of Parliament to Westminster Abbey; and of the well-turned and unexpected compliment he has paid to his illustrious friend. The character of Lord Chancellor Clarendon seems to grow every day brighter, the more it is scrutinized; and his integrity and abilities are more ascertained and acknowledged, even from the publication of private papers, never intended to see the light. When Clarendon was going from Court, just after his profligate and ungrateful master had obliged him to resign the great seal, the Duchess of Cleveland meanly and wantonly insulted him from a window in the palace. He looked up at her, and only said, with a calm and contemptuous dignity: "Madam, if you live, you will grow old." *Warton.*

Ver. 57. *Ward — Dover.*] Celebrated for their quack medicines.

Where MURRAY (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[y]Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone? 55
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured, whene'er they please.
Would ye be blest? [z]despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

NOTES.

Ver. 60. *Would ye be blest?*] This amiable young nobleman wrote from Paris, 1752, a very pressing remonstrance to Mr. Mallet, to dissuade him, but in vain, from publishing a very offensive digression on the Old Testament, in Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History. "I must say to you, Sir, for the world's sake, and for his sake, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. If this digression be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not easily be answered." He concludes by saying: "I therefore recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raise storms to his memory." *Warton.*

Ver. 61. *whatever* CORNBURY *disdains;*] When Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the late Earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handsome pension for him. To which Lord Cornbury answered with a composed dignity: "How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be sold; or, at least, how came you to know my price so exactly?" To this anecdote Pope alludes. *Ruffhead.*

Lord Cornbury, to whom Pope pays so elegant a compliment, was in all respects a most amiable man. He resided for some time at Spa, on account of his health. In a letter from Pope to Mrs.

[y] Virtutem verba putes, ut
Lucum ligna? [z] cave ne portus occupet alter:
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

NOTES.

Mrs. Price, (which I have been favoured with, by her grandson, Uvedale Price,) he is thus mentioned:

"Pray, Madam, tell my Lord Cornbury I am not worse than he left me, though I have endured some uneasiness since, beside what his indisposition, when I parted, gave me.

"I earnestly wish his return, but not till he can bring himself whole to us, who want honest and able men too much to part with him, &c."

Henry, Viscount Cornbury, was great grandson of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and only son of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester.

Lord Cornbury acted with the greatest moderation and uprightness in political affairs; though a Tory, and violent in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, he yet opposed the unconstitutional motion of Sandys, for the removal of that minister, in a manly and sensible speech. See Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, ch. 55. This amiable nobleman died before his father in 1753, without issue, and the title afterwards became extinct.

Bowles.

Ver. 63. *art thou one,*] Here we have a direct and decisive censure of a celebrated infidel writer; at this time, therefore, which was 1737, Pope was strongly and openly on the side of religion, as he knew the great lawyer to be, to whom he was writing. Horace, it is said, alludes to the words of a dying Hercules in a Greek Tragedy; and Dion Cassius relates, in the twenty-seventh Book of his History, that these were the words which Brutus used just before he stabbed himself, after his defeat at Philippi. But it is observable, that this fact rests solely on the credit of this fawning and fulsome Court historian; and that Plutarch, who treats largely of Brutus, is silent on the subject. If Brutus had adopted this passage, I cannot bring myself to believe, that Horace would so far have forgotten his old republican principles, as to have mentioned the words adopted by the dying patriot, with a mark of reproach and reprobation.

It

[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly [z] then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:

NOTES.

It must be added, to what is said above, of our author's orthodoxy at this time, that he wrote a very respectful letter to Dr. Waterland, to thank him for his Vindication of the Athanasian Creed, dated October 16, 1737. Which letter was given by Dr. Waterland to Mr. Seed, and was in the possession of Mr. Seed's widow, 1767, who shewed it to Mr. Bowyer, the eminent and learned printer. *Warton.*

This attempt of Dr. Warton, to vindicate the orthodoxy of Pope at the expense of his consistency, might have been spared. Pope's religious opinions appear from his Letters to have undergone little or no change; but however they may have varied in other respects, there was one sentiment to which he uniformly and closely adhered—that of charity to others, and an abhorrence of what he calls "that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves." To which it must be added, that he was a firm believer in that truly Christian doctrine, that our acceptance in a future state must depend not upon our faith, but upon our conduct, and which he has so strongly expressed in the lines:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

If Pope therefore wrote a letter expressing his unlimited approbation of the Athanasian Creed, he was guilty of an inconsistency which invalidates all his professions on this subject, and disgraces his character.

Ver. 65. *Who virtue and a church alike disowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets;* the other, in his *Rights of the Christian Church.* *Warburton.*

[a]Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porrò et
Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [b]uxorem *cum dote, fidemque,* et [c]*amicos,*
Et *genus,* et *formam,* regina [d]Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
Mancipiis locuples eget aeris [e]*Cappadocum rex.*
Ne fueris hic tu. [f]Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,
Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot habebo
Mittam: pòst paulò scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g]Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *supersunt,*

NOTES.

Ver. 77. *For, mark*] Not imitated with the vigour and energy of the original. This 77th line is uncommonly weak and languid. Three divinities, for such Horace has described them, Pecunia, Suadela, and Venus, conspire in giving their various accomplishments to this favourite of fortune. *Warton.*

Ver. 85. *His wealth*] By no means equal to the original: there is so much pleasantry in alluding to the known story of the Prætor coming to borrow dresses (paludamenta) for a chorus in a public spectacle that he intended to exhibit, who asked him to lend him a hundred, says Plutarch; but Lucullus bade him take two hundred. Horace humorously has made it five thousand. We know nothing of Timon, except it be the nobleman introduced in the Epistle to Lord Burlington, ver. 99. There is still another beauty in Horace; he has suddenly, according to his manner, introduced Lucullus speaking; "*Qui possum,*" &c. He is for ever introducing these little interlocutions, which give his Satires and Epistles an air so lively and dramatic. *Warton.*

Ver. 85. *Anstis birth.*] Anstis, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King of Arms. *Bowles.*

Ver. 87. *Or if three ladies like a luckless play,*] The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names

Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
[a]Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark the advantage; just so many score
Will gain a [b]wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such [c]friends—as cannot fail to last.
A [d]man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a [e]German prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
His wealth [f]brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;

NOTES.

ames of these *three ladies*, the unlucky *play*, and every other ifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for he explanation of our author's sense, or the illustration of his oetry; even where he is most moral and sublime. But had it een Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he ad sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings.

Warburton.

Notwithstanding this remark of Dr. Warburton, I have taken me pains, though indeed in vain, to ascertain who these ladies ere, and what the play they patronised. It was once said to be oung's Busiris. *Warton.*

Et *dominum fallunt*, et *prosunt furibus*. [h]Ergo,
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.
[i]Si fortunatum species et gratia præstat,
[k]*Mercemur* servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodicet latus, et [l]cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m]Hic multùm in Fabiâ valet, ille *Velinâ:*
Cuilibet is fasces dabit, eripietque curule
Cui volet *importunus* ebur: [n]Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque [o]*facetus* adopta.
Si [p]bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet, eamus
Quò ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut [q]olim
Gargilius, qui manè plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut è multis populo spectante referret.
Emptum mulus aprum. [r]Crudi tumidique lavemur,
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Cærite cerâ

NOTES.

Ver. 104.] *Who rules in Cornwall, &c.*] Pope here seems to allude to Viscount Falmouth, who brought into Parliament several members for the Cornish boroughs. *Bowles.*

Ver. 109. *laugh at your own jest.*] An admirable picture of septennial folly and meanness during an election canvass, in which the arts of English solicitation are happily applied to Romans. Some strokes of this kind, though mixed with unequal trash in the Pasquin of Fielding, may be mentioned as capital, and full of the truest humour. *Warton.*

See in Ansty's Latin Epistle to Bampfield, a truly humourous description of this kind:

"Tum numerat quot habet senior POT-WOBLER amicos."

Bowles.

A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[k]If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
[l]But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then [k]hire a slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom [l]to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m]rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
That makes three members; this can choose a mayor,"
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him [n]son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and [o]laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If [p]to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So [q]Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we [r]every decency confound,
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round,

Digni; [s] *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyssei;
Cui *potior* [t] *patriâ* fuit interdicta voluptas.
[u] Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine *amore jocisque*

NOTES.

Ver. 126. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rochester. *Warburton.*

Ver. 128. *And* SWIFT *cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*] Our poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his satire, says:

"In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my *friends*;"

and, in another, he makes his court-adviser say:

"Laugh at your *friends*, and if your *friends* be sore,
So much the better; you may laugh the more:"

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal amiss which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. Swift, as we may see by some posthumous volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction, or, in short, to any thing but that for which nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend virtue, and set off truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of *wit*, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I chuse," says he, in a letter to Mr. Pope, "my companions amongst those of the least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects." And again: "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose or bad verses, either of RAGE or RAILLERY, &c. And again in a Letter to Mr. Gay: "My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle!" *Warburton.*

In

Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
'K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,
From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts,
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our 'country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with "Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone;
And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

NOTES.

In this note, Dr. Warburton makes some severe strictures on the manner in which Swift employed his wit, in his latter days. And indeed, in many of his remarks, it appears that Warburton was not partial to the character of Swift, whom he had attacked in one of his earliest productions, on portents and prodigies; in which he says, page 32: "The religious author of the Tale of a Tub will tell you, religion is but a reservoir of fools and madmen; and the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver will answer for the state, that it is a den of savages and cut-throats." Edition, 12mo. 1727. "Misanthropy," says a true philosopher, "is so dangerous a thing, and goes so far in sapping the very foundation of morality and religion, that I esteem the last part of Swift's Gulliver (that, I mean, relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worse book to peruse, than those which we forbid as the most flagitious and obscene. One absurdity in this author (a wretched philosopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking; in order to render the nature of men odious, and the nature of beasts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beasts, and beastly characters to his men; so that we are to admire the beasts, not for being beasts, but amiable men; and to detest the men, not for being men, but detestable beasts.

"Whoever has been reading this unnatural filth, let him turn for a moment to a Spectator of Addison, and observe the philanthropy of that classical writer; I may add, the superior purity of his diction, and his wit."—*Harris's Philological Enquiries, p.* 538.

Warton.

Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.
Vive, vale. Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

"Adieu! If this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere. Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an *absolute empire.* But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a *free people,* and are more consistent with the welfare of our *neighbours.*

This Epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a patron of poets in general;* whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri,* &c. The other, that this piece was only a *general discourse of poetry;* whereas it was an *apology for the poets,* in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his cotemporaries, first, against the taste of the *town,* whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age;

secondly, against the *court* and *nobility*, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly, against the *emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their *morals* were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage, were owing to the *ill-taste* of the *nobility*; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the *state*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *emperor* himself must depend, for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character. *Pope.*

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot [a]sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b]publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
[c]Romulus,* et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, [d]Deorum in templa recepti,

NOTES.

* *Romulus,*] Dion Cassius informs us, book 53, that Augustus was particularly pleased to be called Romulus. *Warton.*

Ver. 1. *While you, great Patron*] All those nauseous and outrageous compliments, which Horace, in a strain of abject adulation, degraded himself by paying to Augustus, Pope has converted into bitter and pointed sarcasms, conveyed under the form of the most artful irony.

"Horace," says Pope, in the advertisement to this piece, "made his court to this great prince, (or rather this cool and subtle tyrant,) by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character." Surely he forgot the 15th and 16th lines:

Jurandasque tibi per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes, &c. *Warton.*

Ver. 2. *open all the main;*] This has been thought a very obscure expression; but it should be remembered that irony is the leading feature of this Epistle. It was written in 1737, at the time when the Spanish depredations at sea were such, that there was an universal cry that the British flag had been insulted, and the contemptible and degraded English braved on their own element. "At this period," says Mr. Coxe, "the House was daily inundated with

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! [a]sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
[b]How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal 5
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
[c]Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d]sacred name,

NOTES.

with petitions and papers relating to the inhumanities committed on the English prisoners taken on board of trading vessels." "Opening all the Main," therefore, means that the king was so LIBERAL as to leave it OPEN TO THE SPANIARDS, who committed with impunity whatever outrages they pleased, on those who were before considered the almost exclusive masters of it.

The same explanation may be given of

"Your country, chief, in *arms abroad* defend."

This line means quite the *contrary*. The people were wearied with so long a period of peace, and in 1738 the public mind was agitated almost to phrenzy, and the cry of instant war, retaliation, and revenge, resounded from one part of England to the other; it is therefore with the bitterest sarcasm that Pope exclaims:

"Your country, chief, IN ARMS ABROAD DEFEND."

It was not till two years afterwards, October 19th, 1739, that war, so long insisted on, was declared, which declaration was received with the greatest demonstrations of enthusiasm and joy. How then could any one *at the time* be ignorant of the *real meaning* of Pope's expressions? *Bowles.*

Ver. 5. *from such a monarch,*] This fine imitation was first published

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
[c] Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit [f]invidiam supremo fine domari.
[g] Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
[h] Præsenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
[i] Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[k] *Nil oriturum* aliàs, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Æstimat; et, nisi quæ terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:
[l] Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes

NOTES.

published in 1737. The strong satire with which it abounds was concealed with such delicate art and address, that many persons, and some of the highest rank in the court, as I have been well informed, read it as a panegyric on the king and ministry, and congratulated themselves that Pope had left the opposition in which he had been engaged. But it may seem strange they should not see the drift and intention of such lines, as, the six first, the twenty-ninth, the three hundred and fifty-fourth, the three hundred and fifty-sixth, the three hundred and seventy-sixth, the three hundred and ninety-fourth, and many other lines. *Warton.*

This Epistle is, in fact, a satire not only on the Sovereign, to whom it is addressed, but on the whole tribe of poetical parasites, who flatter the vices, corrupt the principles, and debase the taste of a monarch; and even on *Horace* himself.

Ver. 37. *Chaucer's worst ribaldry*] The laws of the Decemviri do

After a life of generous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
'Closed their long glories, with a sigh, to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
'Finds envy never conquer'd, but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
'Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee, the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, 'but mature the praise:
Great friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:*
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
'As heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
'None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
'Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote;

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
[m]Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
Si, quia [n]Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eâdem

NOTES.

do not at all answer to Chaucer; nor the *annosa volumina vatum* to Spenser and Ben Jonson. Nor in verse below, 48, *tumbling through a hoop*, to *luctamur*. Dr. Hurd gives a forced meaning to *Achivis unctis*, and says it means, the *unwearied assiduity* of the Greek artists; the practice of *anointing* being essential to their agonistic trials, and that Horace puts the attending circumstances for the thing itself. *Warton.*

Ver. 38. *And beastly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, poet laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. *Pope.*

His poems, says Dr. Farmer, are printed, 1736, with the title of "Pithy, Pleausant, and Profitable Workes of Maister Skelton, Poete Laureate." But, says Cibber, after several other writers: "How, or by what interest he was made Laureat, or whether it was a title he assumed to himself, cannot be determined." This is an error pretty generally received, and it may be worth our while to remove it.

A facetious author says, *That a Poet Laureat, in the modern idea, is a gentleman who hath an annual stipend for reminding us of the new-year and the birth-day:* but formerly a Poet Laureat was a real university graduate.

"Skelton wore lawrell wreath
And past in schoels ye knoe,"

says Churchyarde, in the poem prefixed to his works. And Master Caxton, in his preface to the Boke of Eneydos, 1490, hath a passage, which well deserves to be quoted without abridgment: "I praye mayster John Skelton late created Poet Laureate in the Unyversite of Oxenforde, to oversee and correcte thys sayd booke,

One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
[m]He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.
Though justly [n]Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?

NOTES.

booke, and taddresse and expowne whereas shall be founde faulte, to theym that shall requyre it; for hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and Englysshe every dyfficulte that is therein, for he hath late translated the Epystles of Tullye and the Book of Dyodorus Syculus, and diverse other workes, out of Latyn into Englisshe, not in rude and old langage, but in polyshed and ornate terms, craftily, as hethat hath redde Vyrgyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poets and oratours, to me unknowen; and also he hath redde the IX Muses, and understands their musicalle scyences, and to whom of them eche scyence is appropred: I suppose he hath dronken of Elycon's well!" Skelton was rector of Diss in Norfolk, and patronized by the Earl of Northumberland. He wrote against Wolsey. Erasmus styled him, very strangely, Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus. A most curious and accurate account, accompanied with remarks on the poetry and taste of this country in the reign of Henry VII. is given in the 15th section of the History of English Poetry. *Warton.*

Ver. 40. *Christ's Kirk of the Green;*] A Ballad made by a king of Scotland. *Pope.*

It was printed at Oxford, 1691, in quarto, by Gibson, who was then a young man, at the end of Polemo Middinia, a Macaronic poem, by W. Drummond of Hawthornden. *Warton.*

Ver. 40. *Christ's Kirk of the Green;*] The old popular song of Christ's Kirk on the Green, written by James the First of Scotland, was republished in a handsome manner by Allan Ramsay, 1724, in two vols. called the Evergreen. *Bowles.*

Ver. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club. *Pope.*

Ver. 43. *Though justly Greece*] The poet does not admit that the *most ancient Greek* writings were the best; what he allows is, the

Scriptores trutinâ, non est quòd multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunæ: *pingimus*, atque
[o] *Psallimus*, et [p] *luctamur Achivis doctiùs unctis.*
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poëmata reddit,
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Est vetus atque probus, [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] veteresne poetas,
An quos et præsens et postera respuat ætas?
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] *honestè*,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut [u] equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] *fastos*, et virtutem æstimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod [y] *Libitina* sacravit.
[z] Ennius et *sapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,

NOTES.

the superiority of the oldest Greek writings *extant*: which is a very different thing. The turn of his argument confines us to this sense. *Hurd.*

Ver. 55. *can have no flaw*;] A very reprehensible expression; as also the words below, verse 58, *right and sound*. On the contrary, *look in Stowe*, verse 66, is very happy. *Warton.*

Ver. 63. *the horse-tail bare*,] Lambinus says this passage relates to a story mentioned in Plutarch of a soldier of Sertorius. *Warton.*

In every public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, [o]we sing, we dance as well,
And [p]learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If [q]time improve our wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin to immortalize?
" Who lasts a [r]century can have no flaw;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him [s]ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By [t]courtesy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the [u]horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down [v]ancients like a heap of snow:
While you, to measure merits, look in [x]Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a [y]bier.
[z]Shakespear, (whom you and every play-house bill
Stile the divine, the matchless, what you will,)

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *Shakespear,*] Shakespear and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage; the other, in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his *Dotages.* *Pope.*

Dryden

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quò [a]*promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea.*
Nævius [b]in manibus non est: at [c]mentibus hæret
Penè recens: [d]adeò sanctum est vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur [e]quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi,
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro

NOTES.

Dryden does, indeed, call them so, but very undeservedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding age, to judge competently of them. Besides, nothing is more inconstant than his characters of his own country poets, nor less reasonable than most of his critical notions; for he had many occasional ends to serve, and few principles to go upon. This may be said as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity.

Warburton.

This censure of Dryden's critical works is surely too severe.

Warton.

Ver. 69. *and every play-house bill*] A ridicule on those who talk of Shakespear, because he *is in fashion;* who, if they dared to do justice to *their taste or conscience,* would own they liked Durfey better. *Warburton.*

Ver. 71. *For gain, not glory,*] I believe this perfectly true of Shakespear, but not of Ben Jonson; who was not made, as was Shakespear, a poet by accident, but had spent his life in a close study of the art. And as some of his plays, particularly the Silent Woman, were the first models of just comedy in our language, he could not, with propriety, be substituted for the ruder writers of Rome. The expression in verse 74, *the life to come,* is somewhat licentious. *Warton.*

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
[a]The life to come, in every poet's creed.
Who now reads [b]Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still [c]I love the language of his heart.
" Yet surely, [d]surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all [e]debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art.
Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;

NOTES.

Ver. 72. *in his own despite.*] It was a good idea of Foote's, that Shakespear only meant to write *farces;* but the fine poetry, &c. he *threw in gratis.* *Bowles.*

Ver. 77. *Forgot his epic,*] Rhymer absurdly prefers the Davideis to the Jerusalem of Tasso. *Warton.*

Ver. 77. *Pindaric art,*] Which has much more merit than his epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers of Pindar. *Pope.*

Ver. 83. *Cowley's wit;*] Why mention Cowley,* when only dramatic writers are spoken of, and characterised? In verse 85, he alludes to a line of Rochester on Shadwell and Wycherley. It is plain he was only copying the trite and trivial opinions of the pretenders to taste, by omitting Otway, and mentioning only Southerne and Rowe, as masters of the pathetic; but whose Isabella and Jane Shore may in truth be almost put in competition with Belvidera. It is singular that Horace, in the original, should mention Afranius only as the copier of Menander, and not Terence.

* Cowley wrote four plays. *Bowles.*

Spectat Roma potens; [f]habet hos, numeratque poëtas
Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo.
[g]Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.
Si [h]veteres ita miratur laudatque poëtas,

NOTES.

rence. Instead of Livi, meaning Livius Andronicus, in the succeeding lines, Bentley would read Lævi; because he says that Livius Andronicus was too obsolete to be read by the scholars of Orbilius. *Warton.*

Ver. 85. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;*] Nothing was less true than this particular. But the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer:

"Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat." *Pope.*

Ver. 85. *How Shadwell hasty,*] These lines answer to lines 58, 59, in the original. Dr. Hurd observes, that Menander and his follower, Terence, were not admired by the Roman writers till after the Augustan age. The reason was, "that popular eloquence which continued, in a good degree of vigour, to that time, participating more of the freedom of the *old* comic banter, and rejecting, as improper to its end, the refinements of the *new*, insensibly depraved the public taste; which, by degrees only, and not till a studied and cautious declamation had, by the necessary influence of absolute power, succeeded to the liberty of their old oratory, was fully reconciled to the delicacy and strict decorum of Menander's wit." *Warton.*

Ver. 89. *the people's voice is odd;*] The capricious levity of popular opinion hath been noted even to a proverb: and yet it is this, which, after all, fixes the fate of authors. This seemingly odd phænomenon I would thus account for: what is usually complimented with the high and reverend appellation of public judgment is, in any single instance, but the repetition or echo, for the most part eagerly catched and strongly reverberated on all sides, of a few leading voices, which have happened to gain the

How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the passions, Southerne sure and Rowe.
These, 'only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; 'the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [b]Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

NOTES.

the confidence, and so direct the cry of the public. But, (as, in fact, it too often falls out,) this prerogative of the few may be abused to the prejudice of the many. The partialities of friendship, the fashionableness of the writer, his compliance with the reigning taste, the lucky concurrence of time and opportunity, the cabal of a party, nay, the very freaks of whim and caprice; these, or any of them, as occasion serves, can support the dullest, as the opposite disadvantages can depress the noblest performance: and give a currency or neglect to either, far beyond what the genuine character of each demands. Hence the public voice, which is but the aggregate of these corrupt judgments, infinitely multiplied, is, with the wise, at such a juncture, deservedly of little esteem. Yet, in a succession of such judgments, delivered at different times, and by different sets or juntos of these sovereign arbiters of the fate of authors, the public opinion naturally gets clear of these accidental corruptions. Every fresh succession shakes off some; till, by degrees, the work is seen in its proper form, unsupported of every other recommendation, than what its native inherent excellence bestows upon it. Then, and not till then, the voice of the people becomes sacred; after which it soon advances into divinity, before which all ages must fall down and worship. For now reason alone, without her corrupt assessors, takes the chair; and her sentence, when once promulgated and authorised by the general voice, fixes the unalterable doom of authors:

Ὅλως καλὰ νομίζει ὑψη καὶ ἀληθινὰ, τὰ διαπαντὸς ἀρέσκοντα καὶ πᾶσιν. *Longinus*, Sect. 7. *Hurd.*

Ver. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat:
Si quædam nimis [l]*antiquè*, si pleraque [k]*durè*

NOTES.

of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries. *Pope.*

It was written by J. Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

If our author had been more acquainted with, and had not so much despised, our old plays, he would have acquitted himself better in his edition of Shakespear. A correct* edition of this comedy, written 1551, was given by Mr. R. Dodsley, in his valuable collection of Old Plays; a publication which had the merit of exciting an attention to our ancient writers. *Warton.*

J. Still was born at Grantham in Lincolnshire, 1542, and educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. *Ellis.*

T. Warton and Ellis have both quoted his pleasant ballad, introduced in Gammer Gurton, of "Jolly good ale, and old."

"I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire:
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly capt,
Of jolly good ale, and old."

Sir John Harrington thus speaks of him: "But what STILL shall I use to set forth this STILL, whom well nigh thirty yeeres since, my reverend tutor in Cambridge *stiled* by this name, *Divine Still*, &c. who was often content to grace my young exercises with his venerable presense, who, from that time to this, hath given me some helps, more hopes, and some encouragements, in my best studies? To whom I never came but I grew more religious, from whom I never went but I parted better instructed."—(State of the Church.) *Bowles.*

* Stevens says, "very *incorrect*." *Bowles.*

Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the [i] obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on [k] Roman feet:

NOTES.

Ver. 92. *Careless Husband praise,*] This line is quoted as an instance of our author's candour towards Cibber. This play was at first denied to be Cibber's, and was given to the Duke of Argyle, and other noblemen. It met with the greatest success, and was soon ascribed to its right author. Mrs. Oldfield's abilities were first known and admired by her acting Lady Betty Modish. The reconciliation scene between Sir Charles and Lady Easy was applauded. It is singular, that Cibber should be the first writer that, after the Restoration, produced a play, his Love's Last Shift, in which any purity of manners, any decency of language, and any respect to the honour of the marriage-bed, were preserved. (See Davis's Miscell. p. 400. v. 3.) *Warton.*

Ver. 97. *affects the obsolete,*] One, who is allowed to have studied Spenser attentively, has remarked, "that the censure of Jonson upon his style, is perhaps unreasonable; Spenser in affecting the ancients writ no language." The ground-work and substance of his style is the language of his age. This indeed is seasoned with various expressions, adopted from the elder poets; but in such a manner, that the language of his age was rather strengthened and dignified, than debased and disguised, by such a practice. In truth, the affectation of Spenser in this point is by no means so striking and visible as B. Jonson has insinuated; nor is his phraseology so difficult and obsolete as it is generally supposed to be. For many stanzas together, we may frequently read him with as much facility as we can the same number of lines in Shakespear. Observations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 133. by Thomas Warton, A. M. *Warton.*

Ver. 98. *And Sidney's verse*] For a specimen, take the following stanza of one of his Sapphics: Arcadia, book i. p. 142:

"If

Dicere cedit eos, [l]*ignavè* multa fatetur,
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.
[m]Non equidem insector, *delendaque carmina* Livî
Esse reor, memini quæ [n]*plagosum* [o]*mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;
sed emendata videri
Pulchraque, et exactis minimùm distantia, miror:

NOTES.

"If the spheres senseless do yet hold a music,
If the swan's sweet voice be not heard, but at death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost
Yieldeth a lute's tune."
Warton.

Ver. 100. *Now serpent-like,*] Nobody can deny there are inequalities in this poem; and this observation of our author is adopted from Dryden, who says, that Milton runs into a flat thought sometimes for a hundred lines together; "but it is when he is got into a tract of scripture;" but such passages bear no proportion to the GENERAL SUBLIME of the poem. *Warton.*

Ver. 104. *Bentley*] This excellent critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the greatest wits [P. S.], and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greatest scholars of his time [C. H.], will deserve to have that justice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great master both of the languages and the learning of polite antiquity; whose writings he studied with no other design than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of penetration, and a sagacity and acumen very uncommon; all which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had so little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taste*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of composition. And his reasoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *style of poetry* was what he least understood. So that, that clearness of conception, which so much assisted his critical

Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like, in [1]prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
[2]Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like [2]slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like the affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [3]read at school.

NOTES.

tical sagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of science, where a philosophical precision and grammatical exactness of language is employed, served but to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a poet; whose diction he was always for reducing to the prosaic rules of logical severity; and whenever he found what a great master of speech calls *verbum ardens*, he was sure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical standish. But to make philology amends, he was a perfect master of all the mysteries of the ancient *rhythmus*.

The most important of his works, as a scholar, is his *Critique on the Epistles of Phalaris;* and the least considerable, his *Remarks on the Discourse concerning Free-thinking*. Yet the first, with all its superiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a party, which (as usual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the easy and trifling task of exposing a very dull and very ignorant rhapsodist, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our poet expresses it) to pass for

" A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits:"

whereas, in truth, he was neither one nor the other. The injustice that had been done him in the first case, made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deserved. For however he might sometimes mistake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment; of which, a learned prelate, now living, gave me this instance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris;

Inter quæ [p]*verbum emicuit* si forte *decorum*, et
Si [q]*versus* paulò *concinnior* unus et alter,
Injuste *totum* ducit venditque poëma.
[r]Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et prœmia posci.
[s]Rectè necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attæ*

NOTES.

laris; and after having complimented him on that noble piece of criticism (the *Answer* to the Oxford writers,) he bade him not be discouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their side, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long against a work of so much learning. To which the other replied: "Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himself." *Warburton.*

Ver. 109. *Sprat,*] Rightly put at the head of the small wits. He is now known to most advantage as the friend of Mr. Cowley. His learning was comprised in the well rounding of a period; for, as Seneca said of Triarius: "Compositione verborum belle cadentium multos *Scholasticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is best seen by his last Will and Testament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eton nor Westminster, but at a little country school by the churchyard side, should at last come to be a bishop. But the honour of being a Westminster school-boy some have at one age, and some at another; and some all their life long. Our grateful bishop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age. *Warburton.*

Ver. 110. *Like twinkling stars*] Among the trash that fills those six volumes, called Dryden's Miscellanies, are several copies of verses so dull and despicable, that they would hardly gain admittance in a modern monthly magazine:

"Unfinish'd things one knows not what to call."

Dodsley's six volumes are on the whole superior. Milton, in his Second Defence, has very severely proscribed the common writers of miscellaneous poems: "Poetas equidem verè dictos, et diligo et

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,
One simile, that [p]solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or [q]lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
[r]I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured, not as bad but new;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
[s]On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow,

NOTES.

et colo, et audiendo sæpe delector; istos vero versiculorum nugivendos quis non oderit? quo genere nihil stultius, aut vanius, aut corruptius, aut mendacius. Laudant, vituperant, sine delectû, sine discrimine, judicio, aut modo, nunc principes, nunc plebeios, doctos juxta atque indoctos, probos an improbos perinde habent; prout Cantharus, aut spes nummuli, aut fatuus ille furor inflat, ac rapit." A sensible French writer makes the very same complaint that our author has done in verse 116. Some shining passages, and a few striking lines, were sufficient to recommend a whole piece. The weakness and meanness of many other lines were excused, on being considered only as made merely for connecting the former, and therefore they were called, as we learn from Marolles's Memoirs, des Vers de Passages. Du Bos, Sect. 7. The reading such works, says Bayle, is like the journey of a caravan over the deserts of Arabia, which often goes twenty or thirty leagues together without finding a single fruit-tree or fountain. This thought has a close resemblance to the 111th line of our poet. *Warton.*

Fabulu, si dubitem, clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti penè *patres:* ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ 'gravis *Æsopus,* quæ doctus *Roscius* egit.
Vel quia nil "rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, 'et quæ
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *Which Betterton's grave action dignified,*
Or well-mouth'd Booth—]

The epithet *gravis,* when applied to a tragedian, signifies dignity of gesture and action; and in this sense the imitator uses the word *grave:* nothing being more destructive of his character than *ranting,* the common vice of stage-heroes, from which this admirable actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd,* a term of the *chase,* here applied to his successor, was not given without a particular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between scientific music and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to BETTERTON, as the earliest of our author's friends; whom he no less esteemed (as Cicero did Roscius) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the excellence of his dramatic performance. Our author lived to see with pleasure, though after a considerable interruption, these qualities again revive and unite in the person of a *third* accomplished actor,* the present ornament of the English theatre.

Warburton.

Ver. 122. *Which Betterton's grave*] There are few characters drawn with such precision, life, nature, and truth, as what Cibber has given us of Betterton, in the fourth chapter of his life. It required no small mastery of language, and knowledge of the difficult art of acting, to be able to convey to the reader an exact and complete idea of the manner in which Betterton so admirably personated the characters of Othello, Hamlet, Hotspur, Brutus, and Macbeth. It were to be wished the same justice could be done

* Mr. Garrick.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which 'Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think "no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

NOTES.

done to Mr. Garrick, who perhaps would not suffer much by a comparison with Betterton. It is at least to be lamented that Dr. Johnson should speak so contemptuously, as he has done more than once, of the profession and abilities of his friend and pupil. Booth was educated at Westminster school, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, who had himself a great love of theatrical representations; and whose early praises of Booth for performing the Pamphilus of Terence, determined him to try his fortune on the stage. His first appearance was in the part of Oroonoko, on the Irish theatre; and in London, that of Maximus in Valentinian. He was reckoned second to Betterton after he had performed Artaban in Rowe's Ambitious Step Mother, and Pyrrhus in the Distressed Mother. But Othello was thought his masterpiece. He was a man of considerable literature, strict integrity, and amiable manners. His figure was clumsy, he stooped, had a large head, and very short arms. Roscius squinted. The lines 122 and 123, on Betterton and Booth, contain too feeble an encomium on the merits of these two excellent actors. *Warton.*

Ver. 124. *a muster-roll of names,*] An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere *proper names* of Greeks and Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the player. *Pope.*

Ver. 129, 130.] Inferior to the original: as ver. 133-4 excel it. *Warburton.*

Jam [v]*Saliare Numæ carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
[x]Quòd si tam Græcis *novitas* invisa fuisset,
Quàm nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?
[y]Ut primùm positis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in *vitium fortunâ labier æquâ;*
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit [z]*equorum:*

NOTES.

Ver. 140. *luxury with Charles restored;*] He says properly *restored*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practised in the reigns of his father and grandfather. *Warburton.*

It was more than a revival. *Warton.*

Ver. 142. A verse of the Lord Lansdown. *Pope.*

Ver. 143. *in horsemanship to excel,—And every flowery courtier writ romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa* by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *persons of quality.* *Pope.*

How deep this infection then reached, may be seen (but not without surprise) from the famous George Lord Digby's translating the three first books of Cassandra. Neither philosophy, public business, nor the bigotry of religion, could keep him (when the folly was become fashionable) from an amusement fit only for boys and girls. *Warburton.*

Astræa, by Honorè d'Urfè, was the best of these high Romances, the first volume of which was published 1610, and dedicated to Henry the Fourth. Boileau has written a Dialogue in the manner of Lucian, full of wit and pleasantry, to expose the High Romance of Gomberville, Calprenade, and De Scuderi, tom. iii. p. 1. *Warton.*

Ver. 146. *And every flowery courtier writ romance.*] The rise and progress of the several branches of literary science is one of the

He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or [v]Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
[x]Had ancient times conspired to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?
[y]In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restored,
In every taste of foreign courts improved,
"All, by the king's example lived and loved."
Then peers grew proud in [z]horsemanship to excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell,
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.

NOTES.

the most curious parts of the history of the human mind; and yet it is that which, amongst us, is least attended to. This of *fictitious history*, or the *Fable*, is not below our notice.—The close connexion which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, strongly inclines us to turn our attention on human affairs, in preference to most other pursuits, and eagerly to wait the course and issue of them. But as the progress of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity, observant men very early contrived to satisfy our impatience, by the invention of *history*, which, by recording the principal circumstances of past facts, and laying them close together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its reflections.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our satisfactions, the procurers to our pleasures run into excess, so it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too insipid to a taste stimulated by the

[a]Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
Suspendit [b]pictâ vultum mentemque tabellâ;

NOTES.

the luxury of art: Men wanted something of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages, those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious fortune; and in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false provocative of enchantment and prodigies.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to see, that too eager a pursuit after *adventures* had drawn him from what first engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the fairy walks of phantoms and chimeras. And now, those who had run furthest after these delusions, were the first to stop short and recover themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of Spanish invention. These presented us with something of *humanity:* but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before had been conducted by *necromancy*, so all, now, was managed by *intrigue*. And though this *humanity* had indeed a kind of *life*, it had yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, grew, however, disgusted at the dryness of the *conduct*, and want of ease in the *catastrophe*.

The avoiding of these defects gave rise to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the French, here ridiculed by our poet; in which, some celebrated story of antiquity was so disguised by modern fable and invention, as was just sufficient to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lie nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagancies, *love* and *honour* supplied the place of *life* and *manners*. But the over-refinement of *Platonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle passion*. Thus, in attempting a more natural representation of it, in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, though the writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *taste*.

At length this great people (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of science has been infinitely obliged) hit upon the true secret

Then [a]marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [b]animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150

NOTES.

cret by which alone a deviation from fact and reality, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of LIFE and MANNERS.

In this species of writing, Mr. de Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England, stand the foremost; and by enriching it with the best part of the *comic* art, may be said to have brought it to its perfection. But the rage of appetite for these amusements, which succeeded, and the monstrous things that now serve for our entertainment, will put us in mind of a story which Plutarch tells of Cæsar; who observing certain barbarians at Rome, caressing young puppy dogs and apes, asked if the women bred no children amongst those strangers, that they were so fond of these grotesque resemblances.—Yet, amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we have been lately entertained with what I will venture to call a master-piece, in the *Fable;* and of a new species likewise. The piece I mean, is THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO. The scene is laid in *Gothic chivalry;* where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the author to go beyond his subject, and effect the full purpose of the *ancient tragedy;* that is, *to purge the passions by pity and terror*, in colouring as great and harmonious as in any of the best dramatic writers. *Warburton.*

If the author of the foregoing remarks had lived in these days, he would have seen a series of productions, from the pen of a single writer, delineating human life and manners, not merely as they appear in any one age or country, but as they have existed in different ages and countries; and *that* with a degree of truth and nature which presents them to our imagination in all the features of reality, and has never been exceeded, except by Shakespear himself.

Ver. 149. *Lely on animated canvas*] If Wycherley in his comedies had nature, says Mr. Walpole, it is nature stark naked. "The

Nunc [c]tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis:
[d]Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupidè petiit, maturè plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
[e]Romæ dulce diu fuit, et solenne, reclusâ
Manè domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [f]nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[f]*Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

NOTES.

"The painters of that time veiled it but little more; Sir Peter Lely scarce saves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent to be taken for any thing but maids of honour. Yet fantastic as his compositions seem, they were pretty much in the dress of the times, as is evident by a Puritan tract in the year 1678, intitled, Just and Reasonable Reprehensions of Naked Breasts and Shoulders."

When Oliver Cromwell sat to Sir Peter Lely, he said to him while sitting: "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

Warton.

Ver. 150. *The sleepy eye,*] This charming line bears a wonderful resemblance to one in an exquisite Greek epigram of Antipater, which it is not probable Pope could have seen:

Ηταιρίαις λινσσῦσα κοραῖς μαλακωτέρον ὕπνω.
Liquescentibus tuens oculis mollius somno. *Warton.*

Ver. 151. *all was love and sport,*] The Memoirs of Grammont, without Burnet's History, would be alone a sufficient monument of the unexampled and coarse corruption and debauchery of the Court of Charles the Second, who diffused a taste, not only for French

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On [c]each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.
But [d]Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
[e]Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To [f]worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;

NOTES.

French manners, but for French government, into this country, full of low admiration of that vain, unfeeling, ambitious, profuse despot, Louis XIV. *Warton.*

Ver. 152. *debauch'd at court:*] In a letter to Lord Clarendon, January 27, 1658; the Duke of Ormond says of Charles II.: "I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar conversations, is become an irresistible part of his nature, and will never suffer him to animate his own designs, and other actions, with that spirit which is requisite for his quality, and much more for his fortune." *Warton.*

Ver. 153. *On each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. *Pope.*

Ver. 155. *But Britain,*] Our author has widely and improperly departed from the context and meaning of his original. Horace speaks only of a change of taste in works of art and literature. Pope has altered it to politics and disputes on government. *Warton.*

Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h]et calet uno
Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior [i]Parthis *mendacior*; et priùs orto
Sole, vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.
[k]Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum*
est,
Promittunt [l]medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
[m]Scribimus indocti doctique poëmata passim.
[n]Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis [o]*avarus*

NOTES.

Ver. 172. *Our wives read Milton,*] Our age deserves rather to be congratulated than satirized, for the general diffusion of knowledge and literature that has taken place, particularly among the fair sex; among whom may be found, not only many intelligent readers, but also able judges of poetry. See Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakespear. *Warton.*

A further alteration has now taken place, and our wives and daughters not only *read* and *judge*, but *write* poetry, in such a manner as to call for no little exertion on the part of the *Lords of the creation*, if they wish to avoid a literary *Gynocracy*.

Ver. 180. *Ward*] A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. *Pope.*

Ver. 186. *Should Ripley venture,*] Politics and partiality, says Lord Orford, in his Anecdotes on Painting, concurred to help on this censure. Ripley was employed by the minister, and had not the countenance of Lord Burlington, the patron of Pope. It is no less true, that the Admiralty is a most ugly edifice, and deservedly veiled by Mr. Adams's handsome screen. Yet Ripley in the mechanic part, and in the disposition of apartments and conveniences, was, unluckily, superior to the Earl himself. Lord Orford's

To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [f]security, his gold.
Now times are changed, and one [h]poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, [i]lie,
Not ——'s self e'er tells more *fibs* than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
[k]He served a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Even [l]Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile;
But [m]those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, [n]reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state: 190
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [o]avarice taints the tuneful mind.

NOTES.

ford's at Houghton, and Lord Walpole's at Woollerton, one of the best houses of the size in England, will, as long as they remain, acquit this artist of the charge of ignorance. *Warton.*

Ver. 191. *the folly benefits mankind;*] For the honour and defence

Non temerè est animus; [p]versus amat, hoc studet unum;

NOTES.

[p] fence of our favourite art, we must here add Dr. Hurd's note on this passage:

"This apology for poets, and, in them, for poetry itself, though delivered with much apparent negligence and unconcern, yet, if considered, will be found to comprize in it every thing, that any, or all, of its most zealous advocates have ever pretended in its behalf.

"For it comprehends: I. [From Ver. 118 to 124.] The personal good qualities of the Poet. Nothing is more insisted on by those, who take upon themselves the patronage and recommendation of any art, than that it tends to raise in the professor of it all those virtues which contribute most to his own proper enjoyment, and render him most agreeable to others. Now this it seems may be urged on the side of poetry, with a peculiar force. For not only the study of this art hath a direct tendency to produce a neglect or disregard of worldly honours and emoluments (from the too eager appetite of which almost all the calamities, as well as the more unfriendly vices, of men arise), but he, whom the benign aspect of the muse hath glanced upon and destined for her peculiar service, is, by constitution, which is ever the best security, fortified against the attacks of them. Thus his raptures in the enjoyment of his muse, make him overlook the common accidents of life: (ver. 121.) he is generous, open, and undesigning by nature: (ver. 122.) to which we must not forget to add, that he is temperate, that is to say, poor by profession.

Vivit siliquis et pane secundo.

"II. (From ver. 124 to 139.) The Utility of the Poet to the State: and this both on a Civil and Moral Account. For, 1, the poets, whom we read in our younger years, and from whom we learn the power of words, and hidden harmony of numbers, that is, as a profound Scotchman teaches, the first and most essential principles of eloquence, enable, by degrees, and instruct their pupil to appear with advantage in that extensively useful capacity of a public speaker.

"And, indeed, graver writers than our poet have sent the orator

Allow him but his [p]plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

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tor to this school. But the pretensions of poetry go on much farther. It delights (from ver. 130 to 132,) to immortalize the triumphs of virtue; to record or feign illustrious examples of heroic worth, for the service of the rising age: and, which is the last and best fruit of philosophy itself, it can relieve even the languor of ill health, and sustain poverty herself under the scorn and insult of contumelious opulence.

"2. In a moral view its services are not less considerable; (for it may be observed the poet was so far of a mind with the philosopher, to give no quarter to immoral poets;) and to this end it serves, 1. (ver. 127) in turning the ear of youth from that early corruptor of its innocence, the seducement of a loose and impure communication.

"2. Next, (ver. 128) in forming our riper age, (which it does with all the address and tenderness of friendship, Amicis præceptis) by the sanctity and wisdom of its precepts. And, 3, which is the proper office of tragedy, in correcting the excesses of the natural passions (ver. 122).

"The reader who doth not turn himself to the original, will be apt to mistake this detail of the virtues of poetry, for an account of the policy and legislation of ancient and modern times; whose proudest boast, when the philanthropy of their enthusiastic projectors ran at the highest, was but to prevent the impressions of vice, to form the mind to habits of virtue, and to curb and regulate the passions.

"III. His Services to Religion. This might well enough be said, whether by religion we understand an internal reverence of the Gods, which poetry first and principally intended, or their popular adorations and worship, which by its fictions, as of necessity conforming to the received fancies of superstition, it must greatly tend to promote and establish; but the Poet, artfully seizing a circumstance, which supposes and concludes in it both these respects, renders his defence vastly interesting.

"All the customary addresses of heathenism to its gods, more especially on any great and solemn emergency, were the work of the

Detrimenta, [q]*fugas* servorum, *incendia* ridet;
Non [r]*fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit siliquis, et pane secundo[s];

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the Poet. For nature, it seems, had taught the Pagan world, what the Hebrew Prophets themselves did not disdain to practise, that to lift the imagination, and, with it, the sluggish affections of human nature, to Heaven, it was expedient to lay hold on every assistance of art. They therefore presented their supplications to the Divinity in the richest and brightest dress of eloquence, which is poetry. Not to insist, that devotion, when sincere and ardent, from its very nature, enkindles a glow of thought which communicates strongly with the transports of poetry. Hence the language of the Gods (for so was poetry accounted, as well from its being the divinest species of communication our rude conceptions can well frame, even for superior intelligences, as for that it was the fittest vehicle of our applications to them) became not the ornament only, but an essential in the ceremonial of Paganism. And this, together with an allusion to a form of public prayer (for such was his secular ode), composed by himself, gives, at once a grace and sublimity to this part of the apology, which are perfectly inimitable.

"Thus hath the great Poet, in the compass of a few lines drawn together a complete defence of his art; for what more could the warmest admirer of poetry, or, because zeal is quickened by opposition, what more could the vehement declaimer against Plato (who proscribed it) urge in its behalf, than that it furnishes, to the Poet himself, the surest means of solitary and social enjoyment and further serves to the most important civil, moral, and religious purposes." *Warton.*

Ver. 195. *Flight of Cashiers,*] Alluding to Mr. Knight's (one of the Cashiers of the South Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that bubble, by which Pope was a considerable sufferer. *Warton.*

Ver. 195. *Flight of Cashiers,*] See in Coxe's interesting Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, an account of the panic of the nation, the extreme violence of the people against the Directors of the South Sea Company, and the flight of Knight, the Cashier:

"A committe

'Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To 'cheat a friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his 'diet.

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"A committee of secrecy being appointed by the Commons to examine all the books, papers, and proceedings relating to the execution of the South Sea act, the members were chosen from the most violent of those who were advocates for indiscriminate and unrelenting severity. Alarmed at these proceedings, Knight, cashier of the company, who alone was privy to all the secret transactions, escaped from England, soon after his first examination, carrying with him the register called the green book, and it was generally suspected, that he took this step with the connivance of government. The committee having reported this event to the House, the Commons ordered the doors to be locked, and the keys laid on the table. General Ross then stated, that the committee had discovered, "a train of the deepest villany and fraud hell ever contrived to ruin a nation, which, in due time, should be laid before the House." In consequence of this vague assertion, four of the directors, who were members, were expelled the house, and taken into custody. The other directors shared the same fate; all their books, papers, and effects were seized, and the royal assent was given to a bill, for restraining them from leaving the kingdom, discovering their estates, and disqualifying them for holding offices in any of the companies." *Bowles.*

Ver. 197. *To cheat a Friend,*] The Friend, perhaps, was George Pitt, Esq., of Shroton, in the county of Dorset, ancestor of the present Lord Rivers. He lived abroad, and, during his absence, intrusted the management of his estates to Walter. Though it appears that Peter went down but once in a year from London to Shroton, merely to receive the annual rents, at the same time that he visited his own estate in Dorsetshire, yet he had 400*l.* per annum *for his trouble.* Besides this, he brought in a claim of 800*l.* for *extra services.* This was contested in Chancery, and the case is

'Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi;*
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
"Os tenerum pueri balbumque poëta figurat:

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is now before me, from which it appears how justly *Pope described him.* *Bowles.*

Ver. 201. *Of little use*] Except these two lines, "*vivit siliquis,*" and "*militiæ quanquam piger et malus,*" all that follows is serious in the original. And I do not think "*os tenerum*" is ridicule. *Warton.*

Ver. 204. *And (though no soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity *(non bene relicta parmula)* in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo,* has a relation to his Epicurism: *Os tenerum pueri,* is ridicule: The nobler office of a poet follows; *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert, &c.,* which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th verses. *Pope.*

Ver. 215. *excuse some courtly stains*] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato,* he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly; and told him that he had better not bring it upon the stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer his design. Mr. Addison approved of this advice; and seemed disposed to follow it. But soon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that some friends, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his having it acted. However, he assured Mr. Pope, that it was with no *party* views; and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and

Of little use the man, you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me shew, a poet's of some weight,
And, 'though no soldier, useful to the state.
'What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210
Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains.

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and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had said:

"Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approved,
And shew you have the virtue to be moved;"

he was much troubled; said it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion; and earnestly begged he would soften it into something less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to *Britons, attend*,—though at the expense both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious family came to the succession, Mr. Addison thought fit to make a merit of CATO, as purposely and directly written to oppose to the schemes of a faction. His poem,

Torquet ab *obscœnis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

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to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner:

"The Muse, that oft with sacred raptures fired,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inspired;
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engaged great CATO in her country's cause;
On you submissive waits." *Warburton.*

In Spence's Collections, I read these anecdotes of Addison, at his house at Byfleet in Surrey, 1754. These anecdotes, which were very curious, and contained many unknown particular circumstances of his contemporaries, were sold to Mr. Dodsley the bookseller, and prepared to be published; when Dr. Lowth, the late excellent bishop of London, and Dr. Ridley, on a close inspection of them, imagined, that from some personalities in them, they were improper for the public eye. They therefore prevailed on Mr. Dodsley to relinquish his bargain, which he readily and generously agreed to do; and the Anecdotes were sealed up and delivered into the hands of the late Duke of Newcastle, the patron and friend of Spence. When Dr. Johnson was writing the Lives of the Poets, application was made to the Duke for an inspection of what related to Pope. It is to be hoped no farther use was ever made of them in any other publication. *Warton.*

Ver. 216. *No whiter page than Addison remains.*] Mr. Addison's literary character is much mistaken, as characters generally are, when taken (as his has been) in the gross. He was but an ordinary poet, and a worse critic. His verses are heavy, and his judgment of men and books superficial. But, in the pleasantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable; Nature having joined in him, as she had done once before in Lucian (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a right use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Menander. *Warburton.*

If Addison's verses are heavy, as is asserted in this note, yet has he displayed (for I must repeat the assertion) a great power of true poetic imagination, in his Vision of Mirza, the Story of Bal-

sora,

He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.

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sora, of Constantia and Theodosius, and many most beautiful allegories. The author, who called his Campaign a gazette in rhyme, never meant to deny that there were many very brilliant passages in this poem. The regular march from place to place, which he followed, like the route of a muster-master-general, was all that was pointed at. See Boileau, Art. Poet. *Warton.*

Ver. 217. *He from the taste obscene, &c.*] This, in imitation of his original, refers to the true poet:

" torquet ab obscœnis ;"

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians;* the character of which is given in the preceding note. But the excellence of the papers called the *Spectator*, may be best gathered from their breaking through party madness, at their birth, and, like the infant Hercules, in the fable of the two snakes, strangling the rage both of the Whig and Tory papers. The fact is too important not to be delivered to posterity. Swift had inflamed party rage into madness, by his *Examiners*, where all the heads of the Whig interest found their characters torn in pieces, and treated in the most cruel and unjust manner. The *Tatler*, till then the delight of the public, was no longer heard; and the efforts of Steele's indiscreet zeal to turn it into a party-paper, did not succeed. So the *Tatler* soon became silent, as no longer inspired by Mr. Addison, who disliked that foolish attempt. But relying on his strength, and supported by the honesty of his intentions, he resolved to try whether it was possible to soften the savage rage of party, by calling off the public attention to it, and fixing it on those amiable *lucubrations*, with a few of which, the world had been so lately charmed in the *Tatler*. It was this, and, at the same time, to keep his friend Steele out of mischief, which made him espouse the projected paper of the *Spectator*. His constant assistance in it had a wonderful effect. It was indeed the

Asperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
Rectè facta refert; [y]orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; [z] *inopem* solatur et *ægrum*.
Castis cum [a]pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde [b]*preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et *præsentia numina* sentit;
Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus;

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full effort of the finest and most original genius in this way of writing. Yet whoever now reflects upon the success at that critical juncture, cannot be less struck with it, than men were at that time. Swift, as appears by his letters lately published, was surprized at the extraordinary success. It mortified his pride, that Mr. A. could draw the public attention from party-matters, when managed by him, where he shone without a rival. He frequently drops hints of his uneasiness that Whigs and Tories were unanimous in the applauses they gave to the *Spectator;* and invidiously represents it as a woman's paper, and patronised chiefly by the ladies. *Warburton.*

Ver. 220. *And pours each*] All this Addison has accomplished in an eminent and unequalled degree in his prose writings; but propriety required that the example should have been given, not from writings in prose, but verse. Pope has here deserted and deviated from his original, and put a change on his readers. I will just add, that Addison said he had taken the admirable character of Vellum from the Scornful Lady. *Warton.*

Pope has not expressly referred either to the prose or verse of Addison; and the reader may therefore apply the commendation to either, or include both, according to his own judgment.

Ver. 224. " *The rights a court attack'd,*] For this passage our author was threatened with a prosecution. *Warton.*

Ver. 226. *the idiot and the poor,*] A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. *Pope.*

Ver. 229. *who merit other palms;*] Horace, in the seven lines of

Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engraved:
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [x] relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And [y] stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The [z] boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion [a] touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper muse?

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of the original, *Castis cum pueris, &c.* is perfectly serious, and Pope has indulged a vein of ill-placed humour and pleasantry, in laughing at poor Sternhold and Hopkins, and Psalm-singing in country churches. A very accurate and entertaining account is given in the History of English Poetry, of this musical version of the Psalms, which was made after the model of Clement Marot, who, about the year 1570, hoped to have introduced a spirit of devotion into the court of Francis I. by substituting divine hymns instead of chansons d'amour, among the ladies and nobility. And Thomas Sternhold, a native of Hampshire, and educated at Winchester college, hoped to do the same in the court of Edward VI. to whom he was a groom of the bed-chamber. His coadjutor was John Hopkins, a schoolmaster in Suffolk, who translated fifty-eight of the Psalms; and another assistant was William Whyttingham, dean of Durham, who also versified the Decalogue, the Nicene, Apostolic, and Athanasian Creeds. And Thomas Norton, who joined with Lord Buckhurst in writing the tragedy of Gorboduc, joined also in this work, and turned into metre twenty-seven Psalms. History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 168, by Thomas Warton. *Warton.*

Avertit morbos, [c]*metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d]Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e]Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, pueris, et conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[f]Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter: [g]donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impunè minax. Doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: [h]quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi. Vertêre modum, formidine fustis
Ad [i]*bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

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Ver. 240. *by violence of song.*] Dr. Brown, an able judge of music, says, that the performance of our parochial psalms, though in the villages it be often as mean and meagre as the words that are sung, yet in great towns, where a good organ is skilfully and devoutly employed by a sensible organist, the union of this instrument with the voices of a well-instructed congregation, forms one of the grandest scenes of unaffected piety that human nature can afford. The reverse of this appears, when a company of illiterate people form themselves into a choir distinct from the congregation. Here devotion is lost between the impotent vanity of those who sing, and the ignorant wonder of those who listen.

But Mr. Mason has exhausted this subject in his very judicious and elegant Essay on Psalmody. *Warton.*

Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down [c]Pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the laboring throng,
And [d]heaven is won by violence of song.
Our [e]rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And [f]taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and [g]nature, ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took the alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome [h]dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to [i]flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

[k]Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. Sic horridus ille
Defluxit [l]*numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum

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Ver. 263. *We conquer'd France,*] Pope has failed in ascribing that introduction of our polite literature to France, which Horace attributes to Greece among the Romans (ver. 15. orig.). It was to Italy, among the moderns, that we owed our true taste in poetry. Spenser and Milton imitated the Italians, and not the French. And if he had correctness in his view, let us remember, that in point of regularity and correctness, the French had no dramatic piece equal to the Silent Woman of Ben Jonson, performed 1609; at which time Corneille was but three years old. The rules of the drama are as much violated in the Cid, 1637, beautiful as it is, as in the Macbeth, Lear, and Othello, all written before Corneille was born; whose first comedy, Melite, which is now never acted, was represented 1624. The pieces of the very fertile Hardy (for he wrote six hundred), the immediate predecessor of Corneille, are full of improbabilities, indecorums, and absurdities, and by no means comparable to Melite. As to the correctness of the French stage, of which we hear so much, the rules of the three unities are indeed rigorously and scrupulously observed: but the best of their tragedies, even some of those o the sweet and exact Racine, have defects of another kind, and ar what may be justly called descriptive and declamatory dramas and contain the sentiments and feelings of the author, or th spectator, rather than of the person introduced as speaking "After the Restoration," says Pope, in the margin, "Waller, wit the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated th Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets bega to be in reputation." But the model was unfortunately and in judiciously chosen; for the Pompey of Corneille is one of h most exceptionable tragedies. And the rhyme translation the gave of it is performed pitifully enough. Even Voltaire confesse that Corneille is always making his heroes say of themselves, th they are great men. Pope mentions only Waller and Denha as masters of versification. What! did Milton contribute nothin

[k]We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l]numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

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to the harmony and extent of our language? Nothing to our national taste, by his noble imitations of Homer, Virgil, and the Greek tragedies? Surely his verses vary, and resound as much, and display as much majesty and energy as any that can be found in Dryden. And we will venture to say, that he that studies Milton attentively, will gain a truer taste for genuine poetry, than he that forms himself on French writers, and their followers. *Warton.*

Ver. 267. *Waller was smooth;*] Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille, and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation. *Pope.*

Ver. 269. *The long majestic march,*] But Dryden himself says, that he used the Alexandrine line in imitation of Spenser. It cannot be allowed that Pope, as is asserted in the following note, by his perpetual encomiums preserved his master from falling into neglect. This truly great but incorrect poet stood in no need of such assistance. *Warton.*

Ver. 269. *energy divine.*] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what he owed to the genius and writings of this great poet, occasioned these perpetual encomiums; which have preserved his master from falling into neglect, and have even raised his reputation higher than ever. Cicero did the same grateful office to Crassus and Antonius, to whom he had the same obligations. One of the principal reasons he gives for making them the chief speakers in his famous dialogue *de Oratore* is, "ut laudem eorum jam prope senescentem quantum ego possem (says he) ab oblivione hominum atque

Manserunt, hodieque manent, [m]*vestigia ruris.*
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post [n]*Punica bella* quietus quærere cœpit,
Quod [o]Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, si dignè vertere posset:
Et placuit sibi, naturâ sublimis et acer:
Nam [p]spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q]turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram.*
Creditur, ex [r]*medio* quia res arcessit, habere

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atque a silentio vindicarem—deberi hoc a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi.—" *Warburton.*

Ver. 274. *Corneille's noble fire,*] Father Tournemine used to relate, that M. de Chalons, who had been secretary to Mary de Medicis, and had retired to Rouen, was the person who advised Corneille to study the Spanish language; and read to him some passages of Guillon de Castro, which struck Corneille so much, that he determined to imitate his Cid. The artifices used by Richlieu, and the engines he set to work to crush this fine play, are well known. Not one of the cardinal's tools was so vehement as the Abbé d'Aubignac; who attacked Corneille on account of his family, his person, his gesture, his voice, and even the conduct of his domestic affairs. When the Cid first appeared, says Fontenelle, the cardinal was as much alarmed as if he had seen the Spaniards at the gates of Paris. In the year 1635, Richlieu, in the midst of the important political concerns that occupied his mighty genius, wrote the greatest part of a play, called La Comédie des Tuilleries in which Corneille proposed some alterations to be made in the third act, which honest freedom the cardinal never forgave.

The Medea of Corneille was played 1635. It was the first tolerable tragedy produced in France after the Sophonisba of Mairet, 1633. It is remarkable, that, both in Italy and France, Sophonisba was the story that gave rise to the drama from the hands of Trissino and Mairet. *Warton.*

Though still some traces of our [m]rustic vein,
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation [n]breath'd from civil war.
Exact [o]Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the [p]tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And [q]fluent Shakespear scarce effaced a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The [r]humble muse of comedy require.

NOTES.

Ver. 275. *something to admire.*] How highly soever we ought to think of the exact Racine, who deserved a stronger epithet, and of the spirited Corneille, France shewed us also another Poet worthy admiration, I mean Molière; who, in his way, is equal, if not superior, to the two former. I fear we have no English writer of comedy whom we can put in competition with Molière. Yet this incomparable writer, whose comedies are a school of virtue, and whose life was irreproachable, was forbidden Christian burial by Harlay, archbishop of Paris, because he was an actor; and, on a remonstrance from his wife to the king, was at last allowed to be privately interred, without the usual funeral ceremonies, while Madame Molière cried out: "Quoi, l'on réfusera la sépulture à un homme qui mérite des autels!" As to the skilfulness of Racine in speaking, mentioned above, it is known that he taught Champmeale, with whom he was in love, to speak with justness and propriety, who also instructed her niece, Madame du Clos, in the same style of speaking; but which sort of declamation being rather too pompous and stiff, was brought down to a more natural tone by Baron and Le Couvreur. Garrick did the same on our stage.

Warton.

Sudoris minimum; sed habet *Comœdia* tanto
Plus oneris, [a]quantò veniæ minus. Aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto [b]*partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dossennus [c]*edacibus in parasitis;*
Quàm [d]*non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco.*

NOTES.

Ver. 282. *Some doubt,*] "Tragedy," says Dr. Hurd, "whose end is the pathos, produces it by action, while comedy produces its end, the humorous, by character. Now it is much more difficult to paint manners, than to plan action, because that requires the Philosopher's knowledge of human nature; this only the Historian's knowledge of human events." But in answer to this assertion, Dr. Brown observes, "That, in the course of this argument, it seems entirely forgot, that the tragic Poet's province is not only to plan, but to paint too. Had he no further task, than what depends on the mere historian's knowledge of human events the reasoning would hold: but as it is the first and most essential effort of his genius, in the construction of a complete tragedy, to invent and order a pathetic plan, consistent in all its parts, and rising towards its completion by a succession of incidents which may keep up and continually increase terror or pity; it is manifest that the perfection of his plan depends not on his mere historic knowledge of human events, but on his philosophic discernment of human passions; aided by a warm and enlarged invention: talents as rare, at least, as the knowledge or discernment of human characters. If to this we add the subsequent task, of giving the high colourings of passion to the tragic plan thus ordered, the difficulty of writing a complete tragedy may seem to be in some respect equal, in others superior, to that of producing a complete comedy for, in the conduct of this last species, it is acknowledged, that small degree of poetic invention will support it." Brumoy has given a long and judicious dissertation on this question in the fifth volume of his Grecian Theatre, page 251, which at last he leaves undecided. But does there not appear to be a fundamental error in stating the question? for character is as essentially necessary to tragedy as to comedy. How are the incidents that constitute fab

But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, 'as the indulgence less.
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if 'Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The "stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky "eat with vast applause!

NOTES.

fable to be brought about, but by agents, that are compelled to act in such or such a manner, by their particular propensities and passions, which constitute character? Are not Electra and Medea as strong characters as Lady Townly and Millamant? and Othello and Macbeth as Thraso or Menedemus? In short, in a good tragedy, there must be an union both of character and action. But it is said that a good plot is not so essential to comedy as to tragedy: if so, the superior difficulty of writing the former disappears. In the rank and order of geniuses it must, I think, be allowed, that the writer of good tragedy is superior. And, therefore, I think the opinion, which I am sorry to perceive gains ground, that Shakespear's chief and predominant talent lay in comedy, tends to lessen the unrivalled excellence of our divine bard.

There still remains another remark to be made on this passage of Horace: How were the Romans to judge of the truth and nature of the characters in their comedies, when these characters were those of another nation, and their comedies being chiefly mere translations from the Greek, and therefore to them not "known images of life!" *Warton.*

Ver. 287. *Congreve*] He alludes to the characters of Brisk and Witwood. Dr. Johnson says, rather strangely, "his comedies have the operation of tragedies." *Warton.*

Ver. 290. *Astrea*] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene Plays, &c. *Pope.*

Gestit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus, cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad scenam [y] ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit ac reficit: [z] Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[a] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quòd numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, et [b] depugnare parati,
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut [c] *ursum* aut *pugiles:* his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verùm [d] *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos* et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] *equitum* turmæ, peditumque catervæ:

NOTES.

Ver. 291. *Who fairly puts*] How came Mrs. Behn's name to be inserted among the *best* writers that have not succeeded? *Warton.*

Ver. 296. *O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys*] The metaphor is fine; but inferior to the original, in many respects.

" Ventoso gloria curru,"

has a happy air of ridicule, heightened by its allusion to the Roman triumph. *Warburton.*

Dr. Hurd imagines these lines are not spoken by the poet in his own person, but are the sentiments of an objector, whom, according to his manner, Horace suddenly introduces as urging them. Pope, we see, did not consider the passage in this light. *Warton.*

But fill their [x]purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom [y]vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage, by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[z]Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[a]There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit:
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, [b] to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, [c]the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now [d]of Lords:
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot [e]and horse;

NOTES.

Ver. 305. *The many-headed monster*] This epithet Warton says is taken from Ben Jonson; I rather think, from Shakespear. *Bowles.*

Ver. 310. *What dear delight*] In former editions:

For farce the people true delight affords,
Farce, long the taste of mobs, but now of lords. *Warton.*

Ver. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*] From *plays* to *operas*, and from operas to *pantomimes*. *Warburton.*

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[f]Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g]*elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentiùs ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h]narrare putaret *asello*
Fabellam surdo. Nam quæ [i]pervincere voces
Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
[k]*Garganum mugire* putes *nemus* aut *mare Tuscum.*
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
[l]*Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus* [m]*oblitus actor*
Cum stetit in scenâ, concurrit dextera lævæ.

NOTES.

Ver. 316. *Pageants on pageants,*] Long before Horace wrote, Tully, in an Epistle to Marius, book 7, had ridiculed these absurd shews, spectacles, and processions on the stage. "Quid enim delectationis habent sexcenti muli in Clytemnestra? aut in equo Trojano craterarum tria millia? aut armatura varia, peditatûs et equitatûs, ut in aliquâ pugnâ? quæ popularem admirationem habuerunt, delectationem tibi nullam attulissent." *Warton.*

Ver. 319. *Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.*] The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion. *Pope.*

Of late years, and since this was written, these extravagancies have been carried to a greater length of folly and absurdity, which have nearly ruined the stage, and extinguished a taste for true dramatic poetry.

Yet let this verse ("and long may it remain!") shew there was one

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With [f]laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or [g]elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless [h]poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its [i]throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on [k]Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l]petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the [m]lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters,—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" "Not a syllable."

NOTES.

one who held it in disdain long before our author; Rowe thus complains, in the Epilogue to his first play:

Must Shakespear, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin? *Warton.*

Ver. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep,*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. *Pope.*

Ver. 331. *At Quin's high plume,*] More celebrated for acting inimitably well the characters of Zanga and Falstaff, than that of Cato. But still more justly celebrated for his original wit, his generosity and friendship for Thomson, whose distresses he once relieved in the most liberal and delicate manner. *Warton.*

Ver. 335. "*But has he spoken?*"] Æsopus, says Tully, lost his voice

Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet e
[n]Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne fortè putes me, quæ facere ipse recuse
Cùm rectè tractent alii, laudare malignè;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poëta, [o]meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modò me Thebis, modò
Athenis.
[p]Verùm age, et his, qui se *lectori* credere ma

NOTES.

voice by straining it to speak loud enough to be heard amid
noise of the theatre. We must always recollect the vast
of the ancient theatres, and the multitude of the audienc
spectators. *War*

Ver. 342. *'Tis he, who gives*] These six following vers
much superior to the original, and some of the most forci
our language. They contain the very end and essence of
tic poetry. The scenes of most of the ancient tragedies we
at Thebes or Athens.

This is a perfect and just idea of true and genuine poet
the exclusion of mere moral couplets and didactic lines of H
and Boileau's Satires and Epistles; the former of whom po
and directly disclaims all right and title to the name of po
the score of his ethic pieces alone. For,

—— neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis——

are words we hear often repeated, but whose meaning is r
tended and weighed as it ought to be. If by such a decisi
ranks of rhymers should be diminished, the greater is the
of the few that remain in the field. We do not, it should
sufficiently attend to the difference there is betwixt a man
a man of sense, and a true poet. Donne and Swift we
doubtedly men of wit and men of sense; but what trace
they left of pure poetry? It is remarkable that Dryden
Donne: "He was the greatest wit, though not the g

"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"
"Cato's [n]long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair."

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume to instruct the times
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he, [o]who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

[p]But not this part of the poetic state,
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:

NOTES.

poet of this nation." Which of these characters is the most valuable and useful is entirely out of the question; all we plead for is, to have their several provinces kept distinct from each other. *Warton.*

Ver. 348. *this part of the poetic state,*] "The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men that we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakespear; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a placid, pleasing kind of dignity in Rowe; and even shone in his Jane Shore. It trod in sublime and classic fetters in Cato, but void of nature or the power of affecting the passions. In Southerne it seemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakespear; but falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in the Mourning Bride: grew stark mad in Lee, whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young;

Quàm *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam impende brevem: si [q]munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris*, et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[r]Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poëtæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea,) cùm tibi librum
[s]*Solicito* damus, aut *fesso:* cum lædimur, [t]*unum*
Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprêndere *versum:*
Cùm loca jam [u]recitata revolvimus *irrevocati:*
Cùm [w]lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poëmata *filo;*
Cùm [x]speramus eò rem venturam, ut, simul atque

NOTES.

Young; yet in both it was still a poet's cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton, who were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand, and then it languished. We have not mounted again above the two last."—Walpole's Observations.

From this account of dramatic poets by the late Lord Orford, Dr. Warton very properly excepts the tragedy of Douglas. I may be here permitted to pay a similar tribute to the excellent tragedies of Miss Baillie, which abound in rich description, eloquent language, and genuine pathos. *Bowles.*

Ver. 350. *Think of those authors, Sir,*] Augustus being greatly and exclusively fond of dramatic poets alone, Horace puts in a word of recommendation for those of another species. The good prince, to whom our author was writing, was equally indifferent to poets of all kinds and sorts, and asked, when some body was highly praising Milton: "Why did he not write his Paradise Lost in prose!" *Warton.*

Ver. 354. *a library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine library, then building by Augustus. *Pope.*

Ver. 355. *Merlin's cave*] A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice collection of books. *Pope*

T

Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a [t]library with wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfinish'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [u]poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd;
The [x]season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A [y]single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [z]unask'd; lament, the [a]wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epistles to the King;
And [b]from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the crown;

NOTES.

[t] To mention Merlin's Cave, for the Palatine library, heightens the ridicule. *Warton.*

Ver. 366. *Repeat unask'd;*] Unavoidably weaker than the original, *loco jam recitata;* public recitations before great audiences, collected for that purpose, being common at Rome (see many Epistles in Pliny,) to which we have no custom that can answer in an imitation. Juvenal, in a well known passage, laughs at Statius's reciting his Thebaid:

" Curritur ad vocem jucundam," &c. *Warton.*

Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultrò
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et *scribere cogas.*
Sed tamen est [y]*operæ pretium* cognoscere, *quales*
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, [z]*indigno* non committenda *poëtæ.*
[a]Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus et malè natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed, veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, ferè scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille, poëma
Qui tam ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se,* præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
Fortis [b]*Alexandri vultum simulantia.* Quòd si

NOTES.

Ver. 379. *Laureat's weighty place.*] It became a fashion for all the admirers and followers of Pope to join with him in condemning Colley Cibber. Dr. Johnson wrote a very pointed Epigram on this subject, which was also equally severe on George the Second:

" Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For nature formed the poet for the king." *Warton.*

Ver. 380. *Charles, to late times, &c.*] In the third volume of the *Catholic Church History of England,* printed at Brussels, 1742, fol. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's agent: " Before Panzani set out on his journey, (to England,) which was about the year 1635, her Majesty wrote a letter to Cardinal Barberini; wherein, amongst other things, she desired he would use his interest with the famous sculptor, Cavalier Bernini, that he would cut two bustos; one of the king, the other of herself: which were to be brought over by Panzani, alleging that her husband

Or dubb'd historians by express command,
To enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet 'think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown;)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known;
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the [a]Laureat's weighty place.
[a]Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great [b]Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;

NOTES.

husband was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and no present could be more acceptable to him. Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and had lately refused the like favour to the Cardinal Richlieu, who desired his own busto from the same hand. But Barberini's reputation and address prevailed upon him to grant the request. I mention this busto upon account of the extraordinary circumstances which attended it; some whereof are taken notice of by our historians. But what I shall further relate, is not commonly known. It is reported, that when Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to which he was to form the king's busto, he observed such melancholic lines, that they in a manner spoke some dismal fate that would befal the person it represented. And this he signified to those who were present." P. 38. *Warburton.*

Ver. 382. *And great Nassau*] "This prince," says Mr. Walpole, "like most of those in our annals, contributed nothing to the advancement of the arts. He was born in a country where taste never flourished, and nature had not given it to him as an embellishment to his great qualities. Reserved, unsociable, ill in his health, and soured by his situation, he sought none of those amusements that make the hours of the happy much happier. He had so little leisure to attend to, or so little disposition to men of wit,

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,

NOTES.

wit, that when St. Evremond was introduced to him, the king said coldly: 'I think you was a major-general in the French service'." *Warton.*

Ver. 384. *So well in paint*] The taste and knowledge of Charles I. in the fine arts are universally known and acknowledged; and his fondness for Shakespear and Fairfax's Tasso, shews his judgment in poetry. *Warton.*

Ver. 385. *But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.*] This is not to be wondered at, since the *sacerdotal* character has been separated from the *regal*. This *discerning of spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch, which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace, Archbishop Abbot, was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *rescripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States. "You must take heed how you trust DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive him to be SO ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the king, by reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so tedious, and full of tittle tattle, that the king's *judgment was of him, that he was some* PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDGMENT. And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him so long as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or else he would make the king weary of him. This did not take place, but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was especially observed one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Casaubon (as I think), my Lord intreated him to stay to supper, which he did. There was present Dr. Steward and another civilian, unto whom he flings out some question of that profession; and was so full of words, that Dr. Steward afterwards told my Lord: *That he did perceive*

So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385

NOTES.

perceive by him, that, like a SMATTERER, *he had studied some two or three questions; whereof when he came in company he must be talking, to vindicate his skill; but if he were put from those, he would shew himself but a* SIMPLE FELLOW. There was present also Dr. Richardson, the king's Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, and another doctor in that faculty, with whom he falleth in also, about some of those questions, which are now controverted amongst the ministers in Holland; and being matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what a man he had there, who, never being in the place or company before, could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time. I write this unto you so largely, that you may know the disposition of the man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." *Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 459. *Scribl.*

Seriously, *my Lord of Ely*'s case was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day: for as exposed as their Lordships may be to these kind of insults, happy is it, that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for aught I know, may be as far off as a second century of *my Lords of Ely*. But it was enough that this *simple fellow* was an Arminian and a Republican, to be despised by Abbot and his Master. For, in the opinion of these great judges of merit, religion and society could not subsist without PREDESTINATION and ARBITRARY POWER. However, this *discerning spirit*, it is certain, had not left L. when the grave historian, Anthony Wood, was so hospitably entertained there; who, in the journal of his life, under the year 1671, tells the following story: "I and John Echard, the author of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with Archbishop Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbishop had withdrawn and *selected* his company, I was called into the withdrawing room, and Echard was left behind to *go drink and smoke with the Chaplains*." So well adjusted was this respect of persons; Echard, the wittiest man of the age, was very fitly left to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony Wood, without all peradventure

[c]Bœotûm in crasso jurares aëre natum.
[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque*
Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poëtæ;]
Nec magis expressi [d]vultus per ahenea signa,
Quàm per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. Nec sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [e]quàm *res* componere *gestas*,
Terrarumque [f]situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et [g]*barbara regna*, tuisque
Auspiciis *totum* [h]*confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Claustraque [h]custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et [i]formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si, quantum cuperem, possem quoque. Sed neque parvum
[k]Carmen *majestas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem [l]*stultè*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Præcipuè cùm se *numeris* commendat et arte.
Discit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud

NOTES.

peradventure the dullest, was called in to enjoy the conversation of his Grace. *Warburton.*

Ver. 385. *But kings in wit*] They may, nevertheless, be very good kings. It is not for his verses, any more than for his victories, that the late king of Prussia will be celebrated by posterity: but for softening the rigours of a despotic government, by a code of milder laws than his crouching people had known before; and for building many villages and farm-houses, to encourage agriculture, and repair the wastes and ravages of war. He must therefore be pardoned for an absurd judgment, which he has passed on Homer, whom he could not read in the original, where he says: "Ses chants et l'action ont peu ou point de liaison les uns avec les

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [c]Russian bear."
Not with such [d]majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shined
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [e]arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What [f]seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g]barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h]Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i]Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne!
But [k]verse, alas! your Majesty disdains,
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of [l]fools offends at any time,
But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

NOTES.

les autres, ce qui leur a mérité le nom de rapsodies." Preface to the Henriade. *Warton.*

Ver. 387. *pension'd Quarles;*] Who has lately been more favourably spoken of by some ingenious critics; particularly by the author of Thirty Letters. *Warton.*

Ver. 397. *how dearly bought!*] All this is in the spirit of the most contemptuous irony! *Bowles.*

Quod *quis* [m]*deridet*, quàm quod *probat* et *veneratur*
Nil moror [n]officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *fic*
In [o]*pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec pravè factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne [p]rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et unà
Cum [q]scriptore meo capsâ porrectus apertâ,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus, et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

Ver. 409. *they say I bite.*] If any key had been wanting to t artful irony contained in this imitation, especially in the last si teen lines, this one verse would have been sufficient to fix t poet's intention. Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Hurd take t least notice of any irony being intended in this imitation. To wh motive shall we ascribe this cautious silence? *Warton.*

Undoubtedly to their supposing it to be impossible for any p son to misunderstand it.

The Satire, however, is not directed so much against the m narch, who frequently cannot avoid the ridiculous praises a gross flatteries which are so abundantly poured out upon him, against those writers who sacrifice their conscience and deb their talents in commending a sovereign for qualifications whi he does not possess, and to which perhaps he does not ev pretend.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say [m]I bite.
A vile [n]encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o]woful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he [p]blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q]Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flattering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

In this piece, which was first published by Dodsley in 1737, Pope, as in several of the preceding Imitations, has frequently referred to the circumstances of his early life, in a manner well calculated to conciliate the favour of the reader, and indirectly to elucidate some parts of his own history. His self-taught acquirements, and the disadvantages he had to sustain on account of his religious tenets, are noticed at ver. 52, &c. His distaste to a town life, at ver. 88, &c. The philosophic indifference with which he regards superlative wealth and extensive possessions, at ver. 212, &c. The firmness and resignation with which he looks forwards towards the close of life, are finely expressed at the conclusion, where he has modified, and chastened, and perhaps excelled, his original.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis [a]amice Neroni,
[b]Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et
Candidus, et talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,
Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet; argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ:
Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti:
Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi pleniùs æquo
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære;
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temerè à me
Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit),
In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
Des nummos, excepta nihil te si *fuga* lædat."

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Dear Colonel,*] Addressed to Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham, near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the desire of Charles the First, translated Davila into English. The second line of this Imitation, "You love," &c. is feeble and useless. Horace, without preface, enters at once, in his second line, on the story, "Si quis forte," &c. And the fifteenth line, "But, Sir, to you," is uncommonly languid and prosaic. *Warton.*

Ver. 4. "*This lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity. *Warburton.*

EPISTLE II.

lonel, CORHAM's and your country's friend,
a verse; take such as I can send.
aman comes, presents you with his boy,
. begins: "This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
iis shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
ion! I'd have him see the world:
:h is pure; his voice too—you shall hear—
/our slave, for twenty pound a-year.
: as yet, you fashion him with ease,
ber, cook, upholsterer, what you please:
genius at an opera-song—
o much might do my honour wrong.
. with all his virtues, on my word;
: ambition was to serve a Lord;
to you, with what would I not part? 15
aith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
l but once) I caught him in a lie,
, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry;
he has I fairly shall reveal,
u o'erlook but that) it is—to steal." 20

NOTES.

is—to steal."] The fault of the slave-seller's boy is only
m away; but the young Frenchman has been guilty
this makes his behaviour more unpardonable, and
be overlooked by the purchaser: a circumstance that
ture of the allusion, and the probability of the bar-
Warton.

'Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex:
Insequeris tamen hunc, et lîte moraris iniquâ.
'Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi; dixi
Talibus officiis propè mancum: ne mea sævus
Jurgares ad te quòd epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quòd
Exspectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
'Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summè munito, et multarum divite rerum.

NOTES.

Ver. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. *Pope.*
Sir Godfrey Kneller. *Warburton.*

Ver. 27. *Consider then,*] Horace offers seven reasons by way of apology for not sending an Epistle to his friend Florus; that he told him he was naturally indolent; that no man in his senses would write verses, if not compelled by necessity; that he was now too old to be writing verses; that it was impossible to gratify the different tastes of readers; that it was also impossible to write amidst the noise and bustle of Rome; that the profession of a poet is subject to many inconveniences, arising from envy, jealousy, and flattery; that it is time to leave off trifling studies and pursuits, and fix his whole attention on morals and the duties of life. *Warton.*

Ver. 33. *In* ANNA's *wars, &c.*] Many parts of this story are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the original. *Warburton.*
Marlborough

'If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
'Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws, to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
'In ANNA's wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

NOTES.

Marlborough is placed here to answer Lucullus in the original. The character of the latter is so well and elegantly drawn by Middleton in the first volume of the Life of Tully, as to make it one of the most pleasing parts of that celebrated work.

Warton.

Ver. 37. *This put the man, &c.*] Much below the original:

"Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
Iratus pariter, *jejunis dentibus acer*;"

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

Warburton.

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummûm.
Fortè sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere prætor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
"I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?"
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
Ibit eò, quò vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.
'Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri
Iratus Graiis quantùm nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecêre bonæ paulò plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,

NOTES.

Ver. 43. *Gave him much praise, and* some *reward beside.*] For the sake of a stroke of satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery. *Warburton.*

Ver. 45. *Its name*] An idle, expletive line. As also his verse 49, below: *Don't you remember;* evidently taken from Dacier: Ne savez vous l'histoire du soldat de Lucullus? *Warton.*

Ver. 51. "*Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.*"] This has neither the force nor the justness of the original. Horace makes his soldier say:

"——— Ibit,
Ibit eò, quò vis, qui zonam perdidit;"

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger; many being sufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the sudden change of condition occasioned by losses. What betrayed our Poet into this inaccuracy of expression was, its suiting better with the *application*. But, in a great writer, we pardon nothing. And such should not forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for then they reflect mutual light upon one another. *Warburton.*

Ver. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*] This circumstance

Next pleased his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter;)
"Go on, my friend, (he cried,) see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
'Bred up at home, full early I begun,
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.

NOTES.

cumstance has a happier application in the *Imitation* than in the *Original;* and properly introduces the 68th verse. *Warton.*

Ver. 55. *The better art*] Dacier interprets the words, *curvo dignoscere rectum*, the study of geometry, which is rather absurd. *Warton.*

Ver. 55. *The better art to know the good from bad:*] Our Poet mistook, as many have done before and since his time, the true meaning of his author:

Scilicèt ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum:

that is, to distinguish a *right line* from a *curve:* for geometry was the indispensable introduction to the philosophy of the academic school. Creech was our Poet's guide:

And taught me how to separate bad from good.

And the reader, who will make the comparison, will discover various obligations throughout these Imitations to that translator. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 57. *in Maudlin's learned grove.*] He had a partiality for this college in Oxford, in which he had spent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby, who provided rooms for him at that college. *Warton.*

Atque inter silvas Academi *quærere* verum.
Dura sed emovêre loco me tempora grato;
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primùm me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi; paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicutæ*,
Ni melius dormire putem quàm scribere versus?
'Singula de nobis anni *prædantur* euntes:
Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum:*

NOTES.

Ver. 60. *by sufferers thought unjust,*] By orders from government for the removal of Papists to a certain distance from the metropolis. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 63. *mighty* WILLIAM'*s*] Horace uses some very artful and apologetical terms, in the original, in speaking of the part he had taken against Augustus. Dura tempora—belli æstus civilis—Augusti lacertis—dimisere—decisis pennis—for being totally plundered. *Warton.*

Ver. 64. *For Right Hereditary*] Admirable as these lines are, yet, from the nature of the subject, they cannot be so interesting as the events in Horace's life. The inconveniency Pope laboured under from being a Papist, and subject to penal laws, are not so striking as Horace's being taken from Athens by Brutus; and having the command of a Roman legion given to him; being present at the battle of Philippi; and losing all his property for his attachment to Brutus and his republican friends. Dacier, like a true Frenchman, imagines, that a want of proper officers induced Brutus to give Horace this command in the army. Did he not recollect or know, that great numbers of young Romans, of spirit and ability, flocked to the standard of Brutus, and appeared forward in supporting the great cause of liberty? *Warton.*

Ver. 69. *Indebted to no prince or peer alive,*] Indeed, it would be

But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thundering arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But, (thanks to Homer,) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.
'Years following years, steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend;

NOTES.

be very hard upon authors, if the subscribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and consequently reflects back part of it on the *Subscribers*, should be esteemed a debt or obligation. *Warburton.*

Ver. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital. *Warburton.*

Ver. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away;*] i. e. *Time* changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations. *Warburton.*

Ver. 74. *In one our frolics,*] These two lines are languid in comparison of the brevity of the original:

——— jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Languid also is verse 80:

——— what would you have me do?

and verse 85 is too quaint and proverbial. Also in ver. 88, instead

Tendunt extorquere poëmata. Quid faciam vis?
[h]Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: his delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu, quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sanè est invisum acidumque duobus.
[i]Præter cætera, me *Romæne* poëmata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas, totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

NOTES.

stead of the single word, *præterea*, he has given a whole line. But, on the other hand, the verses 90 and 91 are very forcible. *Warton.*

Ver. 83. *and that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern lyric poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid: the other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicy taste, and equally high flavoured. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense;* whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace. *Warburton.*

The note on this passage concerning our common modern lyric poetry, was written some years before Gray had so effectually vindicated this species of poetry from the objections here made to it. *Warton.*

Ver. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as *intimating* that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury. *Warburton.*

But it does not appear to be at all *intimated*. *Warton.*

Ver. 93. *A poet begs, &c.*] Many are the poets who could not do justice to their works by reading them with propriety. Corneille, Dryden, and Thomson, were remarkably bad readers. On the contrary, Virgil, Racine, and Boileau, and above all, Nat Lee, were

This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
[h]But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.
[i]But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square—

NOTES.

were most excellent reciters. Just reading is an uncommon talent. The Duke de la Rochefoucault would never become a member of the French Academy, lest he should expose himself by his pronunciation of the speech necessary on that occasion. I had once the pleasure of hearing Quin read the Second Book of Milton, with marvellous propriety and harmony. And the late Mr. Henderson excelled in recitation. *Warton.*

Ver. 94. *In Palace-yard*] I am sorry he omitted, *intervalla humanè commoda*; which heightens the distress and inconvenience. In verse 101, a hackney-coach is better than, calidus redemptor. But verse 107, contains an image unnecessarily coarse and filthy. And

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque;
Intervalla vides humanè commoda. "Verùm
Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet."
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hâc rabiosa fugit canis, hâc lutulenta ruit sus.
[k]I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes*,
Ritè cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbrâ.
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?
[l]Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit *Athenas*
Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque

NOTES.

And verse 115, is little to the purpose. I will give the reader an opportunity of comparing, and if he is impartial, of preferring, this passage of Pope with one of Boileau on the same subject:

Qu'en tous lieux les chagrins m'attendent un passage;
Un cousin abusant d'un factieux parentage,
Veut qu'encore tout poudreux, et sans me débotter,
Chez vingt juges pour lui j'aille solliciter;
Il faut voir de ce pas le plus considerables,
L'un demeure au Marais, et l'autre aux incurables;
Je recois vingt airs qui me glacent d'effroi,
Hier, dit on, de vous en parla chez le roi—

Epître vi. v. 47.

Compare also the sixth satire of Boileau, containing the description of Les Embarras de Paris, from verse 3 to verse 82; particularly verse 45. *Warton.*

Ver. 112. *Blackmore himself,*] In the *Battle of the Books*, we are surprised to find Swift preferring Blackmore to Dryden. *Warton.*

Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
" Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Even to their own S-r-v—nce in a car?
[k]Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
[l]The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!

NOTES.

Ver. 113. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London. *Pope.*

Libris et curis, *statuâ taciturnius exit*
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hîc ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?
[m]Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minùs argutos vexat furor iste poëtas?
[n]*Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile visu,
Cælatumque novem Musis opus. Aspice primùm,

NOTES.

Ver. 123. *court, and city roars,*] Not so strong as the original metaphor:

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis.

Milton wrote his Paradise Lost in London, as did Thomson his three last Seasons, and his charming Castle of Indolence; and Armstrong his Art of Preserving Health, a fine classical poem, omitted in the Collection of English Poets. *Warton.*

Ver. 132. *And shook his head at* MURRAY, *as a wit,*] It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom nature has formed to excel, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *outwitted.* The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, M. de Voltaire has well exposed, where, speaking of a great *French* Lawyer, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countryman, he says: "Il faisait ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus austères Magistrats, consommés comme lui dans l'étude des Lois, se delassoient des fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux de la literature. Que ceux qui méprisent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui mettent je ne sai quelle miserable grandeur à se renfermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à plaindre! ignorent ils que CICERON, après avoir rempli la première place du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Citoyens, écrivoit sur la nature des Dieux, conferoit avec des Philosophes; qu'il alloit au Théatre; qu'il daignoit cultiver l'amitié d'Esopus et de Roscius, et *laissoit*

aux

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

"The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at MURRAY, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law," and, "Sir, your eloquence,"—
"Yours, Cowper's manner"—"and yours, Talbot's sense."

"Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

NOTES.

aux petits esprits, leur constante gravité, qui n'est que le masque de la médiocrité?"

The miserable malice of the human heart has been always backward to confess that great parts and great science were to be found together. The eminent person, here mentioned, hath long triumphed over so vile a prejudice. BACON was not so happy. The blemishes in his moral character disabled him from stemming and subduing it. Indeed, *envy* was ever unwilling to allow any man to excel in more than one accomplishment. As to the particular application of this wayward judgment, it is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. Thus, for instance, when the public would not allow the great lawyer, *Coke*, to be a classic scholar and a wit too, (though he had given so many delectable specimens of both,) they were perhaps in the right. But when they assumed (though they spoke by the organ of Queen Elizabeth herself) that Bacon, a great philosopher, was yet no lawyer, they were certainly in the wrong. *Warburton.*

VER. 132. MURRAY, *as a wit.*] Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accomplished person was more of a polite

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.*
Mox etiam (si fortè vacas) sequere; et *procul* audi
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus,
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum,*
Cùm scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
Idem, finitis studiis, et mente receptâ,

NOTES.

a polite scholar than a profound lawyer; as if law and literature were incompatible; a notion that might easily be confuted by the examples of Lords Somers and Hardwicke, Mr. Yorke and Judge Blackstone, and many others. *Warton.*

Ver. 135. *all poetic merit,*] The words of the original allude to, contain a beautiful metaphor of a work, Cælatum Musis Novem polished and finished by the hands of the Muses themselves. Bentley has wantonly and tastelessly altered the word to *Sacratum* as he has done the word *alterius*, ver. 176, to *alternis*, and the word *contracta*, ver. 80, to *non tacta*: and in ver. 90, he has changed *vexat* for *versat*; and in ver. 87, *frater* for *pactus*; and would have *procul* repeated, ver. 199.

Pauperies immunda *procul, procul*—— *Warton.*

Ver. 140. *but Stephen,*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.—Queen Caroline, who moderated in a sovereign between the two great philosophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the most sublime points in metaphysics and natural philosophy, chose this man for her favourite Poet. *Warburton.*

By the interest of Mr. Spence, who had a sincere regard for Steph-

Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

NOTES.

Stephen Duck, whose life he wrote, and published his poems, he obtained the living of Byfleet in Surrey. He was unfortunately drowned at Reading, 1756. *Warton.*

Ver. 145. *allow me Dryden's strains,*] The older he grew, the better Dryden wrote. We may apply to him, what Oppian says of the spirited horses of Cappadocia:

χραίπνοτεροι δε πελῦσιν ὀσω μαλὰ γήρασκυσι.

Lib. i. Cynegytic, ver. 201.

It has been imagined that Horace laughs at Propertius in that line of the original:

"Quis, nisi Callimachus?" *Warton.*

Ver. 147. *Much do I suffer,*] Multa fero, in the original, has been idly interpreted to mean: "I carry with me a great many compliments, soothing speeches," &c. *Warton.*

Obturem patulas *impunè legentibus* aures.
[o]Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes; et se venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant quidquid scripsere beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poëma,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:
Audebit, quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur.
Verba movere loco, quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:
[p]*Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque

NOTES.

Ver. 154. *They treat themselves*] Literary history scarce affords a more ridiculous example of the vanity and self-applause of authors, than what is related of Cardinal Richlieu, (in the Mélanges d'Histoire of M. de Vigneul Marville,) whose tragedy of Europa having been censured by the French Academy, who did not know the author, the Cardinal, in a fit of indignation, tore the copy into a thousand pieces, scattered it about his chamber, and retired full of rage to his bed. But at midnight, called for light and for his attendant, and with great pains and difficulty gathered up the fragments of his beloved play, and carefully pasted them together. *Warton.*

Ver. 162. *Nay, tho' at Court*] Not happily turned from *intra penetralia Vestæ*.—But he could not forbear a fling at the Court. In ver. 164, why, "in *downright charity?*" *Warton.*

Ver. 167. *Command old words that long have slept, to wake,*] The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the poet to a magician, evoking the dead from their sepulchres:

"*Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.*"

Horace has not the same force:

"Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum."

Warburton.

Ver. 167. *old words*] Mr. Harte told me, he had often talked on this subject with his friend Pope, and the following was the result

°In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each praised within, is happy all day long.
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care;
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, though at Court, perhaps, it may find grace,
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes in its stead,
[p]In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;

NOTES.

result of their conversations: "That language of ours may be called classical English, which is to be found in a few chosen writers inclusively from the times of Spenser till the death of Mr. Pope; for false refinements, after a language has arisen to a certain degree of perfection, give reasons to suspect that a language is upon the decline. The same circumstances have happened formerly, and the event has been almost invariably the same. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace; and yet the former was, if one may so speak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

"I have known some of my contemporary poets, (and those not very voluminous writers,) who have coined their one or two hundred words a man; whereas Dryden and Pope devised only about threescore words between them; many of which were compound-epithets. But most of the words which they introduced into our language, proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being chosen and raised from excellent offsets. In-

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethego
Nunc situs informis premit, et deserta vetustas
Adsciscet *nova*, quæ *genitor produxerit usus*:

NOTES.

deed, the former author revived also a great number of an words and expressions; and this he did (beginning at Chau with so much delicacy of choice, and in a manner so compre sive, that he left the latter author (who was in that point equ judicious and sagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

"Some few of Dryden's revived words I have presume continue; of which take the following instances: as, *grideline*, *met*, and *carmine*, (with reference to colours and mixture of lours,) *cymar*, *cygre*, *trine*, EYPHKA, *paraclete*, *panoply*, *rood*, *d eglantine*, *orisons*, *aspirations*, &c. I mention this lest any should be angry with me, or pleased with me in particular pla where I discover neither boldness nor invention. I owe als Fenton the participle *meandered;* and to Sir W. Davenant the tinism of *funeral* ILICET.

"As to compound-epithets, those *ambitiosa ornamenta* of dern poetry, Dryden has devised a few of them, with equal fidence and caution; but those few are exquisitely beautiful. Pope seized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by own polishing.

"Compound-epithets first came into their great vogue ab the year 1598. Shakespear and Ben Jonson both ridiculed ostentatious and immoderate use of them, in their Prologue Troilus and Cressida, and to Every Man in his Humour. the above named Prologues it appears that bombast grew fashi able about the same æra. Now in both instances an affected t is the same as a false taste. The author of Hieronimo (who may venture to assure the reader, was one John Smith*) first up the dance. Then came the bold and self-sufficient transla of Du Bartas,† who broke down all the flood-gates of the t

stre

* John Smith writ also the Hector of Germany.

† Joshua Sylvester.

Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For use will father what's begot by sense,)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;

NOTES.

stream of eloquence, (which formerly preserved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks,) and, like the rat in the Low Country dikes, mischievously or wantonly deluged the whole land." *Warton.*

Ver. 168. *brave Raleigh spake;*] The conclusion of his History of the World, is written with uncommon energy and elegance. Among other particulars, Aubrey, in his manuscript notes, relates, that he was accustomed to speak, though so great a master of style, in a broad Devonshire dialect. His voice was small. And he adds a remarkable anecdote, that, at a consultation held at Whitehall, among several considerable personages, just after Queen Elizabeth's death, Raleigh declared his opinion, that it was the wisest way for them to keep the staff in their own hands, and set up a commonwealth, and not to be subject to a needy, beggarly nation. This secret declaration of Raleigh was conveyed by one of the Cabal to King James, who never forgave Raleigh for uttering it. *Warton.*

Ver. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, &c.*] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with *Walsh*, whose candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Essay on Criticism*. Walsh encouraged him greatly; and used to tell him, there was one road still open for distinction, in which he might excel the rest of his countrymen; and that was *correctness;* in which the English poets had been remarkably defective. For though we have had several great geniuses, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriancies.* This, therefore, as he had talents that seemed capable of things worthy to be improved, should be his principal study. Our young author followed his advice, till habit made correcting the most agreeable, as well as useful, of all his poetical exercises: and the delight he took

Vehemens, et *liquidus*, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ:
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Lævabit cultu: virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis speciem dabit, et *torquebitur*; ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
[1]Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,

NOTES.

took in it, produced the effect he speaks of, in the following lines:

" Then polish all with so much *life* and *ease*,
" You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please."

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been observed oftener to produce a heavy stiffness; which, by another image, the ancients called *smelling of the lamp*. And without doubt, this will be the consequence, when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it is discharged as a task. But when it becomes, by habit, an exercise of amusement, the judgment, lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its sallies, will preserve the *life*; and the fancy, lightening the judgment, will produce the *ease* here spoken of. *Warburton.*

Ver. 176. *Then polish all, &c.*] M. Voltaire, speaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, says: " L'art d'être éloquent en vers est de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Génies qui sçauront arranger un ouvrage, et le versifier d'une manière commune; mais le traiter en vrai poète, c'est un talent qui est donné à trois ou quatre hommes sur la terre." *Warburton.*

Ver. 177. *You think 'tis nature,*] Inferior to the example Horace has here used for executing a difficulty with seeming ease, taken from a pantomime, who represents the rude and awkward and distorted gestures of a Cyclops, with apparent facility and grace, though these gestures cannot be performed without much real labour and previous discipline. The Cyclops of Euripides is alluded to; the only satiric drama that has remained of the ancients. *Warton.*

Ver. 178. *But ease in writing, &c.*] That species of writers, which Mr. Pope elsewhere calls

" The

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
"If such the plague and pains to write by rule
Better (say I) be pleased and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

NOTES.

" The mob of gentlemen who wrote *with ease*,"
understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain wit says) were *easily written;* whereas our Poet supposes it to be the last, and hardly attained, perfection of a laboured work. But the *gentleman writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he somewhere calls *prose run mad*, are the two extremes of that perfect style, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own writings. As *ease* was the mode of the last age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern; so the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardness into the affected writings of the present. Which last character, Quintilian describes very justly, and accounts as well for its success: " Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniat, qui semper quærit quod nimium est; verum et raro evenit, et cætera vitia non pensat." I remember once on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope called *Night Thoughts*, where the Poet was always on the strain, and labouring for expression, he said pleasantly: *This is a strange man; he seems to think with the apothecaries, that Album Græcum is better than an ordinary stool.* He himself was never swelling or pompous: and if ever he inclined to hardness, it was not from attempting to say a common thing with magnificence, but from including a great deal in a little room. *Warburton.*

In point of correctness, of perspicuity of style, and propriety of sentiment, there cannot be, on the whole, any comparison betwixt Pope and Young. But the strokes of the true sublime in the Night Thoughts, the sallies of wit in the Universal Passion, and the strong character of Zanga in the Revenge, are sufficient to preserve Young from the contempt flung upon him in this note of Dr. Warburton. *Warton.*

Quàm sapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque *theatro:*
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sanè vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,
Comis in uxorem; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso *non insanire* lagenæ:
Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque meracò,
Et redit ad sese: Pol, me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.
'Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum;

NOTES.

Ver. 184. *There lived* in primo] Much of the grace and propriety of this story of the Madman at Argos is lost, by transferring the scene from the theatre to the parliament house, from poetry to politics. The original story of this sort of madness is mentioned by Aristotle, and also by Ælian, Var. Hist. c. xxv. l. 4. of a madman, named Thrasyllus, who used to go down to Piræum, and thought all the ships that arrived in that port were his own. Horace judiciously laid the scene of this insanity in the theatre. Pope's story was entirely fiction, and unsuited to the subject, which was dramatic poetry. The reader shall have the pleasure of comparing it with Boileau's imitation of the same passage in his 4th Satire, ver. 103.

" Jadis certain bigot, d'ailleurs homme sensé,
D'un mal assez bizarre eut le cerveau blessé,
S'imaginant sans cesse, en sa douce manie,
Des esprits bien heureux entendre l'harmonie.
Enfin un médecin fort expert en son art,
Le guérit par adresse, ou plutôt par hazard.
Mais voulant de ses soins exiger le salaire,

Moi,

There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate:
In all but this a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immured,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purged; in short, they cured:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
My friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote,
'Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confined,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,

NOTES.

Moi, vous païer? lui dit le bigot en colère;
Vous, dont l'art infernal, par des sécrets maudits,
En me tirant d'erreur, m'ôte du Paradis? *Warton.*

Ver. 192. *Him, the damn'd doctors, &c.*] The execution of this passage is admirably dexterous, and of exquisite urbanity. The efforts of Boileau on the same subject will form an agreeable comparison. But here we see an elegant indeed, yet servile, copyist; whilst our countryman's imitation has all the novelty and spirit of original conception. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 202. *To rules of poetry*] These four lines are far superior to the original, particularly the third and the fourth. *Warton.*

'Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *veræ numerosque modosque* ediscere *vitæ*.
Quocirca *mecum* loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor:
'Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quòd quantò plura parâsti,
Tantò plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
'Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres, radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil, curarier? Audieras, cui
Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cùm sis nihilo sapientior ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem?
At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,

NOTES.

Ver. 210. *compliments apart,*] This is languid and redundant; by the two preceding lines, hinting at what passed in his mind, on leaving London until he got to Twickenham, very pleasing. *Feel the smart*, ver. 217, is ill expressed. *Warton.*

Ver. 218. *When golden angels*] These lines are undoubtedly good; but the introduction of the absurd practice of touching for the king's evil, and the satire on servile chaplains, seem forced. *Warton.*

Ver. 218. *When golden angels cease, &c.*] The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of *Mr.* afterwards *Bishop Kennet*, to the Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was chaplain. Ver. 229, therefore, must be filled up thus:

If *Devonshire* loved sixpence more than he. *Bennet.*

And perhaps, therefore, ver. 222, thus:

Look in that breast, most dirty *Duke!* be fair—.

The *angel* was a golden coin, given as a fee by those who came to be touched by the royal hand for the evil: and the second couplet of the quotation resembles the conclusion of *Persius*'s fourth satire:

Tecum habita, et nôris quàm sit tibi curta supellex.

Survey

Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
'Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart.
'If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
'When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

NOTES.

Survey thy soul; not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.
Dryden. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 220. *When servile chaplains cry,*] Dr. Kennet. *Warburton.*

Si cupidum timidumque minùs te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.
[v]Si *proprium* est, quod quis librâ mercatus et
ære est,
Quædam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus:*
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est: et villicus Orbî,
Cùm segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum sentit.
[x]das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam suprà, nummorum millibus emptum,
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim?*
[y]Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emptis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* usque suum, quâ populus adsita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia: tanquam
[z]Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,

NOTES.

Ver. 229. *If* D*** *loved*] I have searched in vain for the name to whom this blank belongs. Of all sorts of writing, personal satire is not only the most unintelligible, but the most short-lived. How many of the characters to whom La Bruyère alludes, are unknown; Theodas, is Santeuil; Menalcas, Count de Brancas.

It was a long time before it was understood that M. de la Rochefoucault, in his 71st maxim, meant to point out the Chevalier de Rohan: in his 342d maxim, the D. d'Espernon; and in his 393d, M. le Tellier; and in maxim 200, the narrow conversation of Boileau and Racine, who never talked on any subject but poetry and criticism. Three parts of Hudibras are become unintelligible. *Warton.*

The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D * * * loved sixpence more than he.
[v]If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All [x] Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His venison too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[y]Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every stick of wood, that lends them heat,
Buy every pullet they afford to eat,
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power
[z]Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

NOTES.

Ver. 232. *Delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over against Hampton Court. *Warburton.*

Ver. 248. *hang in fortune's power—Loose on the point of every wavering hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the imitator with expression much superior to his original. *Warburton.*

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:
Quid *vici* prosunt, aut *horrea?* quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[a]Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.
[b]Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungui*
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:

NOTES.

Ver. 254. *All vast possessions,*] The next ten lines are far superior to the original, both for their poetry and philosophy; and for the artful introduction of the name of his excellent and amiable friend, Lord Bathurst. *Warton.*

Ver. 257. *Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,*] *Saperton.* His seat is near the *Cotswold* hills: and his favourite passion is well alluded to in ver. 260.

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak:

for the *avenues of oaks* at Saperton are very magnificent. Bennet. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 264. *Gold, silver,*] These four lines are fine examples of the close, energetic, comprehensive style, of which he was so perfect a master. *Warton.*

Ver. 273. *All Townshend's turnips,*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second. When this great statesman retired from business, he amused himself in husbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises

Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'st thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions, (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
[a]Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not,—and, thank Heaven, there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
[b]Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines;

NOTES.

arises from turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation. *Warburton.*

He is said to have been slow in his parts, rough in his manners, and impatient of contradiction, but generous and humane at bottom; and of strong, good judgment. *Warton.*

Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.
[c]Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *hæres*,
Quòd non *plura datis* invenerit. Et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantùm simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantùm discordet parcus avaro.
[d]Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumptum
Invitus facias, nèc plura parare labores:
Ac potiùs, [e]puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.

NOTES.

Ver. 274. *like Bu*—] Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe, whose curious Diary has discovered many despicable Court secrets and mean intrigues. *Warton.*

Ver. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the colony of Georgia. *Pope.*

Here are lines that will justly confer immortality on a man who well deserved so magnificent an eulogium. He was at once a great *hero* and a great *legislator*. The vigor of his mind and body have seldom been equalled. The vivacity of his genius continued to a great old age. The variety of his adventures, and the very different scenes in which he had been engaged, makes one regret that his life has never been written. Dr. Johnson once offered to do it, if the General would furnish the materials. Johnson had a great regard for him, for he was one of the first persons that highly, in all companies, praised his *London*. His first campaign was made under Prince Eugene, against the Turks; and this great General always spoke of Oglethorpe in the highest terms. Neither he nor Eugene loved Marlborough. He once told me (for I had the pleasure of knowing him well,) that Eugene, speaking of Marlborough, said: "There is a great difference in making war *en maître*, or *en avocat*." But his settlement of the colony in Georgia

Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.
'Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing [d]madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a [e]boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away.

NOTES.

Georgia gave a greater lustre to his character than even his military exploits. *Warton.*

Ver. 280. *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own philosophy; and so giving a much better sense to his original; and correcting both the *naturalism* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words:

"Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ." *Warburton.*

[f]Pauperies immunda domûs procul absit: ego, utrùm
Nave ferar *magnâ* an *parvâ*; ferar *unus et idem*.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.
[g]Non es avarus: abi. Quid? cætera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugêre? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine, et irâ?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales gratè numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senectâ?
Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una?
[h]Vivere si rectè nescis, decede peritis.

NOTES.

Ver. 302. *In power, wit,*] The six words in the original,

" Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,"

are wonderfully close, emphatical, and compact; but I think they could hardly be better expressed than by our author. He has not, perhaps, succeeded so well in imitating another line below:

" Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas;"

a line of admirable brevity. *Warton.*

Ver. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition he would explode; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits; such as the *diablerie* of *witchcraft* and *purgatory*. *Warburton.*

[f]What is't to me (a passenger, God wot,)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with every favoring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
[g]"But why all this of Avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
[h]Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and loved, and eat, and drunk your fill:

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largiùs æquo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

NOTES.

Ver. 326. *Leave such to trifle*] It, perhaps, might have been better to have omitted these two last lines, the second of which has a quaint and modern turn; and the humour consists in being driven off the stage, *potum largius æquo*. The word *lusisti* in the original, is used in a loose and naughty sense, says Upton. As also line 4, 13 Od. and in Propertius:

" —— populus lusit Ericthonius." *Warton.*

THE

SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucilii* scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

The wit, the vigour, and the honesty of Mr. Pope's satiric writings had raised a great clamour against him, as if the *Supplement*, as he calls it, *to the Public Laws*, was a violation of morality and society. In answer to this charge he had it in his purpose to shew, that two of the most respectable characters in the modest and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall, had arraigned vice publicly, and shewn it in stronger colours, than he had done, whether they found it

"On the pillory, or near the throne."

In pursuance of this purpose, our Poet hath admirably *versified*, as he expresses it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Bishop Hall's likewise, whose force and classical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better versifier, and, as a mere academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by the fantastic language of Courts, Mr. Pope's purpose was only to correct a little, and smooth the versification. In the first edition of Hall's Satires, which was in Mr. Pope's library, we find that long Satire, called the First of the Sixth Book, corrected throughout, and the versification mended for his use. He entitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. Opt.* This writer, Hall, fell under a severe examiner of his wit and reasoning, in the famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles I. and the long Parliament, having written in defence of Episcopacy, Milton, who first set out an advocate for Presbytery, thought fit to take Hall's defence to task. And as he rarely gave quarter to his adversaries, from the Bishop's theologic writings, he fell upon his poetry. But a stronger proof of the excellency of these Satires can hardly be given, than that all he could find to cavil at, was the *title* to the three first Books, which Hall, ridiculously enough, calls Toothless Satire: on this, for want of better hold, Milton fastens, and sufficiently mumbles. *Warburton.*

SATIRE II.

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As, I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Yes; thank my stars!*] Two noblemen of taste and learning, the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford, desired Pope to melt down and cast anew, the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's Satires; who had degraded and deformed a vast fund of sterling wit and strong sense, by the most harsh and uncouth diction. Pope succeeded in giving harmony to a writer, more rough and rugged than even any of his age, and who profited so little by the example Spenser had set, of a most musical and mellifluous versification; far beyond the versification of Fairfax, who is frequently mentioned as the greatest improver of the harmony of our language. The Satires of Hall, written in very smooth and pleasing numbers, preceded those of Donne many years; for his Virgidemiarum were published, in six books, in the year 1597; in which he calls himself the very first English satirist. This, however, was not true in fact; for Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington Castle, in Kent, the friend and favourite of Henry VIII., and, as was suggested, of Ann Boleyn, was our first writer of satire worth notice. But it was not in his numbers only that Donne was reprehensible. He abounds in false thoughts, in far-sought sentiments, in forced unnatural conceits. He was the first corrupter of Cowley. Dryden was the first who called him a metaphysical poet. He had a considerable share of learning, and though he entered late into orders,

SATIRE II.

Yes; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as even in Hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *excise* and *army* in:

NOTES.

orders, yet he was esteemed a good divine. James I. was so earnest to prefer him in the church, that he even refused the Earl of Somerset, his favourite, the request he earnestly made, of giving Donne an office in the council. In the entertaining account of that conversation, which Ben Jonson is said to have held with Mr. Drummond, of Hawthornden, in Scotland, in the year 1619, containing his judgments of the English Poets, he speaks thus of Donne, who was his intimate friend, and had frequently addressed him in various poems: "Donne was originally a poet; his grandfather, on the mother's side, was Heywood the epigrammatist; but for not being understood, he would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things; his Verses of the Lost Ochadine, he had by heart; and that passage of the Calm, "that dust and feather did not stir, all was so quiet." He affirmed, that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age.

Donne was one of our Poets who wrote elegantly in Latin; as did Ben Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Addison, and Gray. The private character of Donne, the inconvenience he underwent on account of his early marriage, and his remarkable sensibility of temper, render him very amiable. *Warton.*

Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starved out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judged as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means
(Starving himself,) to live by his labour'd scenes.
As in some organs, puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
. . . . . to out-usure Jews.
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be

Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the papist's, is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heaved by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow;
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.
These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, past through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;

As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-beneficed ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes
His title of barrister on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.**
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:

NOTES.

Ver. 38. *Irishmen out-swear;*] The original says,

"out-swear the Letanie,"

improved by the Imitator into a just stroke of satire. Dr. Donne's is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used at that time by the enemies of the English Liturgy: who, disliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's name in vain*, which is the scripture periphrasis for *swearing*. *Warburton.*

Ver. 43. *Of whose strange crimes*] Such as Sanchez de Matrimonio has minutely enumerated and described. Such Canonists deserved this animadversion. In Pascal's fine Provincial Letters are also some strange and striking examples. *Warton.*

Ver. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The original is more humorous:

"In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell."

As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready to receive

Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Even those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit and scribble verses too;
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime twigs, for rich widows' hearts;

NOTES.

receive every thing within them, that either the *law of nature*, or the *Gospels*, enjoins. A just ridicule on those *practical commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original sense is much more confined; being a short summary of moral duty fitted for a single people, upon a particular occasion, and to serve temporary ends. *Warburton.*

Ver. 48. *makes a calf an ox,*] An unaccountable blunder in our author. As if an ox was in his *natural* state. *Warton.*

More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbyes roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possest with Muse
Thou wast, and mad I hoped; but men which chuse
Law practice for mere gain; bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in the king's titles, nor
Simony and sodomy in church-men's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.

NOTES.

Ver. 61. *Language, which Boreas*—] The original has here a very fine stroke of satire:

" Than when winds in our ruin'd abbyes roar."

The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and the state) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men; and disposed some, even of the best Protestants, to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the monasteries, had been reserved for charity, hospitality, and even for the service of religion. *Warburton.*

Ver. 74. *For not in chariots* Peter] Pope might have applied the words of Horace to this *eternal* Peter, with as much propriety as he did to his friend Bolingbroke:

Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende *camænâ!*

Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.
His *office* keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots *Peter* puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every Lord, in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters even to godly * *
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;

NOTES.

Ver. 78. *Like a king's favourite*] A line from the original, as also line 60; which shews that Donne, if he had properly attended to it, could have written harmoniously. *Warton.*

Shortly (as the sea) he'll compass all the land
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times' forwardness)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a fryar

NOTES.

Ver. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal instruments to the bigness of *gloss'd civil laws*, when it is to convey property to himself, and to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and loose as the hasty postils of a modern divine. So *Luther*, while a monk, and by his institution obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a governor in the church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new model; he then lengthened the Pater-noster by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition*

Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight* from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, covenants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;

NOTES.

ditton was the *power and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition; and both together, to insinuate, that from a monk, he was become totally secularized. About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to the Roman Catholic religion, which appears from several strokes in these Satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechisms; which shews the Poet was fond of his joke.

Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power* and *Glory* clause;)
But when he sells or changes land, he impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
As slily as any commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in divinity,
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where the old landlords' troops, and almes? In halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,

NOTES.

In this *catalogue* (to intimate his sentiments of reformation) he puts Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only observe, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the finest passages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the subject of many imitations. The best of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's. Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the Church of England. We have a large volume of his sermons in the false taste of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pseudo-martyr*, to prove that Papists ought to take the

But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power* and *Glory* clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:

NOTES.

the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Ecclesiastical Policy*, he has approved himself entirely ignorant both of the *Origin* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 168th page, and elsewhere, he holds, that when men congregate to form the *body* of civil society, then it is, that the *soul* of society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is sent into it immediately from God, just as he sends the soul into the human embryo, when the two sexes propagate their kind. In the 91st page, and elsewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil sovereign extends to the care of souls. For this absurd and blasphemous trash, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and sublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the *better* part of his life. *Warburton.*

Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of the huge statutes' jaws.

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *These as good works, &c.*] Dr. Donne says:

——— "But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now."

The popish doctrine of *good works* was one of those abuses in religion which the Church of England condemns in its articles. To this the Poet's words satirically allude. And having throughout this satire given several malignant strokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to abuse, he had reason to bespeak the reader's candor, in the concluding lines:

——— "But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of the huge statutes' jaws."

Warburton.

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

NOTES.

Ver. 125. *Thus much I've said,*] These three additional lines are redundant. And two strong epithets in the last line of Donne, *vast* and *huge*, were too emphatical to be omitted. *Warton.*

SATIRE IV.

Well! I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare which did go
To Mass in jest, catched, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes, which is the statute's curse,
Before he 'scaped; so it pleased my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun

NOTES.

Ver. 1. Well! *I may now receive, &c.*] More short, severe, and pointed than Pope's paraphrastical lines. *Warton.*

Ver. 7. *The poet's hell,*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his original. *Warburton.*

Ver. 10. *Not the vain itch*] *Courtiers* have the same pride in admiring, which *Poets* have in being admired. For *vanity* is often as much gratified in paying our court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors. *Warburton.*

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired;
I hoped for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to Court!—the devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;

NOTES.

Ver. 13. *Had no new verses, nor new suit to shew;*] Insinuating "that *Court-poetry*, like *Court-clothes*, only comes thither in *honour of the Sovereign;* and serves but to supply *a day's conversation!!*" *Warburton.*

Ver. 14. *the devil would*] This addition is mean. And line below, 26, is perhaps the greatest violation of *harmony* Pope has ever been guilty of, by beginning the verse with the word *Noah*. And line 17, *his fine was odd*, seems to be very exceptionable. *Warton.*

E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
A thing which would have posed Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
That Africk monsters, Guinea's rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, By your priesthood, tell me what you are?
His cloathes were strange, though coarse, and black, though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.

NOTES.

Ver. 19. *So was I punish'd,*] Thus in former editions:

Such was my fate, whom heaven adjudged,—

Pope made many alterations in this Satire, and seems to have taken pains in correcting it. Line 65, and succeeding ones, stood thus:

Well met, he cries, and happy sure for each,
For I am pleased to learn, and you to teach.

Line 66 stood as follows:

Obliging Sir, I love you I profess,
But wish you liked retreat a little less,
Spirits like you, believe me, should be seen,
And like Ulysses visit Courts and men;
So much alone, to speak plain truth between us,
You'll die of spleen—excuse me, nunquam minus.

Line

So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold; there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, By your priesthood, tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: the apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

NOTES.

Line 154 ran thus:

Shows Poland's interest, takes the Primate's part.

Dr. Johnson speaks, methinks, too slightingly of these Imitations of *Donne*, when he says, that "Pope seems to have known their *imbecility*." *Warton.*

The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all
tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants' motley tongue, souldiers' bumbast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Compliment:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist? and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I named. Here
He stopt me, and said, Nay, your Apostles were

NOTES.

Ver. 68. "*The* King's," *said I.*] "This sneer," said the ingenious Mr. Wilkes, "is really indecent. The good Bishop who published an edition of his works, ought, in the *mild limbo* of his Commentary, to have softened the severity of this passage."
Warton.

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar:
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil;
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me?
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King*'s," said I.
But the best *words?*—"O, Sir, the *Dictionary.*"
You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,
And perfect *Speaker?*—"Onslow, past dispute."

Good pretty linguists; so Panurgas was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had lived, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.
He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone,
My loneness is; but Spartanes' fashion

NOTES.

Ver. 71. "*Onslow,*] By an affected gravity, and a solemn and important air, he presided for many years over the House of Commons; but not with the ability, knowledge, patience, prudence, and amiable manners, of the *present* Speaker, Mr. Addington, 1795. It is a curious fact in the history of English liberty, that the very first person who was raised by the Commons to the dignity of their Speaker, was a member who had been imprisoned by Edward the Third, for attacking his ministers and his mistress in parliament. *Warton.*

Ver. 73. *But Hoadly for a period*] Party occasioned this censure on a writer, whose style, it must be confessed, was *sometimes* but not *always*, (as for instance, in his *Treatise* on the *Sacrament*,) *languid* and *diffuse*: but who, having spent his life in defending the British Constitution, the Revolution, and the Succession of the House of Hanover, certainly did, by no means, deserve to be styled, as he hath lately been, "That *Republican* Prelate, Bishop Hoadly." The late excellent Bishop of London, Dr. Lowth, thought very differently of him, and calls him, in his admirable Life of Wickham, "The great *advocate* of *civil* and *religious* liberty." *Warton.*

No name is more obnoxious to the Roman Catholics than that of Hoadly, whose manly and liberal principles were as remote from *Republicanism*, as from Popery and arbitrary power. *Bowles.*

Ver. 73. *a period of a mile.*"] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing

But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for closer style,
But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay, troth, the Apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty *gift of tongues* enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.
Thus others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:

NOTES.

standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long;* which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression, was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit; without doubt paying due attention to that sober rule of Quintilian, licet omnes hyperbole sit ultra fidem, non tamen debet esse ultra MODUM. *Scribl.*

Ver. 75. *so Panurge was;*] It is surprizing that Rabelais, whose book is the most cutting satire on the Pope, the Church, and the principal events of his time, should have escaped severe censure and punishment. Garagantua is decisively Francis I., and Henry II. is Pantagruel; and Charles V. Pierocole. Swift, who formed himself on Rabelais, has exactly copied the famous speech of Panurge, in the Tale of the Tub, where Lord Peter, giving to Martin and John a piece of dry bread, tells them, it contains beef, partridge, capons, and the best wine of Burgundy. Rabelais, like Swift, loved *politics*. See his Letters from Rome, when he accompanied the Cardinal Bellay, embassador of Francis I. to Pope Paul III. Rabelais imitated, in many passages, the *Literæ Virorum Obscurorum*. *Warton.*

Ver. 78. *Yet these were all poor gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his original. Donne makes his threadbare Traveller content himself under his poverty, with the reflection, that even Panurge himself (the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais) went a begging. There is infinite wit in this passage of

To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more than princes' courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-stretcht lutestring squeaks, O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is King's-street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

NOTES.

of Donne, yet very *licentious*, in coupling the *Apostles* and *Panurge* in this buffoon manner. *Warburton.*

By adding the words, "a pretty *gift of tongues*," Pope has made it still more *licentious*. *Warton.*

Ver. 95. *Aretine has made;*] Alluding to the infamous Sonnets which this celebrated Italian wit composed to accompany the *sixteen* obscene figures that were designed by Julio Romano, who, as well as Titian, was his friend; and engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi. By writing which, Aretine lost the favour and countenance of Leo X. and Clement VII., but was afterwards restored to the favour of the Medici family, and wrote some books of devotion. The lines written for his epitaph shew his character sufficiently:

Qui giace l'Aretin, poeta Tosco,
Che disse mal d'ogn'un, fuor chè di Dio,
Scusandosi col dir *Non lo conosco.*

Mazzuchelli, vol. i. p. 1012. *Warton.*

Till I cried out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood.
"Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made:
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
The king would smile on you—at least the queen."
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full displayed,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.
At this entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretched lutestring, and replies;
"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the Royal Family;
He every day, from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.

NOTES.

Ver. 104. *from king to king*] Much superior to the original, where is a vile conceit:

"The way to it is King-street." *Warton.*

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a still, which stayes
A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows
what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hasts to an office's reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath sold his land, and who doth
beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-

NOTES.

Ver. 116. *Wild to get loose*] Donne in this Satire imitates the *Impertinent* of Horace. Sat. ix. b. 1. And Horace copied the character from Theophrastus. There was an edition in folio, 1737, with this title, *The Impertinent*, or a *Visit to the Court*, a Satire, by Mr. Pope. And no mention is made of Donne in this edition. *Warton.*

"Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
"Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your Padua-soy."
Not, Sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He pass'd it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere household trash, of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or smiled, he knows; and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:

Shells to transport;
shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,

NOTES.

Ver. 144. *Why turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuses, he has imitated his original with great spirit. Amongst those which Dr. Donne mentions, is

"A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport;"

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the most unpopular abuse of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633, the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent mask. And one of their *antimasks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuse of monopolies; which Mr. Whitlocke thus describes: "In this antimasque of projectors," (says he) "came a fellow with a bunch of carrots on his head, and a capon upon his fist, describing a projector who begged a patent of monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, &c. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this antimasque; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the Law; and the Attorney NOY, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this antimasque of the *Projectors*." This exorbitancy became so general, than Ben Jonson makes a cheating procurer of monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; just as he had done a cheating alchymist in another. *Warburton.*

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure,
And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more;

NOTES.

Ver. 151. *What lady's face, &c.*] The original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus:

" And wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady ——"

the reader expects it will conclude—*what lady is painted.* No, just the contrary,

" what lady is not painted:"

satirically insinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodness of his intelligence than the other. The reader sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting; in which case, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing. *Warburton.*

Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to the loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this Makaron* talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names the price of every office paid;
He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traytor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope his jaw,
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: Therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but the hour

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders. *Warburton.*

* Whom we call an Ass, the Italians style *Maccheroni.* *Warburton.*

Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licensed spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
Nay, hints 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seized on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt the infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quaked at heart; and still afraid, to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance

NOTES.

Ver. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *heat*. They both call out, as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place:

"O qui me gelidis——"
"Oh quickly bear me hence——" *Warburton.*

The next twenty-two lines are not only far superior to the original, but, perhaps, equal to any Pope ever wrote, or to any in our language in rhyme. The 188th and 189th lines in the first edition ran thus:

Here still reflection led on sober thought,
Which fancy colour'd and a vision wrought.

It

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued the amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to Hell transport,
And forced even me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all the infernal state
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.

NOTES.

It may indeed be urged, that these lines, though containing exquisite poetry, are not of an uniform tone with the rest of the piece. But such a frigid objection ought to vanish before so much excellence. *Warton.*

Ver. 184. *Bear me, some God, &c.*] Pope appears to have adopted his expression from *Hughes's* Thought in a Garden:

Delightful mansion! blest retreat!
Where all is silent, all is sweet!
Here *Contemplation prunes her wings:*
The raptured Muse more tuneful sings.

Nor is it improbable, that Pope retained in memory Mrs. *Chandler's* beautiful verses on Solitude:

Sweet *Solitude*, the Muse's dear delight,
Serene thy day, and peaceful is thy night:
Thou *nurse* of Innocence, fair virtue's friend!
Silent, tho' rapturous, pleasures thee attend.
Nature in every object points the road,
Whence *Contemplation wings* my soul to God.

Wakefield.

" Contemplation prunes her wings," is from Milton. *Bowles.*

Ver. 192. *Not Dante dreaming*] It is only within a few years that the merits of this *great* and *original* Poet were attended to, and made known in this country. And this seems to be owing to a translation of the very pathetic story of *Count Ugolino*; to the judicious and spirited summary given of this poem, in the 31st section

Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
For the huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen* garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Tast have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are;† their fruits bastard all.

NOTES.

section of the *History of English Poetry;* and to Mr. Hayley's elegant translation of the three cantos of the *Inferno.* Notwithstanding the feeble and tasteless attacks of Voltaire, real judges will ever think that it abounds in many strokes of the true *sublime,* and the *pathetic,* though mixed with the strongest traits of the *satiric.* With what vigour and vehemence has he justly lashed the profligacy, the tyranny, and the corruptions of the Church of Rome, being one of the *very first* writers that called her the *Great Harlot* in the Apocalypse: canto 19, of the Inferno. Nor has he been less severe on cruel and despotic princes; and in one place makes Hugh Capet confess that his father was a *butcher: Figliuol d' un' Beccaio di Parigi. Purgat.* canto 20: and own himself the cause and origin of much mischief to Christendom:

I fui

* A show of the Italian Garden in wax-work, in the time of King James the First. *Pope.*

† i. e. of wood. *Warburton.*

Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liveried Lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff'd nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

NOTES.

I fui radice de la mala pianta,
Che la terra Christiana tutta aduggia,
Si che buon frutto rado se ne schianta.

I only just add, that Mr. Addison appears not to have read Dante, from his never *once* referring to him in his Criticisms on Milton, who was such an *admirer* and *imitator* of this great Italian Poet. Algarotti justly laments the loss of an inestimable treasure, a copy of Dante, which Michael Angelo had enriched with designs drawn with his pen, on the margin of each leaf. Dante was justly styled, *Il poeta dell' evidenza.*

The first stanzas of the 24th canto of the Inferno, printed in Dodsley's Museum, No. 2, page 57, are by Mr. Spence. Voltaire absurdly calls Il Inferno, "Ce Salmigondis." *Warton.*

Ver. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the Court of France, in wax-work. *Pope.*

'Tis tēn a clock and past; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Presence,* and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatterers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books
Shall find their wardrobes' inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with Cut-
chanel)
The men board them; and praise (as they think)
well,
Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are
bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought

NOTES.

Ver. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days: it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. *Pope.*

Ver. 218. "*That's velvet*] Much superior to the original in brevity and elegance: the next line is a stricture on the act for licensing plays, which about this time occasioned great debates in the House of Lords, and a very spirited and remarkable speech of Lord Chesterfield in behalf of play-writers: "Wit," said he, "my Lords, is the *property* of those who have it; and very often the

See! where the British youth, engaged no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a king?" the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.
Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!

NOTES.

the *only property* they have. Thank Heaven, my Lords, we are otherwise provided for." The first play that was prohibited by this act, was *Gustavus Vasa*, by Brooke; the next was the *Edward and Eleonora* of Thomson. *Warton.*

Ver. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the authority of the Lord Chamberlain. *Warburton.*

Ver. 227. *Like frigates fraught*] Here is a very close resemblance to the picture of *Dalilah*, in *Samson Agonistes:*

" ——Who is this
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the iles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving?" *Warton.*

This cause, These men, men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill-lay'd, her hair loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the Presence were a Mosque: and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,

NOTES.

Ver. 240. *by Durer's rules,*] The best painter Germany ever produced; he was patronized and beloved by Maximilian I. and by Charles V., and, what was of more consequence to an artist, by Raphael himself, who sent him several designs, and his own portrait. He formed himself on no other painter, had a manner of his own, which indeed was hard; he wanted *grace*, and had not studied the *antique*, and copied only *common nature* and the *forms* before him. He attended not to *costume*. His Madonnas were dressed like German ladies, and his Jews had beards and mustachios. See a most judicious criticism on the works and talents of

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst even Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The Mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest:*

NOTES.

of Albert Durer, by a living painter of great genius and learning, Mr. Fuseli, in the *third* volume of that entertaining publication, intitled, *Anecdotes of some distinguished Persons*, p. 234. *Warton.*

So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the *Inquisition*;
And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion:
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Just like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among

NOTES.

Ver. 256. *or Gonson*] Sir John Gonson, the famous police magistrate, was as celebrated in his day, in the annals of justice, as one of his successors in office, Sir John Fielding, has been since. His portrait is introduced in Hogarth's Harlot's Progress.
Bowles.

Ver. 262. *The Captain's honest,*] Much resembling Noll Bluff, in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, who was copied from *Thraso*, and also from Ben Jonson. *Warton.*

Ver. 273. *As men from jails*] A line so smooth that our author thought proper to adopt it from the original. There are many *such*, as I have before observed, which shew, that if Donne had taken

Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*
Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:
The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For, hung with deadly sins, I see the wall,
And lined with giants deadlier than them all:

NOTES.

taken equal pains, he need not have left his numbers so *much more rugged* and *disgusting*, than many of his cotemporaries, especially one so exquisitely melodious as Drummond of Hawthornden; who, in truth, more than Fairfax, Waller, or Denham, deserves to be called the first polisher of English versification. Milton read him much. And Pope copied him, not only in his Pastorals, as before observed, but in his Eloisa. A well written Life of Drummond is inserted in the fifth volume of the new edition of the Biographia Britannica, with many curious particulars imparted by Mr. Parke. *Warton.*

Ver. 274. *For, hung with deadly sins,*] The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. *Pope.*

Those *Askaparts,** men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queen's man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied spie—Preachers which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

NOTES.

* A giant famous in romances. *Pope.*

Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scared at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

NOTES.

Ver. 286. *my wit*,] The private character of Donne was very amiable and interesting; particularly so, on account of his secret marriage with the daughter of Sir George More; of the difficulties he underwent on this marriage; of his constant affection to his wife, his affliction at her death, and the sensibility he displayed towards all his friends and relations. *Warton.*

"He was born," says Mr. Ellis, "at London in 1573, and educated at home till the eleventh year of his age. His academical residence then became divided between Oxford and Cambridge, and his studies between poetry and law. He accompanied the Earl of Essex in an expedition against Cadiz, was secretary some time to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; and having taken orders, was promoted to be King's Chaplain, preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1631." His life is written by Isaac Walton. *Bowles.*

The poetic talents of Donne were not confined to satire, but were displayed to equal advantage in lyric poetry. Many of his productions in this department breathe strongly of that poetic spirit which characterizes the age of Shakespear, and in originality and vigour of sentiment are not exceeded by any passages in the foregoing satires.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

As it was the object of the poet, in his Dunciad, to excite his countrymen to exert themselves in the defence and promotion of true taste and sound learning, so, in the following pieces, it is his intention to rouse them to a due sense of their own rights and dignity as a people, to shew them the dangers by which they were surrounded, to exhibit vice and corruption in the darkest colours, and thereby to stimulate them to the attainment of public integrity, honour, and virtue. This however is not the light in which these Dialogues seem to have been regarded by his later editors, and particularly by Dr. Warton, who conceives that "the satire is carried to excess," and "that the prognostications of ruin to the country were vain and groundless; for that in about twenty years afterwards it carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all quarters of the world." On this it may be observed, that the prognostications of the poet were founded on the political depravity and corruption which he saw around him, and are in fair construction to be considered only as warnings, or denunciations, to apprize his contemporaries, that if they did not act upon higher motives and better principles, and oppose themselves to the torrent, vice would be finally triumphant, would

—— "lift her scarlet head,
And see pale virtue carted in her stead."

"From the conclusion of this (the first) Satire," says Mr. Bowles, "one might suppose that there was neither honesty, honour, public spirit, nor virtue in the nation." But this is to take in a literal, what the poet meant should be taken only in a hypothetical sense, and to consider a poetical exaggeration as intended for a serious truth. The object of the poet is more decidedly manifested in his second Dialogue, in which he has celebrated numerous instances of public and private virtue, and has declared it to be his intention,

"To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall."

In short, he avows his resolution to persevere in his purpose

"Till all but truth drops still-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address."

What effect was, in fact, produced by the remonstrances of the

poet upon the manners and morals of his countrymen, and what share he may have had in attaining that great improvement and better state of things which we are informed took place some years afterwards, it would not be an easy task to ascertain; but that these Dialogues forcibly exhibit

" The strong antipathy of good to bad;"

that they inculcate high and generous sentiments of public virtue and independence, and an abhorrence of political profligacy and of low and degrading pursuits, no one will be found to deny.'

The first part of these Satires was published under the title of *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, a Dialogue, something like Horace. London: printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe, in Pater-noster Row:* (price one shilling). The second part, printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head, in Pall Mall, 1738: (price one shilling). Considerable alterations occur in the subsequent editions.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer:

"'Tis all from Horace," &c. *Pope.*

By long habit of writing, and almost constantly in one sort of measure, he had now arrived at a happy and elegant familiarity of style,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.

You grow correct that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.

NOTES.

style, without flatness. The satire in these pieces is of the strongest kind; sometimes, direct and declamatory, at others, ironical and oblique. It must be owned to be carried to excess. Our country is represented as totally ruined, and overwhelmed with dissipation depravity, and corruption. Yet this very country, so emasculated and debased by every species of folly and wickedness, in about twenty years afterwards, carried its triumphs over all its enemies through all the quarters of the world, and astonished the most distant nations with a display of uncommon efforts, abilities, and virtue. So vain and groundless are the prognostications of poets as well as politicians. It is to be wished, that a genius could be found to write an *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-one*, as a counter-part to these two Dialogues, which were more diligently laboured, and more frequently corrected than any of our author's compositions. I have often heard Mr. Dodsley say, that he was employed by the author to copy them fairly. Every line was then written twice over; a clean transcript was then delivered to Mr Pope, and when he afterwards sent it to Mr. Dodsley to be printed he found every line had been written twice over a second time Swift tells our author, these Dialogues are equal, if not superior to any part of his works. They are, in truth, more Horatian than the professed *Imitations* of Horace. They at first were intitled, from the *year* in which they were published, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*. They were afterwards called fantastically enough, *Epilogue to the Satires*, as the Epistle to Arbuthnot was intitled *Prologue to the Satires*. It is remarkable that the first was published the very same morning with Johnson's admirable *London*; which Pope much approved, and searched diligently for the author, who lived then in obscurity. *London* had a second edition in a week. Pope has himself given more notes and illustrations on these Dialogues than on any other of his poems. *Warton.*

Ver. 2. *see nothing in't.*] He used this *colloquial* (I will not say *barbarism*, but) *abbreviation*, to imitate familiar conversation. *Warton.*

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *vice:*
Horace would say, Sir Billy *served the Crown,*
Blunt could *do business,* H—ggins *knew the town;*
In Sappho touch the *failings of the sex,*
In reverend bishops note some *small neglects,*

NOTES.

Ver. 9, 10. *And taught his Romans, in much better metre,*
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter!"]
The general turn of the thought is from Boileau:

"Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,
Qu'on est assis à l'aise aux sermons de Cotin." *Warton.*

Ver. 12. *Bubo observes,*] Some guilty person, very fond of making such an observation. *Pope.*

Bubo is said to mean Mr. Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe. *Warton.*

Ver. 13. *Horace would say,*] The business of the friend here introduced is to dissuade our Poet from *personal* invectives. But he dexterously turns the very advice he is giving into the bitterest satire. Sir Billy was Sir William Young, who, from a great fluency, was often employed to make long speeches till the minister's friends were collected in the House. *Warton.*

Ver. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly gaoler of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. *Pope.*

He was the father of the author of the absurd and prosaic Translation of *Ariosto;* an account of him is given in the Anecdotes of Hogarth. *Warton.*

And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
Who cropped our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
An artful manager that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen*.
But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—

NOTES.

Ver. 18. *Who cropped our ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the king his master. *Pope.*

Ver. 18. *Who cropped our ears,*] This circumstance has been ludicrously called by Burke, "The Fable of Captain Jenkins's ears!" See Coxe's Memoirs. *Bowles.*

Ver. 22. *screen.*]

" Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit." PERS.

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. *Pope.*

Ver. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. *Pope.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 15. In former editions:

Sir George of some slight gallantries suspect. *Warton.*

Ver. 16. In the first edition:

In Reverend S——n note a small neglect.

Alluding to Sir Robert Sutton.

After Ver. 26 in the MS.

There's honest *Tacitus** once talk'd as big,
But is he now an *independent Whig?*

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power;

NOTES.

Ver. 26. *The great man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first Minister.

Ver. 27. *Go see Sir* ROBERT——] We must not judge of this minister's character from the *Dissertation on Parties*, nor from the eloquent *Philippics*, for eloquent they were, uttered against him in both Houses of Parliament. Hume has drawn his portrait with candour and impartiality. And some of his most vehement antagonists, particularly the great Lord Chatham, lived to allow the merits of that long and pacific ministry, which so much extended the commerce, and consequently enlarged the riches of this country. *Warton.*

The noblest monument that has been raised to the memory of Sir Robert Walpole, has been by Mr. Coxe, who, from sources of authentic information, has most ably illustrated the eventful period of our history, during the administration of Sir Robert. There is not a circumstance or character connected with the history of the time, but what has received new light from that accurate and elegant historian. *Bowles.*

Ver. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] The pleasant, amiable character of Sir Robert in private life, is here most admirably touched. Lady M. W. Montagu's portrait of this eminent statesman, in his character as a private man, gives also a most pleasing idea of him:

On seeing a Portrait of Sir Robert Walpole.

Such were the lively eyes, and rosy hue,
Of Robin's face, when Robin first I knew,
The gay companion, and the favourite guest,
Loved without awe, and without fear caress'd,
His cheerful smile, and open honest look,
Added new graces to the truths he spoke. *Bowles.*

Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This, and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcote, a priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcote, with great affection and solicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advise. And not content with that, he rode down post to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcote, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court; to which he (Southcote) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote a pleasant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the priest's behalf: he acquainted the Minister with the grounds of his solicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his, Mr. P.'s sake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcote for his life; which debt must needs be discharged either here or in purgatory. The Minister received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obstruction. In consequence of which Southcote got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility. *Warburton.*

To the account given in this note may be added, that in gratitude for this favour conferred on his friend, Pope presented to Mr. Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, a set of his Works in quarto, richly bound; which are now in the library at Wolterton. *Warton.*

Come, come, at all I laugh, he laughs no doubt; 35
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions. *Pope.*

Ver. 34. *He does not think me*] In former editions:

He thinks me poet of no venal kind. *Warton.*

Ver. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This *request* appears somewhat absurd: but not more so than the *principle* it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at. *Warburton.*

Just before Atterbury went into exile, a large fine dropped to him as Dean of Westminster, but he could have no right to receive it, without the seal being set to the lease in a full chapter. Sir Robert Walpole earnestly inquired, if a chapter could not be held in the Tower, that the Bishop might receive the benefit of this fine. A chapter was accordingly there held, and the Bishop received a thousand pounds for his share of the fine. This anecdote, which is well authenticated, does great credit to the liberality and good temper of Sir Robert Walpole. *Warton.*

The circumstance, concerning which so much has been said, that Sir Robert considered every one as equally *venal*, and that all had their price, is satisfactorily explained by Mr. Coxe:

"Although it is not possible to justify him entirely, yet this part of his conduct has been greatly exaggerated. The political axiom attributed to him, that *all men* have their price, and which has been so often repeated in verse and prose, was perverted by leaving out the word *those*. Flowery oratory he despised; he ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives, the declaration of the pretended Patriots, of whom he said: "All those

F. Why, yes; with *Scripture* still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at *honesty*;
A joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*
Who never changed his principle, or wig:
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the man so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"

NOTES.

those men have their price;" and in the event many of them justified his observations."* Memoirs of Sir R. W., p. 250.
Bowles.

Ver. 37. *Why, yes; with Scripture, &c.*] A scribbler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of a transitory name. But a true genius could not do a foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim. The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion: "Une ouvrage sévère peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais une ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes sévères." *Warburton.*

Ver. 37. *Why, yes; with Scripture still you may be free;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Osborne*, (who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Coffee-house Journals,) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.
Warburton.

Ver. 39. *A joke on* JEKYL,] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem. *Pope.*

* From Lord Orford, and the late Lord John Cavendish.
Bowles.

Why, answer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

NOTES.

Ver. 47. *Why, answer,* LYTTELTON,] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty. *Pope.*

Ver. 51. In the first edition:

Ægysthus, Verres, hurt not honest Fleury.

Ver. 51. *Sejanus,*] This profligate Minister prevailed on the Senate to order a book of Cremutius Cordus, in praise of Brutus and Cassius, to be burnt. This prohibition naturally increased the circulation of the work. "Libros cremandos," says Tacitus, "censuere patres; sed manserunt occultati, etenim punitis ingeniis, gliscit auctoritas." "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," says Lord Bacon; "and a *forbidden* writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out." *Warton.*

Ver. 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. *Pope.*

Ver. 51. FLEURY,] Cardinal; and Minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. *Pope.*

Ver. 51. *honest* FLEURY,] Fontenelle, who had been acquainted with the Cardinal before his ministry, visiting him and finding him in his usual serenity and gaiety of temper, said to him: "Is it possible that your Eminence still continues to be happy?" The short billets which the Cardinal wrote to Fontenelle, and which are preserved in the 11th volume of his works, are full of wit, elegance, and pleasantry.

A curious

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue, balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,

NOTES.

A curious account is given of the rise and fortunes of Cardinal Fleury, in the first volume of St. Simon's Memoirs. *Warton.*

Ver. 66. *Henley—Osborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. *Pope.*

Ver 68. *The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!*] Sir William Young. We cannot, now, conceive the reason of Pope's coupling so constantly, as he does, the names of Bubo and Sir William Young. We have

"The first lampoon, Sir Will or Bubo makes."

I have thought it possible he might here mean Dr. Young, to whom Dodington (Bubo) was a kind and constant friend. *Bowles.*

Ver. 69. *The gracious dew*] Alludes to some Court sermons, and

hat first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
he S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
Latin, yet so English all the while,

NOTES.

l florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of rilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, ween Latin and English, published by its author. *Pope.*

Ver. 69. *The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,*] Our moral d was no great adept in theology, nor did he enter into the ths of *pulpit eloquence.* This rendered his judgment of things, certain occasions, but slight and superficial. It is plain here gibeth at this master-stroke of pulpit eloquence: but Master ctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This inent Court Divine, in his *Spital sermon, preached in the year* 5, layeth open the whole mystery. "The voice of a preacher th he, himselfe a powerful preacher,) ought to be the voice of *rier*, which should not pipe to make the people dance, but urne to make them *weep.* Hence it is, that in the oulde law, e that was blinde, or had anie blemishe in his eye, might serve he aulter; because for that impediment in his eye he could not l shew his inwarde sorrowing by his outward *weeping.* And n they offered up their first-borne, who was ordinarily in every ily their prieste, or their *preacher*, they offered also with him a e of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. That paire of turtle-es did signify a paire of *mournfull eyes:* those two younge pi-ns did signifie likewise *two weeping eyes:* and at that offering y prayed for their first-borne, that afterwards he might have h eyes himselfe. For indeed, as Austin witnesseth, THERE IS E GOOD TO BE DONE with *sighing* than with speaking, with *weep-*than with words. Plus gemitibus quam sermonibus, plus fletu n affatu." SCRIBL. *Warburton.*

Ver. 73. *O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,*] Dr. Bland, of Eton, a very bad writer, Dr. Middleton a remarkable good one; haps our best: but he was the friend of Pope's enemy, Lord vey: hinc illæ lachrymæ! *Bennet.*

As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!

NOTES.

Ver. 75. *pride of Middleton*] The life of Tully, the most important of his works, procured Dr. Middleton a great reputation, and a great sum of money, which he generously gave to his nieces. It is a most pleasing and useful work, and gives a comprehensive view of a most interesting period in the Roman history, and of the characters principally concerned in those important events. It may be worth observing, that he is much indebted, without acknowledging it, to a curious book little known, intitled, *G. Belladini, Scoti, de Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, Libri 16. *Parisiis. Apud Tussanum du Bray*: 1634, folio; dedicated to King Charles. It comprehends a history of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Augustus, drawn up in the very words of Cicero, without any alteration of any expression. In this book Middleton found every part of Cicero's own history in his own words, and his works arranged in chronological order, without farther trouble. The impression of this work being shipped for England, was lost in the vessel, which was cast away, and only a few copies remained that had been left in France. I venture to say, that the style of Middleton, which is commonly esteemed very *pure*, is blemished with many *vulgar* and *cant* terms; such as, "Pompey *had a month's mind: on that score; these advances; this squeamishness*," &c. He has not been successful in the translations of those many Epistles of Tully which he has inserted; which, however curious, yet break the thread of the narration. Mongault and Melmoth have far exceeded him in their excellent translations of those pieces. *Warton.*

The book mentioned by Warton, Bellendenus, has been edited by a profound scholar, and eloquent writer, Dr. Samuel Parr, whose animated preface, &c. is in the hands of every scholar. He speaks with a warmth that does honour to his heart, respecting Dr. Middleton's conduct, in not avowing to whom he was so much indebted. *Bowles.*

Ver. 75. *and Bland,*] He had been master of Eton College, and a friend of Sir Robert Walpole. He translated into Latin, with

Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *nation's sense*;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on CAROLINA'S urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children bless'd!

NOTES.

with much purity and elegance, the Soliloquy of Cato in the beginning of the fifth act of that Tragedy. *Warton.*

Ver. 76. *All boys may read, and girls may understand!*] i. e. full of school *phrases* and *Anglicisms.* *Warburton.*

Ver. 78. *nation's sense;*] The cant of politics at that time. *Warburton.*

Ver. 80. CAROLINA] Queen Consort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances, unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. *Pope.*

Ver. 81. *And hail her passage to the realms of rest,*] *Dryden* has a passage similar to the former couplet in his Absalom and Achitophel, part i.

Or fled she with his life, and left this *verse*
To *hang on* her departed patron's *hearse?*

And a verse, resembling the last of this quotation, a little earlier in the same poem:

All parts fulfill'd of subject, and of son:

as *Cowley* also, on the death of the Earl of Balcarras:

Perform'd all parts of virtue's vigorous life. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 82. *and* all *her children bless'd!*] No subtle commentary can torture these words to mean any thing but the most poignant sarcasm on the behaviour of this great personage to her son on her death-bed. A very severe copy of verses was circulated at the time, said to be written by Lord Chesterfield, which ended thus:

"And unforgiving, unforgiven died!"

So that our author's own note is at *variance* with his *text*, as is a letter written to Mr. Allen. *Warton.*

So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—

NOTES.

Ver. 82. all *her children bless'd!*"] Her memory has been vindicated in the most satisfactory manner by Mr. Coxe:

"The enemies of Queen Caroline have represented her as being of an unforgiving temper; and even reproached her with want of maternal tenderness. It was maliciously suggested, that she fomented the misunderstanding between the King and the Prince of Wales; but, on the contrary, she exerted her utmost influence to abate the petulance of the Son, and the irritability of the Father.

"The tongue of slander has even reproached her with maintaining her implacability to the hour of her death, and refusing her pardon to the Prince, who had humbly requested to receive her blessing. To this imputation Lord Chesterfield alludes, in a copy of verses circulated at that time:

"And unforgiving, unforgiven dies!"

Pope also has consigned to posterity this aspersion:

"and *all her children bless'd!*"

"I am happy to have it in my power to remove this stigma from the memory of this great Princess. *She sent her blessing* to her Son, and a *message* of *forgiveness*, and told Sir Robert Walpole she would have seen him with pleasure, but prudence forbad the interview, as it might embarrass and irritate the King." Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, p. 497. *Bowles.*

Ver. 84. *No* Gazetteer *more innocent than I*—] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his business is to write the government's newspaper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steele for some time had this post; and he describes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himself and his Writings:* "My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest minister of state, to wit, in the office of *Gazetteer;* where I worked faithfully according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all ministers, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette day against the writer of it, that I owe

And let, a-God's name, every fool and knave
Be graced through life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.
Silent and soft, as saints remove to heaven,
All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;

NOTES.

I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what people say, which I do not deserve." *Warburton.*

Ver. 87. *Why so? if satire*] About this time a great spirit of liberty was prevalent. All the men of wit and genius, who indeed were all in the opposition, joined in increasing it. Glover wrote his *Leonidas* with this view; Nugent, his *Odes to Mankind*, and to Mr. Pulteney; King, his *Miltonis Epistola*, and *Templum Libertatis;* Thomson his *Britannia*, his *Liberty*, and his tragedy of *Agamemnon;* Mallet, his *Mustapha;* and Brooke, his *Gustavus Vasa;* our author, his *Imitations* of Horace, and these two *Dialogues;* and Johnson, his *London.* *Warton.*

Ver. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.*] A title given *that* Lord by king James II. He was of the Bedchamber to king William; he was so to king George I.; he was so to king George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. *Pope.*

Pope alludes to Charles Hamilton, third son of the Duke of Hamilton, who was created Earl of Selkirk in 1687. *Bowles.*

Ver. 97. *There, where no passion, &c.*] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts,

There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

NOTES.

Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: "Qu'on lise ce que les historiens de tous les tems ont dit sur la cour des monarques, qu'on se rappelle les conversations des hommes de tous les pays sur le miserable caractère des COURTISANS; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oisiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enrichir sans travail, l'aversion pour la vérité; la flatterie, la trahison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagemens, le mepris des devoirs du citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du prince, l'espérance de ses foiblesses, et plus que tous cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le caractère de la plupart des courtisans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les principaux d'un état soient malhonnêtes gens, et que les inferieurs soient gens de bien, que ceux-la soient trompeurs, et que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans le peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnête homme le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue, qu'un monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant il est vrai que la vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce gouvernement." *Warburton.*

This testament, which Voltaire laboured to prove to be spurious, has lately been shewn to be genuine.

The passage in our author far exceeds a celebrated one in *Pastor Fido*, where Guarini thus characterizes courts and courtiers. Atto v. Scena 1:

L'ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,
E la rapina di pietà vestita,
Crescer col danno e precipizio altrui,
E far à sè de l'altrui biasmo onore,
Son le virtù di quella gente infida. *Warton.*

P. Good heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
And, when three sovereigns died, could scarce be vex'd,
Considering what a *gracious prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of *Vice* be lost?

NOTES.

Ver. 107. *And, when three sovereigns died, could scarce be vex'd,*] The *three sovereigns*, I presume, were Mary, William, and Anne; the *gracious prince*, George the First. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 111. *or peeress, shall I fret,*] I have been informed that these verses related to Lady M. W. Montagu and her sister the Countess of Mar. Lady Mary was certainly extravagant, speculated in money matters, and perhaps might have been under temporary difficulties. Pope was willing to lay hold of every report against her; but if there ever was an idea of her having neglected her sister, it could not have been true, for they corresponded always with the greatest tenderness and affection; and Lady Mar could not have been in any great degree of penury, for when Lord Mar was banished, his Scotch estate, which had been settled on his wife, was freely given her by George I. for the maintenance of herself and daughter. She lived at Paris, where she corresponded with her sister, who invites her perpetually to a life of gaiety and expense, very unsuitable to a state of indigence. *Bowles.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 112. In some editions:
Who starves a mother——

Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things,)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount despatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

NOTES.

Ver. 115. *Cibber's son,—Rich*] Two players: look for them in the Dunciad. *Pope.*

Ver. 122. *To pay their debts,*] This severe line relates to a fact of too delicate a nature to be explained. *Warton.*

Ver. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious foolish book called *The Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. *Pope.*

Ver. 123. *If Blount despatch'd himself,*] He was the younger son of Sir Henry Blount, who wrote an admirable account of a *Voyage* to the Levant, 1636; and younger brother of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who wrote the *Censura Authorum*. And this Charles Blount was not only the author of *The Oracles of Reason*, but of an infidel treatise, intitled, *Anima Mundi*, and of the *Life of Apollonius Tyanæus*, in folio, 1680; with notes said to be taken from the manuscript of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It was his sister-in-law, with whom he was in love, when he destroyed himself. *Warton.*

Ver. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called, *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in

But shall a printer, weary of his life, 125
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?

NOTES.

in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted *gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into the philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, "that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station;* and that as to him, his *guide, philosopher, and friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company." All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out Murder; which brought in company to his relief. — This unhappy man at last died a penitent. *Warburton.*

Ver. 125. *But shall a printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors. *Pope.*

In the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1732, it is related, that Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and prisoner for debt in the King's Bench, and Bridget his wife, were found hanging in their chamber, about two yards distant from each other; and below in their kitchen, their little child, two years old, shot through the head in its cradle. They were neatly dressed in clean linen, a curtain was drawn between the man and woman, a pistol loaded lying near him, and a knife by her. They left two letters, one for the landlord about his rent, and the other to Mr. Brindley, endeavouring to justify the manner and causes of their death; and begging their dog and cat might be taken care of. Voltaire also has given this account in an Essay on English suicides. *Melanges*, vol. iv. *Warton.*

One of the letters written by these mistaken and unfortunate people, is very curious, though we cannot but deplore the perverted

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice, thus abused, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on *Gin*.
Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;

NOTES.

verted mode of reasoning, which, in their statement, these poor people, to whom Pope alludes, employed. The letter to the landlord is,

"To MR. BRIGHTED.

"SIR,

"The necessity of my affairs has obliged me to give you this trouble; I hope I have *left* more than is sufficient for the money I owe you. I beg of you that you will be pleased to send these inclosed papers, as directed, immediately by some porter, and that without shewing them to any one. Your humble servant,

"RICHARD SMITH.

"P. S. I have a *suit of black clothes* at the Cock in Mint-street, which lies for 17*s*. 6*d*.

"If you can find any * *chap* for *my dog* and *ancient cat*, it would be kind. I have here sent a shilling for the porter." *Bowles.*

Ver. 129. *This calls the church to deprecate our sin,*] Alluding to the *Forms of Prayer* composed in the times of public calamity and distress; where the fault is generally laid upon the *people.* *Warburton.*

Ver. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. *Pope.*

Ver. 131. *Let modest* FOSTER,] This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very few bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic preachers can do!!* Hist. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIBL. *Warburton.*

He was an eloquent and persuasive preacher, and wrote an excellent

* Buyer.

A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff, in doctrine,—yea, in life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

NOTES.

cellent Defence of Christianity against Tindal. Dr. Warburton's note is a direct *contradiction* to the sentiment of his friend, who meant to pay a deserved compliment to a worthy and amiable dissenting teacher, and who quoted him with approbation to Bolingbroke. *Warton.*

Ver. 133. *A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,*] The bishop of Landaff at this time was Dr. Matthias Mawson, Master also of Benet College in Cambridge, of whom a very respectable account, founded on facts, is given in Master's history of that college; a much more competent witness in this case than Pope, who was probably influenced on this occasion by some Tory prejudice. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 133. *a Quaker's wife,*] Mrs. Drummond, celebrated in her time. *Warton.*

Ver. 134. *Outdo Landaff*] A prelate of irreproachable character, who is said never to have offended Pope; and whose son is no small ornament to his profession, Dr. Harris, of Doctors' Commons. *Warton.*

Ver. 134. *Landaff,*] A poor bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied. *Pope.*

Ver. 135. *Let humble* ALLEN,] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this poem, in a letter to Mr. Allen, writes thus: "I am going to insert, in the body of my works, my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public, to correct myself on such occasions; and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean *humility*. I must therefore in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born*, to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell every body, this change was not made at yours,

Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same, beloved, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the *fall* degrades her to a whore;
Let *Greatness* OWN HER, and she's mean no more,

NOTES.

yours, or at any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge you merited it," &c. *Twit. Nov.* 2. *Warburton.*

Ver. 144. *Let Greatness* OWN HER, *and she's mean no more,*] The poet, in this whole passage, was willing to be understood as alluding to a very extraordinary story told by Procopius, in his *Secret History;* the sum of which is as follows:

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beasts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the empire was, at that time, divided between the two factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two sisters, his place of *Master of the Bears* was disposed of to a stranger: and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her sisters in the habit and quality of a slave. And when it came to her turn to mount the stage, as she could neither dance nor play on the flute, she was put into the lowest class of buffoons, to make diversion for the rabble; which she did in so arch a manner, and complained of the indignities she suffered in so ridiculous a tone, that she became an absolute favourite of the people. After a complete course of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and distress: from whence (as it was no wonder) she was willing to remove. And to Constantinople she came; but after a large circuit through the east, where she worked her way by a free course of prostitution. JUSTINIAN

was

Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;

NOTES.

was at this time consort in the empire with his uncle *Justin*; and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no sooner saw Theodora, than he fell desperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empress *Euphemia*, a Barbarian, and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And she, although she rarely denied him any thing, yet obstinately refused giving him this instance of her complaisance. But she did not live long: and then nothing but the ancient LAWS, which forbad a senator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Justinian from executing this extraordinary project. These he obliged Justin to revoke; and then, in the face of the sun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (says the historian) and an encouragement to the most abandoned licence. And now, no sooner was THEODORA (in the poet's phrase) OWNED *by Greatness*, than she, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a single magistrate (says Procopius) that expressed the least indignation at the shame and dishonour brought upon the state; not a single prelate that shewed the least desolation for the public scandal. They all drove to Court so precipitately, as if they were striving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very soldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the champions of her virtue. As for the common people, who had so long been the spectators of her servility, her buffoonery, and her prostitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as slaves at the footstool of their mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever, who shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other the *green* faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by sometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiscation, and sometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See Procop. Anec. c. ix. x. *Warburton.*

Upon

In golden chains, the willing world she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the laws,
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME!

NOTES.

Upon this note Gibbon observes, vol. iv. p. 26: "Without Warburton's critical *Telescope*, I should never have seen, in this general picture of triumphant vice, any personal allusion to *Theodora*." Her infamous conduct may be read in the fourth volume of the *Menagiana*. What Bayle says of J. Scaliger may be justly applied to many of Warburton's notes: "Les commentaires qui viennent de lui, sont pleines de conjectures hardies, ingénieuses, et fort savantes; mais il n'est guères apparent, que les auteurs ayent songés à tout de ce qu'il leur fait dire. On s'éloigne de leur sens aussi bien, quand on a beaucoup d'esprit, que quand on n'en a pas." Repub. des Lett. 1684. *Warton.*

Ver. 148. *And hers the Gospel is, and hers the laws,*] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both. *Warburton.*

Ver. 149. *scarlet head,*] Alluding to the *scarlet whore* of the *Apocalypse*. *Warburton.*

Ver. 151. *Lo! at the wheels*] A group of allegorical persons, worthy the pencil of *Rubens!* and described in expressions worthy of *Virgil!* This is perhaps the noblest passage in all his works, without any exception whatever. *Warton.*

In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villany."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

NOTES.

Ver. 162. *'Tis avarice all,*] "So far from having the virtues, we have not even the vices of our ancestors," says Bolingbroke. *Warton.*

Ver. 170. "*Nothing is sacred now but villany.*"] From the conclusion of this satire, which is highly poetical and animated, one might suppose that there was neither honesty, honour, public spirit, nor virtue, in the nation. We should, however, always keep in mind the agitated state of parties at the time. Tories, Jacobites, disappointed Whigs, all under the *name* of *Patriot*, united in *one cry* against the administration of Walpole; who *most truly* deserved that distinguished appellation, and by whose firmness, wisdom, and integrity, under Providence, the Protestant succession was in great measure sustained, in the most trying periods, and with it our laws and liberties.

But whatever may be said of the political, of the poetical part, particularly the description of vice, and the noble conclusion, there can be but one opinion. More dignified and impressive numbers, more lofty indignation, more animated appeals, and more rich personifications, never adorned the page of the Satiric Muse. *Bowles.*

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, 'faith, it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of *Thirty-nine!*
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *'Tis all a libel*] The liberty of the press was about this time thought to be in danger; and Milton's noble and nervous discourse on this subject, intitled, *Areopagitica*, was reprinted in an octavo pamphlet, with a preface written by Thomson, the poet. "If we think to regulate printing," says Milton, "thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. He who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious."

Warton.

Ver. 1. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury. *Warburton.*

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on then, Satire! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend atheists! F. Scandal! name them! Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *Feign what I will, &c.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *invention*; and then, to prevent a likeness, I aggravate the features. But alas! the growth of vice is so monstrously sudden, that it rises up to a *resemblance* before I can get from the press. *Warburton.*

Ver. 11. *Even Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. *Pope.*

Ver. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?*] It is pity that the liveliness of the reply cannot excuse the bad reasoning: the *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it; which his argument requires they should do. For *dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud; but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the *person*. *Warburton.*

Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never named; the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop too low.

NOTES.

Ver. 21. *the town's inquiring yet.*] So true is Swift's observation on *personal* satire: "I have long observed, that twenty miles from London nobody understands *hints, initial letters,* or *town-facts* and *passages;* and in a few years not even those who live in London." See verse 258 below, for two *asterisks,* not filled up or known. *Warton.*

Ver. 22. *F. You mean—P. I don't.*] The same friend is here again introduced making such remonstrances as before. And several parts of the dialogue here are more rapid and short, and approach nearer to common conversation, than any lines he had ever before written; and are examples of that style mentioned by Horace:

" ——parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò." *Warton.*

Ver. 24. *The bribing statesman*] *Corruption* was the universal cry at this period, and it had been repeated so long, that people began to think the *removal* of Sir Robert Walpole would introduce a sort of happiness into the political world, like that of the "millennium:"

No taxes, no corruption, no bribery.

Dodington, who was upon terms of the greatest kindness and intimacy with the Walpoles, to secure his election at Portsmouth, had no scruple in making Sir Robert Walpole (to whom he had before addressed his poetical Epistle, as to the Saviour of the Nation) the burden of his song, in the following ballad, which, in the MS. he says, was made in his road to Portsmouth, with a view to the election there, 1741.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?

NOTES.

Stanzas, 1740, *on the road to Portsmouth.*

Now, Britain, is the crisis of thy fate,
Against *Corruption* make a glorious stand;
Unite thy sons ere yet it be too late,
The *scared Corruptor deluges* the land.

View the heap'd pile with undesiring eyes,
Thy danger from thy baseness flows alone;
Be honest—by his spell the *Sorcerer* dies,
And what he meant thy *ruin, proves his own.*

Survey thy King—just, valiant, and sincere,
Is this a prince we must be *bribed* to serve?
Ah no! the *bribe* betrays the *wretch*'s fear,
And shows he's conscious what his *crimes deserve.*

Since then the difference of their souls we see,
One form'd for glory, one to bribe and rob,
Let George's friends be honest all and free,
The *servile* and *corrupt*, be friends to Bob. *Bowles.*

Ver. 29. *Like royal harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old game laws; when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in woods and forests. *Warburton.*

Ver. 31. *As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but without reflection: for if *beasts of nature*, then not beasts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country squires. However, the Latin is nobler; *Feræ naturæ*, *things* uncivilized, and *free*. *Feræ*, as the critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, Asinus silvestris.

Scriblerus.

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, Sir? No: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild;*
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or if the thing
May pinch even there—why, lay it on a king.

NOTES.

Ver. 35. *You hurt a man*] In a *former* edition there was the following note on this line: "For as the reasonable De la Bruyère observes, Qui ne sait être une *Erasme*, doit penser à être *Evêque*." Dr. Warburton omitted it after he got a seat on the Bench. *Warton.*

Ver. 39. *wretched* Wild;] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged. *Pope.*

Ver. 51. *why, lay it on a king.*] Warburton says: "He is serious in the foregoing subjects of satire, but ironical here; and only

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire, then, not rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Even Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always *Peter?* Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desperate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?
Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,
(Where Kent and nature vie for PELHAM's love,)

NOTES.

only alludes to the common practice of ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their masters." I fear Pope meant more. *Bowles.*

Ver. 57. *Even Peter trembles only for his ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. *Pope.*

Ver. 65. SCARB'ROW] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. *Pope.*

His character is ably and elegantly drawn by Lord Chesterfield, and the manner of his lamented death, minutely and pathetically related by Dr. Maty, in the Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield's Life. *Warton.*

The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!
Even in a Bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;

NOTES.

Ver. 66. Esher's *peaceful grove*,] The house and gardens of Esher, in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. *Pope.*

Ver. 67. Kent *and nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the artist. *Warburton.*

Ver. 71. Secker *is decent*,] To say of a prelate, whose life was exemplary, and his learning excellent, that he was only *decent*, is surely to *damn with faint praise*. His lectures and his sermons are written with a rare mixture of simplicity and energy, and contain (what sermons too seldom possess) a great knowledge of life and human nature. Dr. Lowth, Dr. Kennicott, and Mr. Merrick, frequently acknowledged his uncommon skill in oriental learning; but the author of Warburton's Life has lately thought proper to deny him this praise. The characters of *Benson* and *Rundel* are justly drawn. It was *Gibson*, Bishop of London, who prevented the latter, though strongly patronized by Lord Chancellor Talbot, from being an English Bishop, on account of some unguarded expressions he had used relating to *Abraham*'s offering of his son *Isaac*. *Warton.*

Ver. 71. Secker *is decent, &c.*] Notwithstanding the candid and acute remarks of Warburton, this praise of Secker is undoubtedly parsimonious, and the poet almost incurs the censure, which he passed on Addison,

Damns with faint praise.

His notion of *decent* is proved with tolerable precision from his Moral Essays, ii. 163, where, after saying that Chloe, the subject of his satire, *wanted*, what Rundel had, *a heart*, he subjoins:

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in *decencies* for ever.

He means, therefore, to allow Secker *moderate*, but not *leading*, excellences

Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley, every virtue under heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love; 75

NOTES.

excellences of character; to exhibit him as free from informal improprieties, rather than a great proficient in sublimer virtue. Nor were the political principles of Secker likely to permit a very warm encomium from the prejudiced feelings of our poet.

Concerning Rundel, the reader may find more in Pope's and Swift's Letters, and in Whiston's Memoirs of himself. Swift's poem on the Bishop is excellent. *Wakefield.*

Ver. 73. *Berkley, &c.*] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good man, a good Christian, a good citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was besides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abused by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life persisting in, the most outrageous whimsey that ever entered into the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impossibility of the real or actual existence of matter; which he supported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falsehood; expose reason to all the outrage of unbounded scepticism; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonstration doubtful. To this man may be eminently applied that oracle of the Stagirite, which says, *To follow Reason against the* SENSES, *is a sure sign of a bad understanding.*

But if (though at the expense of his moral character) we should suppose, that all this was only a wanton exercise of wit; how his metaphysics came to get him the character of a great genius, unless from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loss to conceive. His pretended demonstration, on this capital question, being the poorest, lowest, and most miserable of all sophisms; that is, a sophism which begs the question, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly shewn; a few pages of whose reasoning have not only more sense and substance than all the elegant discourses of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the character of a great genius. He was truly such: and a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable metaphysics, established on the physics of Newton, will

I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus SOMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I studied SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:
CARLETON'S calm sense, and STANHOPE'S noble flame,
Compared, and knew their generous end the same:

NOTES.

will be deemed as great a dishonour to the wisdom of this age, as the neglect of Milton's poetry was to the wit of the past.

Warburton.

Ver. 77. SOMERS] John, Lord Somers, died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III., who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness. *Pope.*

"One of those divine men," says Lord Orford finely, "who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the historians of the last age, and its best authors, represent him, as the most incorrupt lawyer, and the honestest statesman; as a master orator, a genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views; as a man, who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity. He was at once the model of Addison, and the touchstone of Swift: the one wrote from him, the other for him." *Warton.*

Ver. 77. HALIFAX,] A Peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry. *Pope.*

Ver. 79. SHREWSBURY,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. *Pope.*

Ver. 80. CARLETON] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle,) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Queen Anne. *Pope.*

How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
How can I PULTENEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit? 85

NOTES.

Ver. 80. STANHOPE] James, Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. *Pope.*

Ver. 80. STANHOPE's *noble flame,*] Who confessed to old Whiston, that, in his opinion, it was almost impossible for a Minister of State to be an honest man. *Warton.*

Ver. 83. *How shined the soul,*] Among these, Atterbury was his chief intimate. The turbulent and imperious temper of this haughty prelate was long felt and remembered in the college over which he presided. It was with difficulty Queen Anne was persuaded to make him a bishop; which she did at last, on the repeated importunities of Lord Harcourt, who pressed the Queen to do it, because truly she had before disappointed him, in not placing Sacheverel on the bench. After her decease, Atterbury vehemently urged his friends to proclaim the Pretender; and on their refusal, upbraided them for their timidity with many oaths; for he was accustomed to swear, on any strong provocation. In a Collection of Letters, lately published by Mr. Duncombe, it is affirmed, on the authority of Elijah Fenton, that Atterbury, speaking of Pope, said, there was,

Mens curva in corpore curvo.

This sentiment seems utterly inconsistent with the warm friendship supposed to subsist between these celebrated men. But Dr. Herring, in the second volume of this collection, p. 104, says: "If Atterbury was not worse used than any honest man in the world ever was, there were strong contradictions between his public and private character." *Warton.*

Ver. 84. PULTENEY, CHESTERFIELD] I have heard a lady of exquisite wit and judgment, say of these two celebrated men: "The latter was always striving to be witty, and the former could not help being so."

The

ARGYLL, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or WYNDHAM, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.

NOTES.

The two lines on *Argyll* are said to have been added, on the Duke's declaring in the House of Lords, on occasion of some of Pope's satires, that if any man dared to use his name in an invective, he would run him through the body, and throw himself on the mercy of his Peers, who, he trusted, would weigh the provocation.

Bolingbroke's Letter to Wyndham is one of the most curious of his works, and it gave a deadly and incurable blow to the folly and madness of Jacobitism. *Warton.*

Ver. 84. CHESTERFIELD *forget,*] His character was much sunk by the publication of the loose and libertine Letters to his Son. *Warton.*

Ver. 88. WYNDHAM,] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. *Pope.*

Ver. 88. *Or* WYNDHAM, *just to freedom*] In former editions:

Or WYNDHAM arm'd for freedom—— *Warton.*

Ver. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. *Warburton.*

Frederic, Prince of Wales; who possessed many of what the King of Prussia called, ces qualités sociables qui s'allient si rarement avec la morgue et la grandeur des Souverains. *Warton.*

Ver. 93. *Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *persons.* *Warburton.*

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue;* where she shines, I praise;
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the MAN of Ross, or my LORD MAYOR.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

NOTES.

Ver. 99. *the* MAN *of* Ross,] Kirle, the celebrated Man of Ross, was educated at Baliol College, Oxford, where there is a curious tankard, inscribed with his name, which he left as a present to the College; it is often shewn as a curiosity, in consequence of the splendor given to his name, by Pope's numbers.

The tankard stands about ten inches high from the ground, being supported by three legs, in the shape of lions.

The handle is formed by the figure of a dolphin, and the cover lifted up by a figure of an hedgehog, which was Kirle's crest.

Upon the cover of the tankard, the arms of Baliol College.

In the centre, the arms of the donor, above which are the words "*Poculum Charitatis:*" and underneath, the following inscription:

"*Ex dono Johannis Kirle de Rosse, in Agro Herefordiensi, et hujus Collegii Socii Commensalis.*"

The date of the year, in which the gift was made, is, contrary to the usual form, omitted. *Bowles.*

Ver. 99. *my* LORD MAYOR.] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in parliament. An excellent man, magistrate, and senator. In the year 1747, the city of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his country, erected a statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good man. *Warburton.*

F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for *the best of men*,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

NOTES.

Ver. 102. *To find an honest man, &c.*] In this search, in which he was very sincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had *less penetration, but more passions* to gratify. *Warburton.*

Ver. 110. *What* RICHLIEU *wanted,*] A curious and uncommon fact is mentioned by the learned Abbé Longuerue, Part ii. p. 5. That Cardinal Richlieu had, from time to time, fits of insanity, during which no person was permitted to approach him but a few confidents, and especially Bois-Robert. He gave, says Segrais, p. 170, one hundred and twenty thousand crowns a-year in pensions to men of learning and science. The history of his founding the French academy is well known; which is frequently said to have polished and fixed the French language. But Malherbe, their first correct writer, died before the institution of this academy. *Warton.*

Ver. 116. LOUIS *scarce could gain,*] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great Boileau always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his master. Of which he gives

us

No power the Muse's friendship can command;
No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;
Oh let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith, the thought's
no sin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.

NOTES.

us an instance in Ver. 231, where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant. *Warburton.*

The *relentless* despotism of Louis," says a certain eloquent writer, "was proudly arrayed in manners, gallantry, splendour, magnificence, and even covered over with the imposing robes of science and literature."—But the despotism was notwithstanding *relentless.* *Warton.*

Ver. 121. *Oh let my country's friends illumine mine!*] Warburton calls this *a pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion!!!* *Bowles.*

Ver. 128. *Come then, I'll comply*—] Here is a most happy imitation of Persius, and of Boileau:

—— Per me equidem sunt omnia protinus alba,
Nil moror; euge omnes, omnes, bene miræ eritis res:
Hoc juvat? *Persius*, Sat. 1. ver. 110.

And thus Boileau, Sat. ix. v. 287.

Puisque vous le voulez, je vais changer de stile,
Je le déclare donc, Quinault est un Virgile;
Pradon comme un soleil en nos ans a paru;
Pelletier écrit mieux qu' Ablancourt ni Patru;

Cotin

COBHAM's a coward, POLWARTH is a slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark designing knave,
ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

NOTES.

Cotin à ses sermons trainant toute la terre,
Fend les flots d'auditeurs pour aller à sa chaire.

But Pope has plainly the superiority by the artful and ironical compliments paid to his friends. *Warton.*

Ver. 129. *Spirit of* Arnall!] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. ver. 315. *Pope.*

Ver. 129. *Spirit of* Arnall!] Arnall was one of the writers for Sir Robert Walpole, and got by his writing, &c. a very large sum, an account of which may be seen in the notes to the Dunciad. Some of his letters now before me, for the sight of which I am indebted to Mr. Coxe, shew him to have been a shrewd and sensible man. What is curious, in *one* he talks very highly of his *honour* and *veracity*. He was as vain-glorious and important in his own ideas, as Pope, with much less reason: what he got, he spent as fast as it came, and many of his letters to Sir Robert shew great poverty and distress. They are full of earnest petitions for preferment, money, &c. He had a silver ink-stand, which he was proud of displaying, and boasted it was a present from his FRIEND WALPOLE! His distress at last, brought on by his own imprudence, induced him, it is supposed, to commit suicide.—Communicated by Mr. Coxe. *Bowles.*

Ver. 130. POLWARTH] The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty. *Pope.*

What? shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchet's lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's the affront to you?
Against your worship when had S——k* writ?
Or P—ge† pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?

NOTES.

Ver. 143. *To break my windows*] Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst were one day dining with him at Twickenham. All the great persons celebrated in these Satires were in violent opposition to government. It is rather singular that he has not mentioned Mr. Pitt, one of the most able and most formidable; especially with his friends, Lyttelton, Cobham, and Pulteney. *Warton.*

Ver. 159. *Or P—ge*] Judge Page, who is said to have treated delinquents too roughly. *Warton.*

* Sherlock. † Page.

Or grant the bard whose distich all commend,
[*In power a servant, out of power a friend*]
To W—le* guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery be-dropp'd the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

NOTES.

Ver. 160. *the bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. *Pope.*

Ver. 161. *In power*] Lord Melcombe was the author of this line, in an Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole. *Warton.*

Mr. Wyndham, to whom I am so much indebted, informs me, that Lord Melcombe took the very same Epistle he had written to Sir Robert, and some years afterwards, when circumstances were changed, addressed it to Lord Bute. *Bowles.*

Ver. 164. *The priest, &c.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. *Pope.*

Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline. The two following unpublished lines of our author, have been communicated to me by a learned friend, on a picture of this queen, drawn by Lady Burlington:

Peace, flattering bishop, lying dean!
This Portrait only saints the Queen!

A comet happening to appear when Cardinal Mazarine lay on his death-bed, some of his many abject flatterers insinuated, that it had reference to *him*, and his destiny. The Cardinal pleasantly answered: "Gentlemen, the comet does me too much honour." Tenison preached a very fulsome funeral eulogium of Nell Gwyn. *Warton.*

Ver. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71, of the preceding dialogue. *Pope.*

Ver. 166. *florid youth*] Lord Hervey, alluding to his painting himself. *Bowles.*

* Walpole.

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole house did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit not there confined,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach——

P. So does flattery mine;

NOTES.

Ver. 172. *As hog to hog*] "Our modern authors write plays as they feed hogs in Westphaly, where but one eats pease or acorns, and all the rest feed upon his, and one another's *excrements*." *Thoughts on various subjects*, vol. ii. p. 497. Though those remarks were not published in the lifetime of Pope, yet the author of them, Mr. Thyer, informs us, that Mr. Longueville, in whose custody they were, communicated them to Atterbury, from whom Pope might hear of them. It is impossible any two writers could casually hit upon an image so very peculiar and uncommon.

Warton.

Ver. 182. *So does flattery mine;*] Fontenelle has written a pleasant dialogue between Augustus and Peter Aretine, the Italian satirist, who laughs immoderately at the emperor, for the gross flattery he so cordially received from his poets, particularly Virgil, at the beginning of the Third Georgic. And Aretine, among other delicate strokes of ridicule, tells him: "On louoit une partie

And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forged was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?

NOTES.

tie de votre vie, aux depens de l'autre." But Fontenelle ends like a true Frenchman, and assures Augustus, "he will no longer be quoted as a model for kings, since Louis XIV. has appeared." Such is the language held of a man, who could banish Fenelon, burn the Palatinate, and drive away or destroy so many of his protestant subjects; who kept in pay 440,000 men. It is grievous to reflect, that for incurring the displeasure of *such* a man, Racine had the weakness to be so much affected, as to bring on, by vexation and grief, a disease that was fatal to him. Racine and Boileau relinquished, after a small progress, the History of Louis XIV. which they were appointed to write. Boileau honestly owned to his friends, that he did not well know what reasons to allege in justification of the war against Holland in 1672. The pride, profusion, ambition, and despotism of Louis XIV. laid the foundation of the ruin of France, and all the miseries we have lived to see. *Warton.*

Ver. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. *Pope.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 185. In the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
  Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours;
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
  F. You're strangely proud.
    P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.

NOTES.

Ver. 204. *And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.*] From Terence: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."
Pope.

Ver. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] In this ironical exultation the poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.
Warburton.

Ver. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] This seems fabricated from the materials of *Boileau*, Discours au Roi, ver. 99.

En vain d'un lâche orgueil leur esprit revêtu
Se couvre du manteau d'une austère vertu:
Leur cœur, qui se connoit, et qui fuit la lumière,
S'il se moque de Dieu, craint Tartuffe et Molière. *Wakefield.*

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,

NOTES.

Ver. 211. *Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.*] The passions are given us to awake and support virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *satire*.
Warburton.

Ver. 219. *And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.*] The good *Eusebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *ox* and the Christian *priesthood*. Hence the dignified clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their *thrones* by the name of *stalls*. To which a great prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, who would otherwise have been forgotten; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls*.
Scriblerus.

Ver. 220. *Ye insects!—The* MUSE's *wing shall brush you all away;*] This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable being. There is now in his library, at Mr. Allen's, a complete collection of all the horrid libels written and published against him:

" The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

The

Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away;
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings.
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

NOTES.

The morals blackened, when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape."

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book. Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36. *Warburton.*

Ver. 220. *Ye tinsel insects!*] Poets have frequently been party-men, ancient as well as modern. *Euripides* was of Alcibiades's faction, for *war*; Aristophanes, for *peace*. Hence arose their mutual animosity. The *Inferno* of Dante is as much a *political* poem as the *Absalom* and *Achitophel* of Dryden. The *Æneid* is also of this *kind*; and so is the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, and the *Henriade* of Voltaire. *Warton.*

Ver. 222. *cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. *Pope.*

Ver. 223. *The* Muse's *wing shall brush you all away;*] An exquisite verse, of which Mr. Gray has made excellent use in his Ode on Spring:

"*Brush'd* by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age—." *Wakefield.*

Ver. 225. *gods of kings.*] When James the First had once bespeeched his parliament, Bishop Williams, Keeper of the Great Seal, added—that, *after his Majesty's* DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM, *he would not dare mortale aliquid addere.* On which Wilson, the historian, observes—*This is not inserted to shew the* PREGNANCY *and* GENIUS *of the man, but the temper of the times.* *Warburton.*

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue's* shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of *eternity*.

NOTES.

Ver. 228. *When black ambition, &c.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (Ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. *Pope.*

Ver. 230. *Not Waller's wreath*] "Such a series of verses," says Dr. Johnson, "as the Panegyric on Cromwell, had hardly appeared before in the English language." I cannot forbear adding, that I am surprized Waller should never name Milton, who was of the same party, and which he had so many opportunities of doing in his works. But Waller was not of Milton's school. *Warton.*

Ver. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "Il a fait un astre de la plume blanche que le Roi porte ordinairement à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de comete, fatale à nos ennemis." *Pope.*

Prior

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 227 in the MS.

"Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanced ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduced so low
As to the regal touch, and papal toe;
Hence, haughty Edgar's title to the main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!"

There, other trophies deck the truly brave;
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than *** and *** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from STAIR;
(Such as on HOUGH'S unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine;)

NOTES.

Prior burlesqued this Ode with infinite pleasantry and humour. And the same may be said of Prior's *Epistle to Boileau*. Louis XIV., who had a personal regard for Prior, did not, we may well imagine, know that he had ridiculed his favourite Poet. Another French flatterer read to Malherbe some fulsome verses, in which he had represented France as moving out of its place to receive the King. "Though this," said the honest Malherbe, "was in my time, yet I protest I do not remember it." *Warton.*

Ver. 235. *And opes*] From Milton's Comus, ver. 14.

"That opes the palace of eternity." *Warton.*

Ver. 237. *Anstis*] The chief herald at arms. It is the custom at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. *Pope.*

Ver. 238. *Far other stars than* *** *and* *** *wear*] That is, Kent and Grafton. The next line wants explanation. I have some notion Lord Mordington kept a gaming-house. *Bennet.*

Ver. 239. STAIR;] John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as ambassador to France. *Pope.*

Ver. 240, 241. HOUGH — DIGBY,] Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester; and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England, in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. *Pope.*

Ver. 240. (*Such as on* HOUGH'S *unsullied mitre shine,*] Dr. *John Hough*, successively Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield, and Worcester, was born in 1655, and died May 8, 1743, at the very advanced age of ninety-two, after an episcopacy of fifty-three years. *Wakefield.*

Let *envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let *flattery* sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.

NOTES.

Ver. 240. *on* HOUGH'*s unsullied*] In the fifty-seventh *Persian* Letter, is an elegant and well written eulogium on this excellent prelate, by Lord Lyttelton. These Letters have been too much depreciated and neglected. *Warton.*

Ver. 253. *of their degenerate line.*] Such was the language at that time, used by our author and his friends and associates. Lord Chesterfield ends the account of his friend Hammond, author of the Love Elegies, with these words: "He looked back, with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates; in these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died; but in these times too, ut non *erepta* a diis immortalibus vita, sed *donata*, mors videatur."

In every age, and in every nation, there is a constant *progression* of manners; "For the manners of a people seldom stand still, but are either POLISHING OR SPOILING." *Warton.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 255. In the MS.

Quit, quit these themes and write Essays on Man.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man.* 255

NOTES.

Ver. *ult.*] This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. *Pope.*

We must own that these Dialogues, excellent as they are, exhibit many and strong marks of our author's petulance, party-spirit, and self-importance; and of assuming to himself the character of censor general; who, alas! if he had possessed a thousand times more genius, integrity, and ability, than he actually enjoyed, could not have altered or amended the manners of a *rich* and *commercial*, and *consequently* of a *luxurious* and *dissipated* nation. But we make ourselves unhappy, by hoping to possess *incompatible* things; we want to have *wealth* without *corruption*, and *liberty* without *virtue!* . . *Warton.*

Could Pope with his good sense, unless self-love had blinded him, seriously believe, that his pen could effect such mighty purposes, even if the objects of his satire were so notorious, that every good and wise man would have been on his side, and nothing was dictated by private spleen, and political asperity! Alas, we might say, in the language of poor Cowper,

" Leviathan is not so tamed;
Laugh'd at, he laughs again, and stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales." *Bowles.*

The foregoing objections of Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles to these Satires, would, if just, apply not only to the writings of Pope, but to all moral instruction and remonstrance whatsoever. That the efforts of any single individual are not likely to effect an entire change

change in the manners of a people may be admitted; but it will not thence follow that no attempt is to be made to resist the torrent of corruption and depravity, and to awaken the energies of a people to a better sense of their own true interests and happiness. What results may be produced by such efforts no one can ascertain. They are lessons not confined to a single age or nation, but are common to all times and to all mankind; and whatever may be thought of temporary politics and private partialities or resentments, will inculcate a scorn of factitious greatness, a contempt of meanness and servility, and a generous indignation against profligacy and vice, as long as the language in which they are written may endure.

IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

Dr. Warton informs us, "that the colloquial and burlesque style and measure of Swift, here adopted, did not suit the genius and manner of our author, who frequently *falls back*, as was natural, from the familiar, into his own more laboured, high, and pompous manner."

On this Mr. Bowles observes, "that the observation is so far just, that Pope certainly does not display, in his Imitations of Horace, the ease and familiarity of Swift; but this does not detract from their merit any farther than as professed imitations of Swift;" to which he adds, that "neither are the least like Horace."

Whether the public will implicitly adopt the opinions of the above critics, whose observations seem generally intended to preoccupy the judgment of the reader in a manner as unfavourable as possible to the author, may perhaps be doubted. Certain however it is, that such decisions are perfectly irreconcileable with the degree of estimation in which these lighter imitations of Horace have been held by former editors, and perhaps by all who are capable of forming an unprejudiced judgment respecting them. Warburton was of opinion, "that although Pope excelled his friend Swift in his own way of modernizing Horace, yet that this way was infinitely inferior to his own." For which he assigns as a reason "that though Horace be easy, he is not familiar; or if he be, it is the familiarity of courts, which is never without its dignity; these things burlesque verse cannot reconcile, nor indeed any other but that of these imitations." Dr. Warton has also pointed out in his introductory note to these pieces, several of Mr. Christopher Pitt's translations of Horace, which he assures us, "*if carefully and candidly inspected*, will be found *really* equal to *any* of Pope's Imitations; and are executed with a dignified familiarity and ease, in the very manner of Horace." Through what motives or with what propriety the Imitations of Pope are brought into comparison with the translations of Pitt, does not appear; but it is not improbable that the decision which inclines strongly to the latter, as being in the very manner of Horace, was founded on the peculiar habits and profession of the critic, and that the humour, the discursiveness, and the elegance of Pope, did not accord with the ideas of Warton so well as the more exact and classical translations of Pitt.

EPISTOLA VII.

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. Atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum, rectèque valentem;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima, calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat.
Quòd si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris,
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine primâ.
Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Changed it to August and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick;
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W * * and H * * both in town!
"The Dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire;
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My Lord, your favours, well I know,
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.

Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benignè.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quàm si dimittar onustus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit:
Hæc seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratum,
Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis.
Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quòd si me noles usquam discedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angustâ fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.
Fortè per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *the lively eye,*] It is said, that Pope's eyes were remarkably expressive. He seems often in his writings to keep this in mind; but the passage is very unequal to the closeness and pleasing painting of the original. Perhaps four lines never were so well expressed, as forming a delineation or accurate portrait of the Roman bard. We see—the "*forte latus,*" "*nigros angustâ fronte capillos;*" the "*dulce loqui,*" and "*ridere decorum.*" The words of the first line set the person of Horace immediately before us, and nothing can be so characteristic of his style in his Epistles, as the words DULCE LOQUI; RIDERE DECORUM. *Bowles.*

The lines of Pope are perhaps in no respect inferior to those of Horace; and the

—— "laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one,"

is more sprightly, as well as more decent than the

Inter vina fugam Cynaræ, &c.

Ver. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himself and the public on his Rape of the Lock. *Warburton.*

" Pray take them, Sir.—Enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest."—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me,
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
The engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda raised my strain.
A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *A weasel once*] Horace shines particularly in these short fables which he was so fond of introducing; as he does indeed

Repserat in cumeram frumenti; pastaque, rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustrà.
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc,
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subîsti.
Hâc ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resignò;
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudâsti; Rexque, Paterque
Audîsti coràm, nec verbo parciùs absens:
Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, &c.

NOTES.

deed in that difficult art of telling a story well, of which the story of Philippus, "Strenuus et fortis," &c. is a master-piece. We are in no one respect so very inferior to the French as in our fables; we have no La Fontaine. The fables of Gay, esteemed our best, are written in a pure and neat style, but have not much nature or humour. Horace's mice are inimitable. The long introductions to the fables of Gay's second volume of fables read like political pamphlets. *Warton.*

Ver. 67. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him some South-Sea subscriptions. He was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He used to say, it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich, as he might have done, by the public calamity. *Warburton.*

But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so;
Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
Give me, I cried, (enough for me)
My bread and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low;
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it; I stop short.

SATIRA VI.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. Auctiùs, atque
Dî meliùs fecere. Bene est: nil ampliùs oro,
Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione malâ rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpâve minorem:
Si veneror stultus nihil horum; O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti fors quâ mihi monstret! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius, agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus, aravit, dives amico

NOTES.

Ver. 22. *And to be kept in my right wits;*] An apprehension of the loss of intellect gave the Dean great uneasiness through life. Some hereditary expectation, or some peculiarity of feeling, I presume, occasioned a perpetual anticipation of that sad event, which at length befel him. Pope's part of the imitation begins at verse 125, but I cannot accede to Warburton's opinion, that his portion of the performance is executed with *more* dexterity than that of Swift, who is unexceptionably excellent, and preserves with most happy accommodation the playful urbanity of his author. There are indeed several strokes in the more humorous passages of Pope's division, after Swift's best manner; but the following seems to me the most successful:

Tells all their names, lays down the law:
"Que ça est bon! Ah goutez ça!
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing:
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in!"

Wakefield.

SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure:"
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;

Hercule: si, quod adest, gratum juvat: hâc prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera, præter
Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
(Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musâque pedestri?)
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, seu Jane libentiùs audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
Instituunt (sic Dîs placitum) tu carminis esto
Principium. Romæ sponsorem me rapis: Eia,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Postmodo, quod mî obsit, clarè certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turbâ; facienda injuria tardis.
Quid vis, insane? et quas res agis? improbus urget

NOTES.

Ver. 30. *on this side Trent;*] He was perpetually expressing his discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England; and courted Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole to effect such a change. A negociation had nearly taken place between the Dean and a Mr. Talbot for the living of Burfield, in Berkshire. Mr. Talbot himself informed me of this negociation. Burfield is in the neighbourhood of Bucklebery, Lord Bolingbroke's seat. *Warton.*

Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all the ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found.
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd
And smiling, whispers to the next,

Iratis precibus; tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar: at simul atras
Ventum est Esquilias, aliena negotia centum
Per caput et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
De re communi scribæ magnâ atque novâ te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit et instat.

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *And, Mr. Dean*] Very happily turned from *Si vis potes.* *Warton.*

" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd."
Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
" So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw:
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone"—
" The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair, at two"—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to teaze,
" You may be certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus: Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro par?
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimosâ benè deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiæ. Noster ludos spectaverit unà,
Luserat in campo, fortunæ filius, omnes.
Frigidus à Rostris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius est, me consulit: O bone (nam te

NOTES.

Ver. 85, *Since* HARLEY *bid me*] The rise and progress of Swift's intimacy with Lord Oxford is minutely detailed in his very interesting Journal to Stella. And the reasons why a man, that served a ministry so effectually, was so tardily, and so difficultly, and so poorly rewarded, are well explained in Sheridan's Life of Swift, and arose principally from the insuperable aversion the Queen had conceived to the author of a Tale of a Tub as a profane book; which aversion was kept alive, and increased by the Duchess of Somerset, against whom Swift had written a severe lampoon. It appears from this life that Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke always kept concealed from Swift their inability to serve him. With whatever secrets Swift might have been trusted, it does not appear he knew any thing of a design to bring in the Pretender. Swift was a true Whig. His political principles are amply unfolded in an excellent letter written to Pope, Jan. 20, 1721; and indeed they had been sufficiently displayed, many years before, in The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; a treatise replete with strong sense, sound principles, and clear reasoning. *Warton.*

The real cause of Swift's disappointment in his hopes of preferment, is explained in Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Both Gay and Swift conceived every thing was to be gained by the interest of Mrs.

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
And chose me for a humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And "How's the wind?"
"Who's chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnelle, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaimed at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My Lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête à tête*.
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks?"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court;
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.

NOTES.

Mrs. Howard, to whom they paid incessant court. This has been before explained. BOWLES.

Scire, Deos quoniam propiùs contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audîsti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetrâ
Prædia Cæsar, an est Italâ tellure daturus?
Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silentî.
Perditur hæc inter misero lux; non sine votis.
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satîs pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
O noctes, cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipse meique,
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus
Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; seu modicis uvescit lætiùs. Ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,

NOTES.

Ver. 141. *Here no man prates*] Alcibiades, in the Symposium of Plato, finely compares Socrates, whose face was disgusting and unpromising, to the little statues of Silenus, which had no external beauty; but if you opened them, you found within the figures of all the gods. Rabelais applied this comparison to the Satires of Horace, which at first sight do not seem to contain so many exquisite moral rules. Dacier borrowed this comparison from Rabelais, without acknowledgment, as he has done many remarks from Cruquius and Lambinus, and from the old commentators, Acron and Porphyrius. *Warton.*

Ver. 142. *that Italian sings,*] Happily turned from Horace's Dancer, "Lepos;"—not so, ver. 144, which is political, and not one of the trifling topics here mentioned. *Warton.*

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The Grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,

Nec malè necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magìs ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrùmne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, usus, rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. Si quis nam laudat Arellî
Solicitas ignarus opes, sic incipit: Olim

NOTES.

Ver. 153. *Our friend Dan Prior*] I have frequently wondered how sparing Pope has been in general in his praises of Prior, especially as the latter was the intimate friend of Swift and Lord Oxford. I imagine this reserve is owing principally to some satirical epigrams that Prior wrote on Atterbury. The Alma is not the only composition of Prior, in which he has displayed a knowledge of the world and of human nature; for I was once permitted to read a curious manuscript, late in the hands of her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Portland, containing essays and dialogues of the dead, on the following subjects, by Prior:

1. Heads for a Treatise on Learning.
2. Essay on Opinion.
3. A Dialogue betwixt Charles the Fifth and Clenard the Grammarian.
4. Betwixt Locke and Montaigne.
5. The Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas More.
6. Oliver Cromwell and his Porter.

If these pieces were published, Prior would appear to be as good a prose-writer as a poet. It seems to be growing a little fashionable to decry his great merits as a poet. They who do this, seem not sufficiently to have attended to his admirable Ode to Mr. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax; his Ode to the Queen, 1706; his Epistle and Ode to Boileau; most of his Tales; the Alma, here mentioned; the Henry and Emma, (in which surely are many strokes of true tenderness and pathos); and his Solomon, a poem which, however faulty in its plan, has yet

A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to chuse our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos:*
Name a town life, and in a trice,
He had a story of two mice.

NOTES.

yet very many noble and finished passages, and which has been so elegantly and classically translated by Dobson, as to reflect honour on the college of Winchester, where he was educated, and where he translated the first book as a school-exercise. I once heard him lament, that he had not at that time read Lucretius, which would have given a richness, and variety, and force to his verses; the only fault of which, seems to be a monotony and want of different pauses, occasioned by translating a poem in rhyme, which he avoided in his Milton. It is one mark of a poem being intrinsically good, that it is capable of being well translated. The political conduct of Prior was blamed on account of the part he took in the famous Partition-Treaty; but in some valuable memoirs of his life, written by the Honourable Mr. Montague, his friend, which were also in the possession of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, this conduct is clearly accounted for, and amply defended. In those memoirs are many curious and interesting particulars of the history of that time.

This beautiful fable, not so much now admired, because so well known, is not in the collection of those called Æsop's, whose composition it certainly was, as appears from the collection of the

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;
Asper, et attentus quæsitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hospitiis animum. Quid multa? neque ille
Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
Frusta dedit, cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ ... ...
Vincere tangentis malè singula dente superbo:
Cùm pater ipse domûs paleâ porrectus in hornâ,
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

NOTES.

fragments of Babrius, which the learned Mr. Tyrrwhit published, and which are a most valuable curiosity. *Warton.*

The reader, perhaps, will be pleased to peruse the following letter from Prior; the original of which is among the Townsend papers, communicated by the kindness of Mr. Coxe. At the time when Pope paid Prior this compliment, Prior was envoy at Paris. *Bowles.*

" My Lord, *Fontainbleau, Oct.* —, 1714.

" I am sure you will not think I make a compliment of form only, when I congratulate you on the honour of being Secretary of State; for, *bonâ fide*, I had rather you had the seals than any man in England, *except myself*, and I wish you most sincerely all satisfaction and prosperity in the course of your business, and in every part of your private life. I need not ask you for your favour, for taking it for granted that you think me an honest man, I assure myself of every thing from you that is good-natured and generous. How I am, or am not to be, HERE, or when I am to be recalled, your Lordship will soonest know. Pray, my Lord, do me all the good you can, and if, as we say here, the names of party and faction are to be lost, pray get me pricked down for one of the first that is desirous to come into so happy an agreement; and

Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a Lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding, that might have pleased a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But shew'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with men:

NOTES.

and as I know so good a design as the obtaining an ensuing PEACE,* suits admirably well with the sweetness of your Lordship's temper, I'll take my oath on it, it graduates extremely well with my present disposition and circumstances. I cannot presume to hope the happiness of seeing you very soon, for though I should be recalled to-morrow, I shall *savour* so strong of a French court, that I must make my *quarantine* in some Kentish village, before I dare come near the Cockpit. In every place and estate, I am,

"My Lord, &c. &c.

"M. PRIOR."

* The Peace of Utrecht.

Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?'
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
Aut magno aut parvo, lethi fuga. Quo, bone, circa
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quàm sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agrestem pepulêre, domo levis exsilit. Inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni subrepere. Jamque tenebat
Nox medium cœli spatium, cùm ponit uterque
In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;
Multaque de magnâ superessent fercula cœnâ,
Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesterna canistris.
Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem, veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod affert.

NOTES.

Ver. 177. *like men, must die,*] The parody on Dryden's poem on the Hind and Panther, alluding to the City and Country Mouse, was the first of Prior's performances, in conjunction with his friend Montague. *Warton.*

Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport:
This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordships had sate late.
Behold the place, where, if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red;
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête à tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
That jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.

Ille cubans gaudet mutatâ sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit lætum convivam: cùm subitò ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
Personuit canibus. Tum rusticus, Haud mihi vitâ
Est opus hâc, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

I have a thousand thanks to give—
My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
" A rat! a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or Gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
" An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
" This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

Intermissa, Venus, diu,
Rursus bella moves? parce, precor, precor
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ. Desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis. Abi
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestiviùs in domum
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Commissabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis,

BOOK IV.*

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires;
To *Number five* direct your doves,
There spread round MURRAY all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.

NOTES.

* This, and the unfinished imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book which follows, shew as happy a vein for managing the Odes of Horace as the Epistles. *Warburton.*

It may be worth observing, that the measure Pope has here chosen, is precisely the same that Ben Jonson used in a translation of this very Ode; folio, p. 268. *Warton.*

Ver. 9. *Number five,*] The number of Murray's lodgings in King's Bench Walks. *Bowles.*

Et centum puer artium,
  Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
  Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
  Ponet marmoream sub trabe citreâ.
Illîc plurima naribus
  Duces thura; lyræque et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
  Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illîc bis pueri die
  Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
  In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec fœmina, nec puer
  Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
  Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
  Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
  Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

NOTES.

Ver. 18. *Make but his riches, &c.*] Seward has an anecdote of Lord Mansfield, respecting the difficulties of his early life; I know not what foundation there is for it. He says, that Murray, acquainting Lord Foley, that he feared he must give up the law, and go into orders, on account of his slender income; Lord Foley generously requested his acceptance of two hundred pounds a-year. *Bowles.*

Ver. 21. *His house, &c.*] This alludes to Mr. Murray's intention at one time of taking the lease of Pope's house and grounds at Twickenham, before he became so distinguished. *Bowles.*

He, with a hundred arts refined,
  Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
  Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
  (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
  Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
  Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver-sounding lyres
  Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
  Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
  Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
  For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
  The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
  And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
  Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
  Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
  Absent I follow through the extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
  And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;

Nocturnis te ego somniis
  Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
  Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
  Or softly glide by the canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
  And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

Ne fortè credas interitura, quæ
Longè sonantem natus ad Aufidum
  Non antè vulgatas per artes
    Verba loquor socianda chordis.
Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
  Ceæque, et Alcæi minaces,
    Stesichorique graves Camœnæ:
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: spirat adhuc amor,
  Vivuntque commissi calores
    Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

* * *

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
  Urgentur ignotique longâ
    Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. Original—*Stesichorique graves*] The loss of the works of no two writers is perhaps more to be lamented than of Steaichorus and Menander. The former is thus characterized by Quintilian, l. 10. "Stesichorus quam sit ingenio validus, materiæ quoque ostendunt, maxima bella et clarissimos duces canentem, et epici carminis onera Lyrâ sustinentem. Reddit enim personis in agendo simul loquendoque debitam dignitatem; ac si tenuisset modum, videtur æmulari proximus Homerum potuisse." Of the fragments of Menander, see a paper in the Adventurer, vol. iv. *Warton.*

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
  Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
  Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
  In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
  Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
  Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
Those raised new empires o'er the earth,
  And these, new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
  They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
  They had no poet, and are dead.

NOTES.

Ver. 6. *In Spenser*] How much this author was his favourite from his early to his latter years, will appear from what he said to Mr. Spence, from whose Anecdotes I transcribe literally this passage: "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Fairy Queen, when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think, it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."

Warton.

ON RECEIVING FROM

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld the Athenian queen
  Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take (she said, and smiled serene)
  Take at this hand celestial arms:

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
  This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
  This steel shall stab it to the heart."

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A lady whose great merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating. *Warburton.*

Ver. 1. *Yes, I beheld, &c.*] To enter into the spirit of this address, it is necessary to premise, that the Poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two foregoing Poems, *the Epilogue to the Satires.* On which, with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between

Grave epistles bringing vice to light,

and licentious libels, he began a *third Dialogue,* more severe and sublime than the first and second; which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third Dialogue unfinished and

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
  Received the weapons of the sky;
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
  The fount of fame or infamy.

"What *well?* what *weapon?* (Flavia cries)
  A standish, steel and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
  I gave it you to write again.

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
  You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
  L—— and all, about your ears.

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,
  And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
  Nor stop at flattery or fib.

"*Athenian queen!* and *sober charms!*
  I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
  In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

NOTES.

and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas. *Warburton.*

Ver. 15. *Bertrand's,*] A famous toy-shop at Bath. *Warburton.*

Ver. 23. *fool or ass,*] The *Dunciad.* *Warburton.*

Ver. 24. *Flattery or fib.*] The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.* *Warburton.*

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

NOTES.

Ver. 27. *these arms ;*] Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses. *Warburton.*

Ver. 28. *see the print.*] When she delivers Æneas a suit of heavenly armour. *Warburton.*

Ver. 30. *neither truth nor lies,*] i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* poem. He was then meditating on such a work. *Warburton.*

Ver. 32. *Of those that sing of these poor eyes.*] Among the many swains who sung of " these poor eyes," was Lord Chesterfield, in his well known ballad:

" When *Fanny*, blooming fair,
First met my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her face and air,
I gazed with strange delight."

This beautiful Lady was fourth daughter of Earl Ferrers, who had at that time a house at Twickenham. Notwithstanding her numerous admirers, she died at Bath, *unmarried*, in the year 1762. At Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, the seat of her *sister's son*, Henry Bathurst, esq. there is a full length painting, by Sir Godfrey Kneller ; and if she was as handsome as she is there represented, Lord Chesterfield's passionate address might be easily accounted for. The writer of this note had looked at it for some time with admiration, without knowing whose portrait it was, when the hospitable and benevolent owner of the mansion said, " That is the celebrated Fanny blooming fair." Her sister, married to Mr. Bathurst's father, is painted at full length in the same room.

Lady Frances is dressed in a *Turkish* habit, probably introduced by Lady M. W. Montagu to England at the time, as she lived at Twickenham. The dress is beautiful, and gives great effect to the attitude and countenance. The sketch of Earl Ferrers' house and gardens is in the back ground. *Bowles.*

I SHALL here present the Reader with a valuable literary curiosity, a Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, intitled, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY; communicated to me by the kindness of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilson, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who speaks of the Fragment in the following terms:

"This poem I transcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus eye of those, who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treason; yet, spite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics, there are direct allusions, I think in some of the notes on the Dunciad. It was lent me by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a boxful of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope's study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont." *Warton.*

1740,

A POEM.

(*The Notes by Mr. Bowles.*)

O WRETCHED [a]B---, jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the patriot race.
[b]C---, his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to power.
Through clouds of passion P--'s views are clear;
He foams a patriot to subside a peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.

Ver. 1. *O wretched B---,*] There is no doubt but that this interesting fragment was the beginning of the very Satire to which Warburton alludes in the last poem.

Pope was afraid to go on in his career of personal acrimony. Paul Whitehead, having thrown out an indecent sarcasm against Dr. Sherlock, was threatened with a prosecution. This was meant as a *hint* to Pope; and it is very plain his satiric progress was interrupted, for his alarm evidently appears. In this poem, (which certainly was part of his plan, as a continuation of the *Epilogue,*) he seems,

"Willing to wound, and *yet afraid to strike.*"

I have added some explanatory names.

---

[a] Britain. [b] Cobham.

Grave, righteous [c]S - jogs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword,
Is all the help stern [d]S -- would afford.
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good [e]C -- hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of [f]Ch - s W -- who speaks at all,
No more than of [g]Sir Har - y or Sir P --.
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
[h]G -- r, C - m, B - t, pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that must
And [i]C --- d who speaks so well and writes,
Whom (saving W.) every S. *harper bites*,
must needs
Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done.
Then urged by [k]C -- t, or by C -- t stopp'd,
Inflamed by [l]P --, and by P -- dropp'd;
They follow reverently each wondrous wight,
Amazed that one can read, that one can write:

[c] Sandys. [d] Shippen. [e] Perhaps the Earl of Carlisle.
[f] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.
[g] Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen.
[h] Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.
[i] Lord Chesterfield. [k] Lord Carteret.
[l] William Pulteney, created in 1742 Earl of Bath.

So geese to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound,
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
Rise, rise, great [l]W--, fated to appear,
Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language princes . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .
At length to B-- kind, as to thy . . . .
Espouse the nation, you . . . . . .
What can thy [m]H . . . . . .
Dress in Dutch . . . . . .
Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show . . . . . .
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious [n]W--- and frontless [o]Young;
Sagacious [p]Bub, so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious [q]H---?
Hervey and Hervey's school, [r]F-, H--y, [s]H--n,
Yea, moral [t]Ebor, or religious Winton.

[l] Walpole.

[m] Either Sir Robert's brother Horace, who had just quitted his embassy at the Hague, or his son Horace, who was then on his travels.

[n] W. Winnington. [o] Sir William Young.

[p] Dodington. [q] Probably Hare, bishop of Chichester.

[r] Fox and Henley. [s] Hinton.

[t] Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and Hoadley, bishop of Winchester.

How! what can [u]Q--w, what can D---
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
[v]N--- laugh, or [x]D--s sager,
Or thy dread truncheon [y]M.'s mighty peer?
What help from [z]J---s opiates canst thou draw,
Or [a]H--k's quibbles voted into law?
[b]C. that Roman in his nose alone,
Who hears all causes, [c]B--, but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the sword of state.
Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
The sowzing prelate, or the sweating peer,
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumbering carriage of thy broken state?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee, in the infectious office *dies*.
The first firm P--y soon resign'd his breath,
Brave [d]S--w loved thee, and was lied to death.

[u] Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Earl of Delawar, Chairman of the Committees of the House of Lords.

[v] Newcastle.

[x] Dorset; perhaps the last word should be *sneer*.

[y] Duke of Marlborough. [z] Jekyll. [a] Hardwick.

[b] Probably Sir John Cummins, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

[c] Britain.

[d] Earl of Scarborough. In another place Pope spells his name with a *w*. Ep. to the Sat. Dial. 2. l. 65.

Good [e]M - m - t's fate tore [f]P - - th from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard when [g]W - - m died. 80

NOTES.

Ver. 80. *W—m died.*] Sir William Wyndham died this year; his death was a severe blow to the party, and none felt it perhaps more than Bolingbroke, whose friendship for him appears to have been ardent and sincere. The following extract of a letter from Bolingbroke, to Sir Charles Wyndham on this occasion will be read with interest, as it particularly shews the sentiments of the party at this time:

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

"DEAR SIR, *Argeville, August 8th*, 1740.

"I feel as I ought to do, the kindness you shew me in sending a servant on purpose, with a letter that gives me as much comfort as I am capable of receiving, since the loss we have sustained by the death of your father and my friend. You are in the right, and I love you the better for the sentiment: it is reputation to be descended from so great and so good a man; and surely it is some to have lived thirty years with him in the warmest and most active friendship. Far from any need of making excuses, that you did not write the cruel news to me when you sent to my Lady Denbigh, I have thanks to return you for sparing me, as you spared yourself. The news came to me with less surprize, but not with less effect. My unhappiness, for such it will be as long as I am able to feel pleasure and pain, began however a little later. It is a plain truth, free from all affectation or compliment, that as your father was dearer to me than all the rest of the world, so must every thing be that remains of him: you, Sir, especially, who are as dear to my heart as you could be, if, being the same worthy man you are, you was my own son. The resolutions you have taken both as to public and private life, are such as become the son and successor of Sir William Wyndham. To be a friend to your country, is to be what he was eminently; it is to be what he would have recommended you to be, even with his dying breath, if

[e] Marchmont. [f] Polwarth, son to Lord Marchmont. [g] Wyndham.

Thy nobles [h]sl-s, thy [i]se--s bought with gold,
Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold.
An atheist ⌣ a ⊕[m]'s [k]ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . .
Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honest, and he must be wise,
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his . . . . . still a . . . .
Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the senate and the throne;
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A [l]⊙'s true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* his . . . strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.

NOTES.

if the nature of his distemper had permitted such an effort. He thought this country on the brink of ruin, and that monarchical but free constitution of government, wherein the glory and the happiness of our nation consisted, at the point of being dissolved, and sacrificed to the support of a weak and wicked administration; but he thought that the greater the distress was, the more incumbent and the more pressing the duty of struggling to prevent, or to alleviate it, became. One of the last things he said to me the day before he left this place was, that he did not expect to live to see Britain restored to a flourishing and secure state, but that he would die in labouring to procure that happiness to those he should leave behind him.——" MS. from the Egremont Papers; communicated by Mr. Coxe.

Ver. 95. *Whatever his religion*] He probably means Frederick Prince

[h] Slaves. [i] Senates.
[k] Administration. [l] King's.

Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

NOTES.

Prince of Wales, who took a decided part with the malecontents against Sir R. Walpole's administration. This was written the year before the general election, which decided the fate of Walpole. It is singular that Pope, in this Satire turns his weapons against his own party, and attacks many of those whom he had lately panegyrised with the most extravagant praise, particularly Pulteney and Chesterfield, of whom he said in 1738:

"How can I, Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms and Attic wit."

Bowles.

The respectable authority under which the foregoing fragment has been given to the public, has induced the Editor to reprint it here; not however without feeling a strong conviction that the external evidence of its being the work of Pope is greatly overbalanced by the nature of its contents, which are entirely contrary to any idea that we could reasonably form of the sentiments of Pope at this period. That the celebrity of Pope occasioned many pieces to be unjustly attributed to him by Curll and others is certain; and it was not without reason that he complained of

"The imputed trash and dulness not his own."

That this is the piece to which Warburton alludes in his Note on the poem to Lady Frances Shirley (vide ante p. 430,) where he says that Pope began a *third* Dialogue more *severe* and *sublime* than the first and second, can scarcely be admitted; because this is not a *dialogue*, nor is there a single passage in it that can be called *sublime*, or even that exceeds mediocrity.

Additional Notes.

Ver. 5. *C - - - his own proud dupe,*] These lines seem to be imitated from the Dunciad, book iv. line 601.

"And nobly conscious princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings."

It

It is impossible that they could have any application to Lord Cobham, with whom Pope lived at this time in the most friendly intimacy.

Ver. 9. *Through clouds of passion*] Pulteney was not created Earl of Bath till 1742. These lines are therefore either prophetic, or were not written till after that period, when the fourth book of the Dunciad had also been published.

Ver. 16. *Stern S--*] It is impossible that Pope could have written these lines on Shippen, whose political sentiments nearly corresponded with his own, and whose integrity he has alluded to in the well known lines:

"I love to pour out all myself as plain,
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne."

Ver. 23. *G--r, C-m, B-t, &c.*] Can we conceive that Pope would have applied this contemptuous language to Lord Cobham and Lord Bathurst? of the former of whom he had said

"O save my country, heaven! shall be your last!"

and to the latter of whom he intended (as appears from one of his letters) to pay a visit, in the very year when this piece is said to have been written.

Ver. 25. *And C--d, &c.*] Was the "*attic wit*," of Chesterfield for which Pope had celebrated him in 1738, so degenerated in 1740? or was the decided part he took against the minister, reconcileable in common sense with the idea that his country was only "a butt to crack his joke on?"

It is remarkable that this nobleman is alluded to by Pope in the fourth book of the Dunciad, written in 1741, as lamenting the degraded state of the literature of his country:

"Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield, a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse."

No instances of such inconsistency in his treatment of his friends can be found in the works of Pope.

Ver. 43. *Rise, rise, great W--,*] Sir Robert Walpole, to whom Pope always considered himself as under obligations, and with whom at this period he occasionally visited. In a letter to Mr. Fortescue, he says: "You see I have made Sir Robert Walpole a second compliment in print, in my second *Dialogue*, and he ought to take it for no small one, since in it I couple him with Lord Bolingbroke. As he shews a right sense of this, I may make him a third,

a third *in my third Dialogue.*" How is this reconcileable with the gross abuse thrown out on Walpole in this piece, with the sneer upon him as a glorious minister, the insinuations (as it seems) respecting his wife, the scurrilous lines on his son Horace, and the mention of W. and Yonge as only

"Foul copies of his face and tongue?"

Is this making him another compliment in his *third Dialogue?*

Ver. 81. *Thy nobles slaves, &c.*] Can it be supposed that this vulgar abuse ever escaped the pen of Pope? Or that the author of the sublime passage at the end of the first Dialogue of 1738, could have sunk into the miserable libeller who produced these lines?

Ver. 93. *Whatever his religion, &c.*] On this passage Mr. Bowles appears afterwards to have changed his opinion. In his Life of Pope, p. cxiv, he says, in reference to these lines: "Although they might be construed to apply to the Prince of Wales, they were more probably addressed to the Chevalier St. George, commonly called the Pretender, who came to England four years afterwards to claim the crown. He was now in his twentieth year; and the satirist seems to think there could be no hope left to the country but by again resorting to the exiled heir of the Stuarts."—"It appears therefore, that notwithstanding his joining any party against the Court, Pope continued in the same principles which he inherited from his father." Conceiving that Pope could never have degraded himself by this piece of vulgar declamation, I willingly resign it to *any interpretation* that Mr. Bowles, or any one else, may be pleased to put upon it.

FRAGMENTS

AND FUGITIVE PIECES;

ATTRIBUTED TO POPE.

FRAGMENTS.

THE FOURTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE'S EPISTLES.

[This Satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,

" Their sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,"

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed. *Warton.*

Mr. Bowles has omitted the following piece, because " he cannot think Pope would write the concluding lines on himself," v. *Bowles's ed.* vol. ii. p. 385, in which opinion the present editor perfectly agrees with him. But it may be observed, that this piece is as likely to be Pope's, both from the sentiment and the manner of its execution, as the Satire of One thousand seven hundred and forty, which Mr. Bowles has published, and is probably by the same author.]

SAY, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Then all the tomes of Haines's band?

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Say, &c.*]

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

" Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?"

" Or shoots he folly as it flies?
Or catches manners as they rise?"
Or urged by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Even Chartres' self is scarce a name.

To you (the all-envied gift of heaven)
The indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.

What could a tender mother's care
Wish better, to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?

Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair,

NOTES.

Ver. 10. *Does St. John Greenwich, &c.*]
" An tacitam silvas inter reptare salubres?"
Ver. 13. *To you, &c.*]
——— " Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi."
Ver. 17. *What could, &c.*
" Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari posset quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
——— non deficiente crumena?"
Ver. 23. *Amidst, &c.*]
" Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras."

Yet let thy friend this truth impart,
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injured country due.

In spite of fears, of mercy spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twick'nham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great;
There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

NOTES.

Ver. 28. *That every day, &c.*]

"Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum."

THE TRANSLATOR.

[EGBERT SANGER served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at Middle Temple Gate, Fleet-street. Lintot printed Ozell's Translation of Perrault's Characters, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's Lutrin, recommended by Mr. Rowe, anno 1709.] *Warton.*

OZELL, at Sanger's call invoked his muse,
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perrault, murdering Boileau, he
Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger raised,
Since those were slander'd most whom Ozell praised.
Nor had the gentle satire caused complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounced it entertaining;
How great must be the judgment of that writer,
Who the Plain Dealer damns, and prints the Biter.

THE LOOKING GLASS.

ON MRS. PULTENEY.

[Anna Maria Gumley, daughter of John Gumley, of Isleworth, was married to Pulteney, who received with her a very large fortune.

Her father gained his fortune by a glass manufactory; upon which circumstance, though hitherto unexplained, the force and elegance of this severe but pleasing composition turns.

These lines were suppressed, as Pope afterwards received great civilities from Pulteney.] *Bowles.*

With scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
But charming G—y's lost in P—y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind.
O could the sire, renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more!

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

1715.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze;

* * * *

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd;
Poor Y--rs sold for fifty pounds,
And B----ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?

* * * *

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for other ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.

(From Pope and Swift's Miscellanies.)

[Poor Tom D'Urfey, who stood the force of so much wit, was a play-wright and song-writer. He appears to have been an inoffensive, good-humoured, thoughtless character, and was endured and laughed at by Dryden, and by Steele, who recommended his benefit nights to the attention of the public, through the medium of the Tatler and Guardian, and at length by Pope, who in a spirit betwixt contempt and charity, wrote a prologue for his last play.]

Sir Walter Scott.

Grown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard;
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.
The adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair against her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From this deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.

Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness, to EAT.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

PROLOGUE

TO THE "THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE."

[This was the celebrated farce tripartite, in which Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot engaged, in order to ridicule Dr. Woodward, and which was most meritoriously damned at the first representation. See Cibber's Letter to Pope.] *Sir Walter Scott.*

AUTHORS are judged by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool, is barbarous civil war,
Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French, who made it."

By running goods these graceless owlers gain;
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaus;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves like chaps in Monmouth Street.
Gallants, look here! this fool's cap* has an air.
Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar.
Let no one fool engross it, or confine
A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap for such as will, to wear.
Our author has it now (for every wit
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ)
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown;†
Let him that takes it wear it as his own.

* Shows a cap with ears. † Flings down the cap, and exit.

SANDY'S GHOST;

OR, A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES:

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY.

[Sir Samuel Garth, who published the Metamorphoses of Ovid, translated by "Dryden, Addison, Garth, Mainwaring, Congreve, Rowe, Pope, Gay, Eusden, Croxal, and other eminent hands," had himself no other share in the undertaking, than engaging the various translators in their task, and putting their labours into some order. The work was intended to supersede the ancient translation.

George Sandys, the old translator, (whose ghost is introduced in the verses,) was a man of great accomplishment, and pronounced by Dryden to be the best versifier of his age. The curious reader will find many particulars respecting him, and his translation of Ovid, in the Censura Literaria, volumes 4th, 5th, and 6th. He died in 1643.] *Sir Walter Scott.*

Ye Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all,
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a Berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin,
And from the keyhole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly,
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! master Sam, quoth Sandy's sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgel seek or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's * drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P——† comes
In haste without his garter.

Then lords and lordlings, 'squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet, or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses:
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

* Old Jacob Tonson, the editor of the Metamorphoses.
† Pembroke, probably.

Let Warwick's Muse with Ash—t join,
And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
Tickel and Addison combine,
And Pope translate with Jervas.

L— himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies, too, draw forth your pen;
I pray, where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them and tell noses:
For to poor Ovid shall befal
A strange metamorphosis;

A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour—
"To what (quoth 'squire) shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, "To waste paper."

UMBRA.

[Curll says this character was intended to ridicule a very worthy gentleman, probably Ambrose Philips.]

CLOSE to the best known author UMBRA sits,
The constant index to old Button's wits.
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "Only Johnson."*
—"O!
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:"
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison."
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go:"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense like charity "begins at home."

* Charles Johnson, a second rate dramatist, and great frequenter of Button's. Pope elsewhere classes him with Philips:
"Lean Philips and fat Johnson." Farewell to London.
Bowles.

SYLVIA, A FRAGMENT.

Sylvia my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charm'd:
But some odd graces and some flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
Her tongue still ran on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise:
Good-nature, she declared it, was her scorn,
Though, 'twas by that alone she could be borne:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor, and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman's in her soul a rake.
Frail, feverish sex; their fit now chills, now burns:
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And a mere heathen in the carnal part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her heart.*

* I have been informed, on good authority, that this character was designed for the then Duchess of Hamilton. *Warton.*

Swift describes this lady as handsome, airy, and violent tempered, with abundance of wit and spirit. See Swift's Works, vol. iii. p. 118. *Sir W. Scott.*

IMPROMPTU,

TO LADY WINCHELSEA.

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN WITS, IN THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confess'd,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
Even while you write, you take that praise away:
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

EPIGRAM.

A bishop by his neighbours hated
Has cause to wish himself translated;
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

STRANGE! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE!

ON MRS. TOFTS,

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
along:
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet
have died.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

NOW Europe balanced, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

APPLIED TO F. C.

HERE Francis Chartres lies*—be civil!
The rest God knows—perhaps the Devil.

* Thus applied by Mr. Pope: "Here lies Lord Coningsby."

EPIGRAM.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

PRIOR.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

EPITAPH.

Well then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, ANNO 1716.*

WHENCE deathless KIT-CAT took its name,
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from PASTRYCOOK it came,
And some, from CAT and FIDDLE.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Gray statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pellmell pack of toasts
Of old CATS and young KITS.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WHAT'S fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd, in women, only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* The Kit-cat Club, which was the point of convivial union among the friends of the Hanoverian succession, was sometimes said to have derived its name from Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, remarkable for the excellence of his twopenny pies. Others supposed it was from a cat and fiddle, the sign of the tavern. But the epigrammatist, with no very pregnant humour, derives it from their toasts, upon each of whom they wrote verses, which were engraved upon the glasses consecrated to the health proposed.
Sir W. Scott.

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

PALLAS grew vapourish once and odd;
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cried) those eyes
"So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise—"
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all Heaven a burning shame;
What does she next, but bids, on earth,
Her Burlington do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one, that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you!

POEMS

ON READING THE TRAVELS OF CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

[On the publication of Gulliver's Travels, Pope wrote several pieces of humour, intended to accompany the work, which he sent to Swift; and in a letter some time afterwards, dated 8th March, 1726-7, he says: "You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver, and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book; but I would not permit it *without your approbation;* nor do I much like them."—It is probable, however, that Swift sent them to the press, as they were printed in the same year (1727,) at Dublin, by and for John Hyde, bookseller in Dame-street, in a small duodecimo of sixteen pages, under the title of *Poems occasioned by reading the Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, explanatory and commendatory;* from which edition they are here given.]

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

AN ODE BY TITTY TIT, POET LAUREATE TO HIS MAJESTY OF LILLIPUT. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

In amaze
Lost I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size!
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!

Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake;
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost!
Turn'd aside
From his hide
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:

When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet! touch the sky.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair;
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now,
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd and her flood of tears,

Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
" Was it for this (she cried) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook!
Sure in that lake he dropp'd; my Grilly's drown'd!"
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
" Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast!
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you!
" Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;

Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps, all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or, sunk, within the peach's down, repose?
Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in the fragrant bower!
" But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs:
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm; of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She spoke; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:

She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

TO MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER,

THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHNMS, NOW IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND.

[These pieces of Pope are given by Sir Walter Scott in his Life of Swift, with the exception of the present verses, from a Horse; which he observes "do not appear." Swift's Works, vol. xiii. p. 372.]

To thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barbarous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise.

O happy Yahoo, purged from human crimes,
By thy sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and virtue were the same.
Their precepts razed the prejudice of youth,
And even a Yahoo learn'd the love of truth.

Art thou the first who did the coast explore;
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or sway'd by envy, or through pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which own'd, would all their sires and sons disgrace.

You, like the Samian, visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travell'd to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.

You went, you saw, you heard: with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms taught.
Our labours here must touch thy generous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compell'd to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!
With what reluctance do we lawyers bear,
To fleece their country clients twice a year?
Or managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a load of pride!
Yes, we are slaves—but yet, by reason's force,
Have learn'd to bear misfortune, like a horse.

O would the stars, to ease my bonds, ordain,
That gentle Gulliver might guide my rein!

Safe would I bear him to his journey's end,
For 'tis a pleasure to support a friend.
But if my life be doom'd to serve the bad,
O! mayst thou never want an easy pad!

HOUYHNHNM.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

AN EPISTLE.

[The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour, some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulatory, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.]

WELCOME, thrice welcome to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And waked, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st "cleave unto thy wife;"
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these: they are thy own:

Behold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.
Biddel,* like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain Pannel,* absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compared to me,
And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput!
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare:
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage bed?
Some say, the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd
That bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appease!
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)

* Names of the sea captains mentioned in Gulliver's Travels.

Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and shivering with the frost
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise:
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."
At early morn I to the market haste
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste;)
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose,
(For I remember'd you were fond of those;)
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; O, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!
These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And at due distance sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.

But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs increased my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenced me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray heaven, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best loved name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;

Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title sooth thy ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the same;
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

END OF VOL. VI.

J. M'Creery, Tooks-court,
Chancery-lane, London.

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